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# The Dublin Review

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## A COMMENTARY

THE very word 'review' suggests the taking of another look at things, turning back to past events and taking stock of them with an eye on their present significance. At no given moment in his life is a man wholly unaffected by what has happened in preceding moments, and the same may be said of the life of nations and society as a whole. History is never a closed book, and it is difficult to write *Finis* to any chapter.

Centenaries are convenient for periodical stock-taking, not because there is anything specially significant in their recurrence, but because of the convention which has grown up whereby they are widely recognized as milestones and memorials. As a consequence, and without previous consultation, men will be found forgathering there for discussion whereas otherwise their views might never meet or be exchanged.

It was in London, in January 1848, that the manuscript of *The Communist Manifesto* was sent to the printer; it is still regarded as the most concise statement and the most important single document of Marxism. For each person who has read it since, there must be hundreds of thousands who have only the vaguest idea of what it says and yet have been more or less closely affected by it. Pundits may disagree about the Marxian orthodoxy of those in power behind the Iron Curtain today, but the blueprints of their structure are undeniably to be traced in that portentous little document. It has forced events upon the world as much as it has foretold them; it has fathered gigantic lies, but it has at least told the truth about itself. It tells Christians that 'The charges against Communism made from a religious, a philosophical and, generally, an ideological standpoint are not deserving of serious examination. . . . Christian ideas succumbed in the eighteenth century to rationalist ideas. . . . The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of conscience merely gave expression to the sway of free competition within the domain of knowledge' (and free competition in any domain is, of course, anathema).

If they should be inclined to be conciliatory, and give 'Christian asceticism a Socialist tinge', they are abruptly put in their place: 'Christian Socialism is but the holy water with which the priest consecrates the heartburnings of the aristocrat.'

Is it by virtue of perversions and distortions, of which these are typical, that the *Manifesto* has gained such sway and passed into a whole system? One might as well say that selected passages from Luther caused the Reformation. Every heresy thrives on the truths which it isolates and exaggerates rather than through its negations and denials; through finding a vacuum in life, whether in the spiritual or social sphere, which it can proceed to fill. It is with this approach that Christians will study once again *The Communist Manifesto*, to see by what loopholes and shortcomings in themselves and their world it was possible for so much evil to enter in.

Proudhon remarked how astonishing it was that in all political questions one always came up against theology, and Cardinal Manning's famous dictum on the subject bears him out. The long article which commemorated the *Manifesto* in *The Times Literary Supplement* (13 December, 1947), however, had no such embarrassing encounter; working as it did within the limitations of Marxian terminology it could only register the *Manifesto* as something that 'challenged bourgeois society, and offered a revaluation of bourgeois values'. One might as well advertise decapitation as a cure for toothache!

Prior to all discussion of the nature of society is agreement on the nature of man. One must nowadays presume amongst one's acquaintance a majority who have not the least idea of why they have been born. The absence of any teleology naturally makes it difficult to embark on a discussion even of relative values, whether in politics, the arts, or the sciences. As a prelude, then, to much that will come in this and succeeding issues is the essay by Père de Lubac, which deals with fundamental issues in language which our contemporaries will understand. There is difficulty, admittedly, in estimating just how much can still be understood when one is confronted by such statements as the following, in the editorial comment of a journal which is supposedly in the vanguard of our *intelligentsia*:

Gide represents that spirit of creative doubt which, with its antithesis, the spirit of reflective action, is a twin hall-mark of Western civilization. On the whole, the creative doubters (Gide,

Valéry, Joyce, Proust) represent an older generation than the reflective doers (Malraux, Montherlant, Camus, T. E. Lawrence) and certainly a wiser one. . . . If the break-up of Europe corresponds to the break-up of the Roman Empire, with Communism replacing primitive Christianity, then the arts are in peril, for Communism does not produce great art, it uses art as a means and censors it, and its scientific optimism excludes the sense of tragedy and mystery which forms an ingredient. The prerequisites of an artistic revival are freedom to travel and enough to eat; it is just possible the Marshall Plan may secure these for Western Europe. There remains an even more essential condition—that Western Europe believes in itself. . . . At present most of us labour under a double disappointment, a disappointment with the state of the world which two years after the war seems fast sinking into the frame of mind which immediately preceded it, and a disappointment with our experiences of Socialism, which some of us associated with the idea of joy.<sup>1</sup>

The difficulty is not one of terminology, as the words are clear enough, but of discovering any sort of relative scale in the values implied. Père de Lubac's essay is based on a paper read to the *Semaine Sociale* at Paris last year. He is one of the most powerful and influential thinkers in France today, and this first translation of his work into our language heralds the publication of books which should instil a new vitality into our own way of thinking.

Dr. Gurian brings to his study an equipment and learning which would be hard to match in his particular field. It is unfortunate indeed that we have not the resources in men and money to emulate the *Review of Politics* which he edits under the imprint of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. There is room in this country for a periodical review of political studies at a remove from political parties, and on ground which is common to Catholics and non-Catholics. Valuable examples of collaboration from the latter are, indeed, to be found here in the work of Mr. Dallin and Mr. Mayer, but in THE DUBLIN REVIEW political science as such must needs occupy a subordinate place. There are limits to the scientific approach, and what Kierkegaard would call 'an unscientific postscript' is provided by Mr. Gregory.

As we know, the *Manifesto* had hardly been printed when 'the crowing of the Gallican cock' announced the daybreak of revolution in Germany, as Marx had prophesied, and thenceforward a series of upheavals in which the Papacy itself became involved.

<sup>1</sup> *Horizon*, December 1947.

So a second centennial 'review' is called for, and Mr. Derrick's work corrects a good deal of slipshod thinking on the matter.

The centenary convention also recalls a figure from the past whose commemoration is unlikely to be made by our intellectual contemporaries. Francisco Suárez was born in 1548, and is fittingly introduced into the politico-social atmosphere of this issue by a young compatriot of his who is also one of the rising philosophical stars of Spain today. On Suárez, Fr. Brodrick, in his history of the Jesuits, quotes Westlake's verdict:

He put on record with a master's hand the existence of a necessary human society transcending the boundaries of state, the indispensableness of rules for that society, the insufficiency of reason to provide with demonstrative force all the rules required, and the right of human society to supply the deficiency by custom enforced by law.

How near and yet how far from *The Communist Manifesto*!

THE EDITOR

# THE NEW MAN

## The Marxist and the Christian View

By HENRI DE LUBAC

FOR some time we have been assisting not merely at extraordinary events which are changing the surface of the globe, but at an event at a deeper level which is changing something in man himself. This fact can serve as our starting-point. In this universe of ours, 'a universe in course of psychic evolution', however fixed its essential framework since the appearance of the human race, consciousness expands at certain moments and perceives new values and new dimensions. It seems obvious that we ourselves are living through one of these moments of awakening and transformation. Can we speak of a new humanism? The term seems inadequate. Actually a new type of man is coming into being, transforming the more or less accepted idea man has hitherto held of himself, his history and his destiny.

Obviously there have been plenty of changes from the earliest ages of man up to our own era. But throughout the whole of recorded history such changes seem to have occurred within fairly narrow limits. They appear mainly as movements of ebb and flow: civilization alternates with barbarism: empires grow up and decay. Civilization left man still close to Nature, pulsating to her rhythm, happy to achieve, like her, moments of fruitfulness and satisfaction; resigned in advance to failures as inevitable as the march of the seasons or the turns of Fortune's wheel. Man was still, as at the time of his first awakening, an impatient animal, discontented with his lot, always ready to rise in revolt. But his rebellions were merely local and sporadic, hardly more than outbreaks of fever; never the successive stages of a conscious planned activity.

But our own age has produced a new ambition. An overmastering idea has arisen with the strength of some hitherto undiscovered force. Little by little man has raised his head against the oppressive weight of his destiny. He wants to escape those fatalities

which, from time immemorial, he has believed invincible. What remote causes and favourable circumstances have conspired to make this idea possible? We will not analyse them, but merely distinguish three facts among others which are characteristic of the modern consciousness. They are very simple, very general and not even particularly new. Their whole importance lies in their having become more and more extended and systematized.

The first, as also the most widespread and commonplace, is *faith in science*. Positive science, built up by empirical research and deriving its precision from mathematics, was not born yesterday. After the long eclipse which followed its beginnings in the Greek and Hellenistic periods, it took on new life in the middle ages. The fourteenth century marked a new stage which was to triumph in the time of Galileo, Descartes and Pascal. But, even in the seventeenth, it was valued mainly as the means of satisfying a noble curiosity or procuring certain practical advantages. In spite of Descartes, the belief that science could assure man's happiness or greatness, and the cult of research as the highest ideal man could set himself, are plants of recent growth. In its early days, positive science had only conquered a restricted realm; first astronomy, then the physical sciences. Chemistry and biology were not really added to its province till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Next came the turn of the 'human' sciences: political economy, sociology and psychology. Barely a century has passed since Auguste Comte in his famous *Cours de Philosophie positive* proclaimed the advent of 'the positive age' (the successor, he said, of the theological and metaphysical ages) by the foundation of 'social physics' or 'sociology'.

The great novelty, at that time hardly more than a dream but nowadays an effective reality, was the idea that man himself, like external nature, should become the object of positive science. Subjected to the same methods of investigation, man would know himself for the first time as he really is, since positive science sets the only rigorous standard of knowledge and excludes all dreams and fancies of religions and airy philosophies. Yet, in spite of its pretensions, the positivism of the last century still made science bow before man; a vague mysticism protected humanity against the assaults of knowledge. Humanity itself constituted a kind of 'sentimental entity' into which actual human beings would eventually be transformed. Now, with the final downfall of this subjectivism, man is delivered over body and soul to science.



But—and here is our second fact—this science is not merely theoretical, the modern analogy of what the aesthetic contemplation of the cosmos might have been to the ancients. It is an 'operative science' and it is *wholly directed towards the possession of the world*. We are told that the age of purely critical and retrospective thought, of professedly disinterested systems, is over and done with. Even the sciences of the past are no more than a spring-board. Man has a practical aim and he looks to the future. His business is no longer to drug himself with the heady fumes of speculation but to make himself, according to the aim clearly defined by Descartes, 'master and owner of the forces of nature'. Applied science no longer appears as something inferior with which pure science fears to soil its hands; it has become the necessary end which pure science envisages. The knowledge of the laws of the universe has become a tool with which man can act on that universe. The scope of the Cartesian dream appears vaster as that dream approaches realization with every forward stride of a science which is fast annexing the whole human domain. The vision is seen afresh by the great Utopians of the early nineteenth century. Man's mission, according to Fourier, is to be the responsible administrator of the globe. Saint-Simon's slogan is '*Tout pour l'industrie; tout pour elle*', and his 'new Christianity' announces itself as an 'industrialism'. We know, too, that one of Auguste Comte's mottoes is '*Savoir afin de pouvoir*'. Everywhere we find the same idea springing up and gradually permeating men's minds; the idea that human industry has acquired new value and significance.

And here the two great antagonistic forces of capitalism and socialism find common ground. They are like two aspects of the same movement which sweeps the whole century on its tide. The new concept of an industrial civilization based on labour has appeared and is beginning to be realized. The work of Proudhon and Karl Marx and the activities of the old Saint-Simonians helped to form it. Man feels himself destined to organize the planet in view of its maximum production and undertakes to transform the world by his own industry.

But since man, like everything else, has become an object of science, what is true of the external world should not be less true of himself. The dream of the technicians and its first major realizations coincide, moreover, with a vivid awareness of social unity and a powerful impulse of social aspiration which are also some-



thing new in man's history. Was it surprising that men should think that the transformation of Nature should be followed by the *transformation of society*? Social science produces 'social engineers'. And since man's whole self has now become for him an object, it is his whole self which will henceforth be treated and manipulated as an object. One after another we see the emergence of applied biology, applied psychology, applied sociology. By means of science, man is to make himself 'master and owner of human forces'. A whole 'technology' of man develops, and this gives us our third fact.

We will quote only two examples, taking eugenics for one. We now have the practical idea of 'human selection', methodically organized. Thanks to the advance of biology man can now control his own biological evolution, and it is his duty to do so if he is to rise to the height of the tasks that lie before him. It is not merely a question of negative measures, such as sterilizing the unfit. He must be more daring and use positive means to produce a better race, such as specializing its breeders and focussing attention on methods of insemination. Or, to take our other example, political propaganda, so necessary for the concentration of individual energies on one great end, must be founded on systematic exploitation of the data of experimental psychology, particularly Pavlov's theory of 'conditioned reflexes'.

'The understanding of the mechanisms of behaviour implies the possibility of manipulating it at will. Henceforth we can infallibly direct men's reactions into predetermined channels. Certainly the possibility of influencing men has existed ever since man himself has existed, used speech and had relations with his fellows. But this possibility was mere groping in the dark and demanded great experience or special aptitudes; it was in some ways an art. But this art has now become a science which can calculate, foresee and act according to controllable rules. A huge step forward can now be made in the realm of sociology.'<sup>1</sup>

If we take this third fact in all its complexity we can discern the outline, fraught with promise and danger, of one of the great innovations of our time. Humanity is discovering itself; it is grasping itself as an object in both senses of the word 'grasp'; i.e. to understand with the mind and to seize with the hand. In

<sup>1</sup> Serge Tchakhotine, *Le Viol des Foules par la Propagande politique* (Fr. tr., p. 32). The author seems to think that, if the end in view is healthy, propaganda, though remaining unchanged in its methods, would no longer constitute a rape: pp. 43, 113, 121.

view of its maximum production, it is taking itself in charge. *It means to forge its destiny.* Hitherto, launched on an adventure which it could not control, nor even clearly envisage, it has drifted blindly, the plaything of obscure forces. Thus it could never advance; it could only move in a kind of circle. But now it has found the high road; henceforth its evolution will be conscious, directed and unified. In all domains it echoes Julian Huxley's affirmation that 'the conscious control of evolution has at last been substituted for the mechanism of chance.'<sup>1</sup> Those who, having become aware of this great fact, are willing to work to realize it, show a double tendency towards elements, often opposed in the past, but now uniting to attain one end—organization and revolution. The positivist slogan is too feeble for their taste; they no longer cry 'Order and Progress' but 'Revolution and Organization', or rather they hail the two as one—'*révolution organisatrice*'. Gone are all the fantasies and fritterings of 'liberal anarchy'. Only a powerful initiative, unifying the efforts of all in the service of a common plan, will make it possible for humanity to break with its slaveries and habits in order to build itself up by its own efforts.

## II

It is possible, of course, that this belief in the power of rational organization may be partly compensatory in an age where certain irrational forces have been unleashed with unparalleled violence. Theories of the universality of papal power developed at the precise moment when the emergence of nations and the reaffirmation of popular rights were causing the decline of the Pope's political influence. In any case, one can hardly deny that it expresses itself in such a variety of fissiparous scientific systems that the most sympathetic observer can hardly fail to be discouraged by the naïveté and fatuity they sometimes display. Nor are the first fruits of the application of its principles particularly encouraging. Man's new inventions have become the engines of his destruction. Up to the present he has not proved himself master of the machine; the main result of his effort has been to increase his slavery and multiply his ills. But there is no need to harp on this. The greatest ideas seem meagre enough when they have passed through the sieve of petty minds. Things authentically

<sup>1</sup> Julian Huxley, Preface to *Essays of a Biologist*, 1923.

new do not find adequate interpreters straight away. After all, man is searching neither for happiness nor for pleasure. *A priori*, he has a right to trust to time. A great experiment does not bear fruit immediately. It is natural that at first it should produce upheavals; initial disappointments provide no argument against its ultimate value. Surely the fact that all this atrocious misery has not deflected man from his path, or, if you prefer, the fact that this tremendous shock has not awakened him from his dream, proves the depth of the instinct that drives him? Nevertheless, we must reckon with the banal but forceful objections of the pessimist, based on a sombre present and still more sombre forecasts of the future. Yet even the gloom of many pessimists is shot through with hope, a hope that remains intact in spite of all the sarcasms it provokes.

But can we merely smile sceptically? Ought we not rather to be righteously indignant? For are we not, in fact, dealing with a forbidden dream, a diabolical ambition? If we prophesy disaster, is it not because man is once more on the point of eating the forbidden fruit, of usurping a *rôle* which is not his, of disturbing the order of the cosmos and encroaching on the rights of God? Many have asked themselves that question. Some have done so out of timidity or out of nostalgia for forms of life and culture which are vanishing before our eyes. They look back at the past through the rosy spectacles of their illusions and forget its darker side. There are others whose peevish romanticism makes them oppose all forms of technical civilization and substitute for the outmoded idol of progress 'the new idol of a curse on all progress'. A third group shows such total misunderstanding of the scientific movement that it is not worth powder and shot. A fourth appreciates its scope but sees in it only the activities of arrogance. Such people condemn neither pure nor applied science; what they do condemn is the constructive dream they inspire. They regard this will to transform the world, society and man himself as a monstrous collective repetition of the crime of Prometheus. Insistently they remind man that he is a creature; part of a universe whose laws are independent of his mind and will; and that his first duty is to submit to objective reality and to respect the order established by Providence. This traditionalist spirit was not born yesterday nor is it dead today. It inspires those pamphlets which denounce all the aims of our time as so many signs of degeneration. It expresses itself in the following statement: 'We did not make reality; God created it. We can only enrich this intelligence of

ours, which has created nothing, by knowing reality as it is, that is, as God created it. Submission to reality is the submission of the created intelligence to God, the creator of reality.<sup>1</sup> An excellent principle, undoubtedly, but here, surely, singularly ill-applied. Is man never to do anything more than ascertain? Does the immutability of natural laws prevent all action on reality? Are we really to say that the social universe, as constituted today, is the work of the Creator in the same sense as the physical universe? Have we no rights even over that?

Even in the last century, all those who from lack of imagination, lack of faith in human effort or plain lack of generosity wished to maintain a *status quo* which they liked to regard as an eternal order, appealed to Providence and its sacred laws. It was in the name of 'providential laws' and 'providential order' that all forms of social improvement were blindly attacked. Any intervention of public authority, even when it aimed at suppressing the most glaring abuses, was declared Utopian or sacrilegious. Every aspiration after justice was crushed. In the name of such law and order, economic liberalism, one of the sins of the modern world, was canonized.<sup>2</sup> Does not a similar spirit today inspire certain bitter and one-sided criticisms of the path our civilization is taking? We do not deny there are dangers; the two examples we have quoted, eugenics and propaganda, show how grave they may be. Yet it is essential not to confuse such a state of mind with the reaction of certain spiritual persons, tormented lest we forget the 'one thing necessary', even though that reaction expresses itself in clumsy or excessive ways. As someone truly wrote, 'to keep the Christian line of vision, we must periodically listen to those violent prophets who are so acutely aware of the razor-edge of doctrine, the strictness of the way, the mysteries of truth, the clearness of the call and the character of dramatic imminence which invests the word of God, death, sin and judgement at every moment of time.'<sup>3</sup>

Thus periodically shaken, Christians run less risk of 'conforming to the age', as the Apostle says, and of forgetting that the life of whoever would be faithful to the end will be in 'strife and contradiction' to the last day. But, to return to intellectual analysis, it must be admitted that the traditionalist's refusal, in its most absolute form, is inspired by a conception of the world and an

<sup>1</sup> XXX *Connaître le Communisme*, 'Cahiers d'études sociales et doctrinales'. (Haumont; 1946), p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Cf., among other papal documents, the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*.

<sup>3</sup> Emmanuel Mounier, *Pour un temps d'apocalypse*, in *Esprit*, January 1947, p. 7.

ideal of wisdom which are much less a corollary of the Christian faith than a heritage from ancient thought in its decline.

In reality, Providence, far from being Destiny, is the force that has conquered it. To submit to Providence is not to abandon oneself to Fate. Man is not placed in the universe as one thing among other things. Nor is he installed there to enjoy it passively as if everything had already been achieved without him. He is created, as Genesis tells us, 'in the image of God'. It is the very first thing the Bible tells us about him. And if in the image of God, surely in the image of the Creator. In his own way he must, therefore, imitate Him in dominating nature. Though neither his first nor even his most important characteristic, it is, as it were, his most immediate one. It was the favourite theme of the Fathers of Antioch, and Claudel comments in his turn, 'Nature must hear in the depths of her being the orders we bring her in the name of God.'<sup>1</sup> Yet, though the idea is authentically Christian and biblical, it could not be fully exploited till man possessed the tool which science has now put in his hand.

In principle he knew this already. In two words, and how much more they mean now that we are learning to know our distant past and the first stages of our history, St. Thomas Aquinas opens up a great perspective: '*Habet homo rationem et manum.*'<sup>2</sup> If the Creator gave us this wonderful double instrument of reason and hand, was it merely to enable us to solve by roundabout ways the problem which Nature solves directly for the animal? Was it merely, for example, so that we could weave protective clothing to make up for our lack of protective fur? Or was it just to endow a superior animal with certain extra faculties, securities and pleasures, while keeping him enclosed in the same narrow circle? Surely not. By this endlessly fruitful mating of head and hand, man is called to carry on the work of his Maker. He is not, for weal or woe, installed in a ready-made world; he co-operates in its genesis. Scripture tells us that when God had made man, He rested on the seventh day. He did so because there was now someone to leave in charge of His work's completion.<sup>3</sup>

We hear much of a transgression of the laws of Nature, of the

<sup>1</sup> Paul Claudel, *Conversations dans le Loir-et-Cher*, p. 259.

<sup>2</sup> St. Thomas, *Summa Theologica*, Ia, Q. 91, a. 3, ad 2m.

<sup>3</sup> We are here thinking mainly of the changes which have come about in our practical attitude towards the universe. It would be possible to make analogous observations on our changed representation of it since the successive discoveries of space and duration. They are all closely bound up with each other.



perverse wish to divorce man from her rhythm and of a positive 'denaturalization' which would be the worst of all evils. Such criticisms go too far. Where they are justified, they should, to be effective, begin by recognizing that there is no reason to discredit the artificial as such; indeed, in a sense, 'artifice is the very nature of man'. And if material progress often leads to evil, even if it operates in a bad way and has sometimes been prompted by a spirit which is not the spirit of good, these facts do not make it an evil in itself. Why have we a reflective faculty if not to break down false syntheses and associations of ideas? Are we to condemn all efforts to understand our Faith because their first results have so often led to heresy? Similarly, is the wrong use of science a condemnation of the whole scientific effort, including its social ramifications? Let us go a step further. It is quite possible, in the concrete realm, to discover a certain opposition between the scientific spirit and the Christian spirit. The same sort of opposition appears between intellectual consideration and prayer, between preoccupation with human society and the expectation of the Kingdom. But we have only to consider man in his present state of *becoming* to see that he is activated not merely by the two irreconcilable forces of good and evil but by a host of other impulses and tendencies, legitimate in themselves, but incompatible with each other in their primitive form. Would anyone therefore conclude that one must necessarily be sacrificed to another or condemned in the other's name? To do so would probably mean to lose both. Surely it would be more reasonable to hope to find some dynamic accord between them and so gradually bring about a harmonious tension? Everything in man seems at first sight in a state of antagonism. Total warfare is our primeval condition and accompanies every step we take. Our most authentic powers, our most vital impulses, are far from being in spontaneous harmony. Yet it is for this very reason that we progress at all.

What is true of the physical world is true of the social world. There would be no point in transforming the first by technics if the alternate aim were not the progressive transformation of society itself. We might even say that it is here that man's capacity to work displays itself in its true glory, showing him in some measure, and always in the image of his Creator, as *causa sui*.<sup>1</sup> It

<sup>1</sup> We are not speaking here of the sense in which each man can also be called *causa sui* by the use he makes of his liberty, as Père A. Bremond well explains; *Réflexions sur l'Homme dans la Philosophie bergsonienne*, Archives de Philosophie, Vol. XVII, cahier(1), 1947, pp. 126-134.

would be unjust to criticize those who have not grasped at first sight the truth and grandeur of such an idea when it is only dimly beginning to take shape in men's minds. Nevertheless, 'providentialism', in the sense in which it is too often invoked, is not a Christian truth. It is not encroaching on Providence to work for the improvement of an order of things which has been established mainly through man's own historical activities. Reliance on the past, the testimony of experience and the sense of tradition, are very necessary things; especially when plans of reform are radical and sweeping and the future is imagined in such bold, even grandiose, terms. But they should not be automatically treated as sacred principles. To call purely human things divine is even more blasphemous than to utter a cry of revolt against One who is falsely alleged to be their eternal warrant.

The appeal to Providence can therefore be criticized on many grounds in the name of faith in the true God. Many modern thinkers, themselves fierce opponents of Christianity (we need only mention Marx and Nietzsche), like to compare their work with that of Prometheus, and proudly proclaim themselves the heirs of the rebel hero. Let us not therefore allow our adversary to manœuvre us into blindly taking up every position contrary to his own, and thus leave him all the benefit of any just ideas he mingles with his revolt. The fable of Prometheus is not a biblical story; a revolt against the gods is not *ipso facto* a revolt against God. Our God is indeed a jealous God, but His jealousy is something far other than that of the gods of the fable. He does not grudge His creatures fire or any other of their discoveries and inventions. On the contrary, it is precisely through these that His dominion is extended and new plans are realized in conformity to His will. Time is given to man that he may perfect himself in the temporal order; man has every right to wish to escape from all forms of cosmic and social slavery with a view to a freer, more human existence. We must not confuse Christianity with initiatives which belong to the purely natural plane nor identify it with this or that form of political régime or social revolution. On such subjects everyone is entitled to his own opinion, and even so-called 'Catholic sociologists' are notably far from having a unanimous programme. Should we not rather admit more openly, in words and in action that expresses real conviction, that our Faith approves and encourages this effort towards liberation and a more human way of life, though it is not for us to dictate the



lines it should take? Christianity was from the first 'a revolt against fate'; it was effective because it was very much more.

### III

Risking the paradox, let us say there could be a Christian Prometheus. To what extent and on what conditions is another question; we hope to throw a little light on it later on. First we must ask, 'Is our modern Prometheus Christian?' Alas, taken as a whole, he is far from being so. All we have said, though valid against his more intemperate critics, by no means justifies him.

A mysterious and apparently fatal law is once more being verified under our eyes. It is not only real need and acknowledged deficiency which spur men on to seek an imagined good, but also the prick of open or secret resentment. Does not the discovery of new values involve the depreciation of other, perhaps more fundamental ones? And does it not breed, even while the discovery is still modest and tentative, a kind of intoxication, so that the passionate interest it arouses tends to make men oblivious of everything else, even of essentials? This often tempts us to reject what we ought, instead, to deepen and purify. And so ambiguous situations pile up, leading inevitably to crises whose outcome no one can safely prophesy.

This certainly applies to this advent of a new man we have briefly sketched. On one advancing line of progress humanity today sees only the drive towards material construction. It is drunk, with almost Dionysiac frenzy, on the heady successes and still headier promises of technology. Meantime, elsewhere, in his longing for the liberation which technology is to bring him, man goes so far as to deny everything which makes him a dependent being. He wants, so to speak, not to have been born but to exist without having had to come into existence. His revolt against providentialism hardens or distorts itself into rejection of the divine fatherhood. Lastly, reversing the spontaneous movement of his intellect for thousands of years, he no longer perceives in the realities he can see and touch so many signs of that invisible kingdom for which he believed himself destined. All ideas of a spiritual order seem to him merely confused and outworn symbols of the only true reality, this world, as science at last presents it to his unbandaged eyes. He thinks that, during his childhood, he

projected the social reality he lived or imagined into some mystic heaven. Now he affirms his manhood by dragging all things down to the earthly plane and explaining everything on that level. His great reproach against Christianity is the same as Origen's against the Jewish religion—that the symbol refused to vanish at the advent of the trust. All theology, for modern man, can be reduced to anthropology.<sup>1</sup>

Intoxication with science, ontological revolt, devaluation of the intellect; these are the three temptations which accompany the progress of our age. It has largely succumbed to all three and it is they that have brought about the spiritual crisis through which we are struggling. These three elements, uniting to invade the whole of life, together make up what we might call 'organizing scientism'. Already in 1937, Père Teilhard de Chardin had made this comment on Marxism: 'What makes neo-Marxism so tempting to a select few is not so much its humanitarian gospel but its vision of a totalitarian civilization strongly linked with the cosmic forces of matter. Communism's proper name should be *terrenism*.'

This diagnosis is true of many other modern thinkers. We can find the same traits in those who allow for obscure forces and wrap themselves in myths, as well as in those who are classical positivists and subject everything to the clear light of reason. They are all summed up in that cry of Nietzsche's, echoed by so many of our contemporaries, 'Nothing but the Earth!'

The first result of going astray on these three points is that, far from deepening his knowledge of himself, modern man is shutting himself off from his own intelligence. He no longer perceives that part of his being which can never be for him the object of science since it must always be its subject. He no longer understands what it is in man which studies man nor what it is that commits him. The consequences are many and grave. 'Western humanity', says M. Gabriel Marcel,<sup>2</sup> 'behaves officially more and more as if what I have called the higher soul were a survival, the useless relic of a fossilized species.' And another philosopher, Karl Jaspers, shows forcibly how the various scientific disciplines applied to man could be the means of destroying

<sup>1</sup> We know Feuerbach's doctrine on the subject; cf. Pierre Mesnard, in *La Vie Intellectuelle*, December 1946. For Proudhon's analogous doctrine cf. *Proudhon et le Christianisme*, Ch. V.

<sup>2</sup> *Science et Humanisme*, in *La Nef*, February 1946, pp. 69-70. See also C. G. Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* (1944).

his intelligence if they reject another source and mode of knowledge which alone can 'embrace him as a whole'.<sup>1</sup> And he adds, 'It is essential for us to recover that total image of man.' We must also add that, in practice, the deepest and soundest philosophy would be powerless to do this. To rediscover that vanishing image and, with it, that sense of being, that concept of stable truth and that belief in eternal values which deliver us alike from oppressive objectivity and pure subjectivity, we must appeal to our faith in the creation of man in the image of God.

But that is precisely what man is most unwilling to do. It is not so much that he has lost sight of such ideas as that he does not wish to admit them. He thinks that the reality of this image or reflection, far from restoring to him the interior wholeness, fullness of being and spiritual liberty of which scientific and social relativism has robbed him, would constitute the badge of essential and fundamental slavery. Thus everything he imputes to God is a theft from himself and God, he concludes, must die at last that man may live. Here we touch the root evil of our time, that revolt against God which has tempted every age, but which in our own takes more radical and less covert forms.

For the first time, a mass persuasion has arisen, powerful as a tidal wave, that man's hour has struck at last. And in that hour the finite being, self-sufficient in his finitude and his immanence, takes to himself all the prerogatives of God. It is the folly of Kirilov in *The Possessed*, of Zarathustra, of Feuerbach; the folly alike of 'humanist' and 'superman'. Nevertheless, even in the ring-leaders of the revolt, it rarely, if ever, appears in its pure state. The term 'tragic disdain' has rightly been used in this connexion.<sup>2</sup> Intellectually nothing could be said of it were it not encouraged and given a show of legitimacy by that illusion of knowledge we called just now 'the devaluation of the intellect'. Man excels, it is true, in transforming the actual conditions of his social and physiological misery into dreams. There is much truth in the psycho-analyses of Marx and Freud, to quote only these two great parallel examples. There is truth also in Comte's idea of a first 'theological' age, and in many similar notions put forward by our historians and philosophers. Undoubtedly one sign of maturity of spirit is to renounce mythical imaginings and false transcen-

<sup>1</sup> Allocation for the reopening of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Heidelberg, 15 August, 1945 (tr. Hessel, in *Fontaine*, 46, p. 817.)

<sup>2</sup> H. Engelmann and R. Givord. Introduction to the French translation of Romano Guardini's *Welt und Person* (p. 13). Fr. title, *L'Univers religieux de Dostoiewski*.

dencies, all that jungle growth which exhausts the sap without producing solid fruit. But when old Xenophanes of Colophon put forth his apparently sceptical proposition, 'If oxen and horses had hands and could paint . . .', his intention was not to destroy the idea of divinity but solely to purify it. Once we have rediscovered the reality of nature and the reality of man, we have still to explain it. To do so, we must explore it more deeply still. Clarification must not become mutilation. If our minds are clouded by a wrong interpretation, one illusion may be replaced by its opposite. There is an illusion of the relative as of the absolute, of the historical as of the eternal, of immanence as of transcendence; there can be positive illusion as well as mystical illusion. By misunderstanding the historical and the relative we arrive only at a pseudo-absolute, a pseudo-eternal and an imaginary liberation. But by misunderstanding the eternal and the absolute we are left with the pseudo-historical, the pseudo-temporal and, instead of a path to freedom, a blind alley. Mystification, in short, is not a one-way street.

To denounce the illusion of mysticism there was no need to wait for modern critics. That has been Christianity's task from its very inception. Christianity is not and never has been, as some people fancy, a religion of escape from matter. From the beginning it opposed acosmic pretensions as much as it denounced the old pagan superstitions. Its idea of man is not that being of which so many dreamed, that divine spark fallen into an evil or illusory world whose salvation lies in escaping from its prison. In such a world it has no task to perform; it can only leave it to its fate or awaken it to consciousness of its own non-entity. For the Christian, the world is the real work of a good God and has a real value. It is more than the mere stage on which man acts or the instrument he uses; it is, so to speak, the stuff of the world to come, the raw material of our eternity. Man's task is not to liberate himself from time but to liberate himself through time; not to escape from the world but to accept it. Only, to understand both time and the world man must look beyond them, for it is its relation to eternity which gives the world its consistency and which makes of time a real becoming. In other words, Christianity sees man as having a double character, historical and *interior*, and neither character can be divorced from the other. Man possesses the one only because he possesses the other. Were he not a genuinely and purposefully historical being, his interior being would be merely

fantasy or vain psychologism. And had he no subsisting interior being, his 'historicity' would disintegrate in disintegrating time. Man makes himself in and through history; hence each generation can only fully understand itself as a link in the chain. But the marching column of humanity would have no direction, or rather, man would be unable to march at all if there were not present in the heart of this world, and attracting it as an end, an Eternal. That Eternal stamps in each one of us the seal of His face and thereby confers on each His inviolable interior being.

The man our faith reveals to us is not the captive being, fettered by habit, fear, slavery and limitations of every kind and hoping to be gradually freed from his fetters by the normal development of his reason and still more by the advance of science. Nor is he that dream god, that fragment of impersonal divinity surmised by a too natural mysticism. Such an idea of man, with its illusion of liberation by escape, maintains him in a state of real bondage by turning him away from all action on the world and all social tasks. Nor, again, is man that being which can be wholly discerned by the investigations of positive science which sees him only in relation to space and time. That being too could only hope to liberate himself by becoming subject even, on this earth, to a still harsher slavery; he would be wholly reduced to an object manipulated by technicians and oppressed by a totalitarian society.

Man is made of the earth whose whole history is summed up, prolonged and transformed in him; he is animated by a divine breath which makes him eternal with '*une éternité germinale*'.<sup>1</sup> He must accept his twofold origin which makes his twofold nature, not as the inexorable sign of a double oppression but as the starting point of a double liberation. He must transfigure, not deny, the two relations he derives from that double origin. Let him then make this universe, in which at first he appears naked, the means of building himself up and developing all the possibilities of his natural being by the work of his mind and hand. And let him also humbly admit his dependence and raise himself, by responding to the call to a sublimer destiny, to the height of union with his Creator.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the beautiful study of Jacques Paliard, *Du Temps à l'Éternité*, in *Ma Joie terrestre*. (Études Carmélitaines), pp. 248-261.



## IV

Such considerations still leave us far from the complete idea of man that could be derived from our faith. But they may serve as a base for criticizing the idea most often opposed to it; the Marxian concept of man and his destiny. Marxism, more than any other contemporary doctrine, claims to be responsible for this 'new man' whose birth we announce.<sup>1</sup> It claims also to be the heir of the whole scientific and social movement of the last centuries. Of all modern doctrines, it is the one which most clearly poses the problem of 'total' man and tries to find a total solution. Unlike so many others, it has not shirked the final questions and, for that reason, it is legitimate to compare it with Christianity. It is true that Marxism was identified almost from the first with an economic system and has now become a social movement and a political party, so that it operates habitually on a quite different plane from Christianity. Nevertheless we are almost forced to confront the one with the other.

Marxism was primarily, as Berdyaev insisted long ago, a spiritual phenomenon. This gives it its greatness and partly accounts for its persistence. To my mind, it is also what makes it most liable to criticism. Marx sought man's social liberation only as a step to his spiritual liberation. Although for him, as for the whole movement he inspired, social liberation played by far the greater part, the fact remains that, in his thought, it is only a means. Even when the criticism of religion and the fight against it become weapons in the social struggle and means in their turn, the final goal is always man's recovered possession of himself through the elimination of all transcendence. Marx sees man

<sup>1</sup> Let us quote the letter of Engels to Heinz Starkenburg (25 January, 1894), in which a judgement of values, reinforced by a prophecy inspired by the Marxist faith, mingles with a clear-cut view of the great phenomenon then only just beginning to take shape. 'Men make their history themselves but hitherto they have not done so with a collective will according to an all-embracing plan. Their efforts oppose each other; thus they are ruled by necessity, completed and expressed by Chance. When society seizes the means of production, the product will no longer dominate the producer. Conscious organization will replace the anarchy which tyrannizes over social production and the struggle for individual existence will cease. Only thus can man, in some sense, detach himself definitely from the animal world. He will pass from the conditions of animal existence to the conditions of human existence. All the conditions of life which have hitherto dominated men will pass under their control: they will thus become for the first time the real masters of nature, because they will be masters of their own association. The laws of their social activity, which remained outside them as foreign laws to which they were subjected, will be applied and mastered by them with full knowledge of their principles. The very association which seemed something imposed on them by nature and history will become men's own free work. Those external objective forces which hitherto dominated history will come under their control. Henceforth men will make their own history in full consciousness: henceforth the social causes they set in motion will be increasingly potent to attain the desired effect. It will be the leap of the human race from the reign of necessity into the reign of liberty.'

as having been robbed, not only of his possessions but of his very being, for the profit of an imaginary power which dominates and crushes him from the skies. He does not accuse Feuerbach of being mistaken about man's evil or about the essential goal to be attained by the suppression of that evil. He merely accuses him of dwelling in the abstract and of not attacking the causes which make that evil inevitable because he is too blind to perceive them. This is why he himself came to attach such overwhelming and exclusive importance to the social question. In the sphere of practical action this becomes a question of politics and economics but, in itself, it is far more vital. It is an ontological—in fact *the* ontological—question and concerns the very being of man.

Of the Marxists we can say, with his own implied reserves, something analogous to what St. Augustine said of the neo-Platonists: in one sense they rightly see the end but they prevent themselves from ever attaining it by mistaking the road. They foresaw a liberated and united humanity, completely possessed of its own essence and reconciled with itself and the universe, living in utter fulfilment to the end of history. Do not our own Scriptures promise us the same ideal . . . the ideal St. Augustine summed up in 'unus Christus' and 'Christus integer'? But by believing that, to be attainable, the ideal must be shorn of all transcendence and realized in time, they deny its conditions and render it inconsistent. Moreover, by seeking it in history by incongruous methods, they prevent themselves from even approaching it or laying its foundations. This is something we must examine in rather more detail.

'Communism,' says Marx in an astonishing passage, 'as a real appropriation of the human essence by man and for man and thus as man's return to himself in his social, i.e. human, aspect . . . a return that is complete, conscious and sustained by all the riches of former development . . . is naturalism fully achieved and thus coincides with humanism. It is the true end of the quarrel between essence and existence, between objectivization and the affirmation of self, between liberty and necessity, between the individual and the species. It resolves the mystery of history and it knows that it resolves it.'<sup>1</sup> And here is a passage from some recent disciples which develops that of the founder; under the secular words, we sense the same prophetic inspiration. At the end of cosmic and social development 'Total man will be verily what those words express. . . . Man will plunge into the very depths of external and internal nature. This is his good which he will take unto himself, surpass and raise in himself to the level of the Spirit. The unity of the individual with society, man's possession of

<sup>1</sup> Marx. Fragment of 1844 (Fr. tr. in *Revue Marxiste* No. 1, February 1929). Cf. Gaston Fessard, *La Main tendue*, pp. 116, 211-244. Marx says also (ibid.): 'Thus society is the complete and essential unity of man and nature, the veritable resurrection of nature; naturalism achieved by man and humanism achieved by nature.'



Nature and his own nature, defines the Total Man. He is indeed he who is "all"; who possesses, seizes and makes his good out of nature in her entirety. Humanity as a whole has been scattered and at war with itself. It will attain its unity; that is to say, the truth of man and the realization of his essence.<sup>1</sup>

Will anyone deny a strong family likeness between such anticipations and what we ourselves say of the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven or the achievement of the Mystical Body of Christ? Then there will be no more struggles and antagonisms; no more tensions within ourselves; no more exclusiveness. Both speak of an end of history; of a 'resurrection of Nature'; of accomplishment and fulfilment; of perfect unity realized at last. As in St. Paul, we are dealing with Man perfected; at once collective and unique. But what the Christian hopes for in another world at the end of time, the Marxist dreams of in this world and in the duration of our time. The Christian expects it from a supernatural intervention; the Marxist sees it as the natural end of an immanent process. An end of history in the heart of still unfolding time! Fusion with nature in essentially unchanged conditions of perception and intelligence and without essential changes in the human organism! Peace and harmony without any new principle being introduced into this humanity which up to now has never ceased to rend and destroy itself! Has Christianity ever demanded such an abdication of the mind? Which side expects the more incredible miracles? Had our faith no other foundations, at least it could point to the coherence of the vision it sets before us. At least it lays down the necessary conditions for its realization and is aware of its exacting demands. It obliges us to believe in a mystery, but at least it spares us utter chaos. Can we say as much for the Marxist vision?

Certainly the myth that Marx has conceived is grandiose. It is not Utopian in the ordinary sense, for it makes no appeal to arbitrary fancies. It wants, not to 'anticipate dogmatically', but only to 'find the new world by criticizing the old';<sup>2</sup> thus it refuses to give any details concerning the organization of the city to come. This allowed Marx to disown contemptuously the system of his predecessors, the 'Utopian' socialists who had freely indulged their fancy by describing in detail the paradise to come. Insofar as Marx is a socialist, he is no Utopian. He was the first to break with every old 'Utopia' and 'Uchronia' which cumbered the socialist movement in its early days and he gave himself considerable credit for doing so. This permitted many of his disciples . . . and the master, too, in his second and longer period . . . to focus all their attention first on the analysis of existing society and then on revolutionary method and action. Thus

<sup>1</sup> Lefebvre and Gutermann, *Introduction à Lénine* (Cahiers sur la dialectique de Hegel, pp. 81 and 98-99).

<sup>2</sup> Marx; letter to Engels, 1843.

they could deny that Marxism was a doctrine in the complete and traditional sense. Hence certain people quite sincerely conclude that a believer can adopt it wholesale and is free, if he wishes, to carry it on to the metaphysical plane. But this is as great an error as to suppose that Comte's positivism does not exclude the transcendental and supernatural. Whether or not one calls Marxism metaphysical, it is a complete doctrine and, like any other doctrine, has its implications and presuppositions. However much it claims to be relative, it supposes an absolute. And that absolute is both similar and totally opposed to the Absolute in which Christians believe. It may not be a 'Utopia' in the old sense of the term, but the very fact that it refuses all descriptions indicates that it is the basic Utopia, the Utopia to end all Utopias. That refusal is not merely practical prudence or wise foresight in view of the unpredictability of human history. It springs from the fact that this last state towards which humanity is tending is posited as essentially indescribable. Radically different from all relative states through which man has passed in the course of his history, it must be, in essence, beyond human imagination. The goal of history cannot be composed of the same elements as its course. Though brought down to earth and reduced to the measure of immanence, the Absolute we strive towards remains the Totally-Other. . . .

It is precisely this reduction to immanence and placing of the Kingdom in time which seems to me inconsistent. 'The ideal of Marx is very fine but it is manifestly trans-historical,'<sup>1</sup> wrote Engels, criticizing Hegelian pretensions. 'With Hegel one arrives at the self-styled absolute; the history of the world is finished, nevertheless it has to go on though there is nothing more for it to accomplish.'<sup>2</sup> Does not the same apply to Marx? Not that he had the naïveté, as Hegel had perhaps in the days when he was 'chewing over his own doctrine',<sup>3</sup> to think that the emergence of his doctrine itself marked the end of history. He never supposed the final solution to lie in pure thought or any intellectual system. But, though he considerably postponed that end and made it far more strictly conditional, he never set it anywhere but within time. Should we not then say with Engels: history is achieved, yet, since time continues, history must continue too? Yet it cannot, since its motive power is contradiction and all contradiction from henceforth is absorbed in harmony. . . . Not all Marxists have failed to perceive the inconsistency. Many refrain from thinking about it.

<sup>1</sup> Jean Lacroix, *Du Marxisme in Le Monde*, 11 July, 1947. 'To sum up,' concludes M. Lacroix, 'Marxism consists in a kind of sociological projection of the Christian idea . . . [it is] immanentism pushed to its extreme consequences . . . the radical negation of all transcendence.' But, as M. Lacroix justly asks, is this resolving of all transcendence equally possible in the realm of history as in that of thought? Does the human condition contain, along with the problem, the solution of the problem?

<sup>2</sup> Engels, *Ludwig Feuerbach* (Fr. tr., p. 41).

<sup>3</sup> Cf. M. Dufresne, in *Fontaine*, 61 (September 1947), p. 464.

Others throw it overboard. One, recently, in a lecture whose flavour was strongly apologetic, tempered Marx's abrupt thesis in many ways and, in fact, abandoned the end of history.<sup>1</sup> But, if we do that, we are left with a decidedly diminished humanism. We are left, equally, with a bastard and bowdlerized Marxism which renounces its bold grandeur in order to escape from one of its contradictions. Such a Marxism falls back on the last two centuries' inconsistent notions of indefinite progress and, since it no longer offers itself as a doctrine of salvation, should submit to be judged by a higher and more complete doctrine.

Let us suppose, all the same, that by directing all his energies towards an 'end of the world' (without reference to Christ who makes the real unity of His Mystical Body and through whom God will be 'all in all') man could attain the beatific end Marx dreamed for him. There is yet another way in which Marx, like the old neo-Platonists, mistook the road to the goal.

The Marxian view of the march of history is well known. We know how it explains its motive forces and the morals it draws. Jean Lacroix has set it forth with the sympathy so necessary for avoiding misinterpretations (and, what is often worse, interpretations that are too glib and facile), so we can refer to him.<sup>2</sup> We are not aiming here at methodical criticism. Nor do we need to state all over again how much partial truth is contained in the theses of historical materialism, in the denunciation of the hypocrisy and prevarication of a certain type of spirituality and in the application of Hegel's dialectic to the history of human societies. But let us simply ask: in what eternal book did the Marxists read of this direction of history that they determine it with such assurance? They often display acute historical sense; they observe historical movements and analyse their causes with a shrewd strategical eye to their own tactics. All this we freely admit. But wherever do they get their idea of an end towards which history is infallibly moving? Where have they seen that everything, though proceeding from contradiction to contradiction, is tending towards universal reconciliation? Who could have foretold to them the final triumph of a 'Yes' and the full reciprocity of love? Who guaranteed that, little by little, contradictions would wear themselves out? For experience shows us nothing of the kind. If we agree on a definition and a criterion of progress, experience can tell us whether or not

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Hervé, *L'Homme Marxiste in Grandes Options de l'Homme Contemporain* (1947) . . . Cf. Jean Hyppolite, *La Conception Hégélienne de l'État et sa Critique par Karl Marx in Cahiers Internationaux de Sociologie*, Vol. II (1947), pp. 153 and 158. 'It is in the essential tragic element of history that Hegel sees the Idea; but it is in the suppression of this tragic element, in effective reconciliation or synthesis, that Marx discovers the real equivalent of the Hegelian Idea. He believes in the real resolution of contradictions in an effective synthesis in which idea and reality will become one, here below.'

<sup>2</sup> *L'Homme Marxiste in La Vie Intellectuelle*, August-September 1947.

progress has been made. It cannot tell us that, provided we act as midwives, Liberty and Harmony will emerge of themselves from the womb of time. One may foresee the issue of any historical situation but who can show us the final Issue?

If we are truly dealing here with a last end, then it can never be achieved by the thrust and parry of dialectic. Dialectic proceeds by a series of negations. One contrary produces another by way of compensation, but, by very reason of the dialectical principle, the scales can never come to rest. Each solution can only be provisional and there is no reason why the zig-zag movement should not go on for ever since each extreme calls up its opposite. In other words, opposition breeds and perpetuates itself and final harmony cannot be born of contradiction. No revolution can bring forth universal reconciliation because all revolution is dialectical. At this point the 'formidable power of the relative', of which Marx and Hegel spoke, breaks down. Anything which aspires to be final and definitive demands a non-dialectical principle; a 'yes' which is not merely the negation of a 'no'.<sup>1</sup> Such a principle can only be built up by means already homogeneous to it. Otherwise dialectic proceeds from reversal to reversal and what one thought must be the last stage towards the 'leap into the Absolute' turns out to be one more link in a vicious circle. Who desires the end desires the means. But if one does not desire any end at all, one cannot desire any means at all. No subtlety can ever produce good out of evil or truth out of falsehood. Nor can it show love to be immanent in hate, or make actual and practical contempt of man effectively minister to ends conceived by faith in man. So, instead of being indignant about certain traits of Marxist morality, let us merely state that, in their own chosen field of efficiency, they are inefficient. We do not deny that, in the course of history, such morality might not have some notable successes. But we argue that these successes could never be final precisely because this morality cannot be, as they hope, purely provisional. And we should deny that they were human successes; firstly, because they engender a provisional order which is not really provisional; secondly, because, even at that price, they are incapable of ever bringing about the liberation of man. A political success is one thing; the solution of the human problem another. And there is no common measure between them.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Marx, *Manuscrit économique-politique de 1844* (Molitor, Vol. VI, p. 46). 'In conceiving the negation of negation Hegel has found the abstract expression of the movement of history.' Criticism on the lines that we sketch here is also to be found in Pierre Debray, *La Dialectique de l'Existence du Langage*. (Dieu Vivant 9, p. 132.)

## V

They look forward to a liberation, but who, after all, is going to be liberated? Humanity? But can the idea of Humanity be anything but a myth for a system of thought which denies anything beyond time and any participation of time in eternity? 'The whole of history,' says Marx, 'is nothing but a continuous transformation of human nature,'<sup>1</sup> and this assertion should be taken in its most emphatic sense. 'Nothing exists,' says Engels, 'but the uninterrupted process of becoming.'<sup>2</sup> Nowhere does anything add up to a whole. How then can the essence of a being that has no being be finally realized? For 'man' is only a label to indicate the succession of generations and the numerical sum of individuals. The human species has no more real existence than the essence of man. What then becomes of human solidarity and what is the human future? If there is a liberation to come, have I the right to say it is Humanity that will be liberated? At the most it could only be individuals and why should these future individuals be any better merely because they appear later in time? Will they not be, like ourselves, 'mediocre inhabitants of this corner of the universe we call the Earth'? I desire their good; I am even willing to seek it; but why should present generations be sacrificed to them? Disinterestedness can be pushed to absurdity. Sacrifice does not become mere calculation because one demands that the object to which one sacrifices oneself should be worthy. We cannot even hope that the liberation of these future men would be permanent, for we know it cannot be. Though reconciled with itself, Humanity (let us still call it that) cannot be reconciled with Nature. Sooner or later, cosmic forces will destroy the fragile human plant. So we should have to immolate our goods, our privileges and even our consciences to something not only external to us but as ephemeral as ourselves. . . .

These criticisms are not confined to Marxism. They apply to the whole morality of efficiency. Though illogical, if we consider its end, that morality is only too well adapted to the negativism which underlies so many modern doctrines. It is indeed more logical than many. If we deny a transcendent Creator, a God of whom man is the living reflection, where shall we find the principle of human dignity and the infinite worth of every human soul? These are correlatives of the absolute of truth and justice revealed by Christianity. Comte and his disciples saw this point clearly and did not fear to proclaim it. Their

<sup>1</sup> Marx, *Misère de la Philosophie*, ed. 1896, p. 204. Marx said at first (*ibid.*), more modestly and with more justice, that when men change their conditions of industrial and political existence from top to bottom, they change thereby their whole manner of being.

<sup>2</sup> Engels, *Anti-Dühring*. Lenin quotes this text in *Marx, Engels, Marxisme*, Fr. tr., p. 19.



love of Humanity, though full of illusions, included no recognition of the 'rights of man'. However much they might seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number, in the new order they dreamed of establishing, the order would still be tyrannical. No satisfaction or 'happiness' can prevail in man against the exigencies of Truth and Justice which make him not only superior to other natural beings but a being of a different essence; in the image of his Creator. The lack of this recognition is not exclusive to Comtian positivism. It is the germ of those totalitarian sociologies towards which ideologies, often opposed in every other way, naturally converge. And there lies modern man's greatest temptation and most terrible menace. The pressure of many factors, the development of technology and the legitimate necessity of planned economy contribute to the danger, but the root cause is spiritual. The danger would be less grave and there would be more chance of formulating a 'free zone' for man's better part alongside the 'directed zone' if this ontological foundation still persisted in the general mind. Then this very soil of more rational organization of social life and of the resources of the globe might foster a higher liberty and a new expression of personality.<sup>1</sup> But we have seen that it is just this ontological foundation which is missing in so many minds today. We have to admit that we are far more the creatures of our means (since these influence our everyday life) than of our distant ends. Is it surprising, then, that hope of a now chimerical ideal and faith in values no longer justified by the intellect should gradually become blurred and eventually fade away? And with them will fade even the nostalgia for that ideal and the taste for those values. The liberation of man may remain as a goal but it becomes abstract; the immediate goal is to succeed in a splendid plan of construction. Little by little, in the twentieth century, an idea takes root which contradicts all the strong liberal and anarchist tendencies of the nineteenth. It not only disclaims its individualism and social sentimentality, but it cares only for the maximum productivity of the human animal in an all-powerful technocracy. Thus the situation, justly condemned by Marx, in which 'man is merely a machine for producing',<sup>2</sup> survives on a larger scale in another context. Real people are sacrificed, not even to an imaginary 'Humanity' but to some 'super-society without countenance or heart'.<sup>3</sup> The once-professed total and exclusive humanism vanishes even from thought, now that its realization is indefinitely postponed. It might have been supposed that the reduction of everything to immanence would have restored everything to man. On the contrary, it has deprived him of everything. It has

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Père Teilhard de Chardin, *La Formation de la Nöosphère*. (*Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, 20 January, 1947).

<sup>2</sup> *Communist Manifesto*.

<sup>3</sup> Père Teilhard de Chardin, *La Crise présente*, loc. laud., p. 163.

reduced everything to duration; a duration without an eternal frontier, whose moments disperse or assemble without ever interpenetrating. The Absolute has not been brought down to earth from a dream heaven nor transferred from God to man; it has been dragged down into the relative, and man has been dragged down along with it.

One need not be a reactionary or despise the efforts of our time to dread the grey horrors to which such errors, were they permanent, would eventually lead us. We have had a foretaste of them whose bitterness is still fresh in our minds. And every day we see that the evil is by no means stamped out; it spreads by contagion or breaks out afresh from the same cause. Even more than recent horrors and present miseries, the utter disillusion towards which we are tending may provoke a wave of pessimism whose devastating effect is well nigh incalculable. The old Romans knew how to sacrifice themselves for their eternal Rome, *extra anni solisque vias*;<sup>1</sup> as soon as they realized it was a myth, their courage began to fail. It was not primarily a revolt of the ego-instinct; all that was needed was the awakening of realization. It is the same in our own age. The nobility of human nature shines out all the more in the capacity shown by so many to sacrifice their earthly being in a greater cause. But at least let Humanity grow, let the future take a definite shape, let there continue to be such a thing as Humanity! What if that also should turn out to be a myth? Suppose man should come to see himself, by very reason of his separateness, as an incurably lonely being? Suppose that Nature, the more he thought he had tamed her, showed herself increasingly as a huge, blind, crushing force? Suppose the universe were absurd? 'It is appalling anguish to see and to foresee collective death. . . . And since humanity has not indefinite reserves, what strange anguish to think of the death of humanity!'<sup>2</sup> One can disregard the negative result of an experiment, seeing it as merely provisional, but one cannot indefinitely disregard the logic of thought. Nothing is more dangerous than ill-founded optimism; in the end it can only produce despair.

## VI

It is here that Christianity, with its concept of man, comes once more to restore hope to the world. Drugging it with no illusions, offering it no suspect novelties, it comes, as it came two thousand years ago, strong in its unchanged doctrine and its ever-flowing sap, to save and accomplish all. It undertakes to do for modern man what it did for

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Aeneid*. VI. 791-801. Commentary by Jean Hubaux, *Les Grands Mythes de Rome*, pp. 138-140.

<sup>2</sup> Péguy, *Cahiers*. 20 March, 1900, *Encore de la Grippe*, p. 7.



the soul of antiquity; its power of assimilation remains intact. It comes once again to gather the best of human effort and the best of human thought and to lift it to a still higher level while giving it, at the same time, a firm foundation. Historical research would reveal that, in Christianity, we have the deepest source of the modern impulse towards a new type of man. But Christianity is far more than that. It is as much a living force in the present as a wellspring in the past. And this is primarily due to its realism.

We cannot insist too much on that realism. Obviously it is not realistic in the manner of those systems which begin by 'denaturing' man in order to see in him only their own idea of the 'real'. Such systems see in him only a creature already complete and determined. Ignoring his essential characteristics they disown, or treat as illusion, everything in him which looks forward; every free impulse and craving for perfection. Christian realism is the realism of fulfilment. Without glossing over man's misery, it shows him his nobility. It is not its business to furnish superfluous arguments to the sceptical and disillusioned. It will never make common cause with those who sum up the whole potential history of our race in a 'Parable of the Blind' *à la* Breughel. It will never invite it to fall back in the ditch to save it from false steps. No one dare preach laziness of spirit, consent to social injustice or the renunciation of dreams of greatness and unity in the name of Christian wisdom. Our faith teaches us that humanity is one, that it has the same destiny, that a Future is being prepared in which we are all invited to collaborate, that the salvation of each is functional to the salvation of all. It teaches us that the universe has a meaning to which man is the key, that we are made for a free and brotherly society, and that here below we must work our apprenticeship to our future condition.<sup>1</sup> Such beliefs must obviously have repercussions on the temporal plane. But our faith insistently reminds us of two other things.

First, that man's present evil cannot be reduced to some fault in the organization of society. 'Man's evil is infinitely deeper and more mysterious; his situation far more tragic and his captivity far more strict.'<sup>2</sup> The Christian can never forget a very simple and common fact; the horrible, all-pervading leprosy called *sin*. If we are earnestly seeking man's liberation, we have to take it into account. Because of free will, all progress is ambivalent; even the growth of consciousness does not automatically entail growth or consolidation in good. 'The state of warfare' has its seeds in the heart of each one of us and will be the state of our earthly condition to the very end. But there is

<sup>1</sup> On these themes in Patristic tradition, see Père de Lubac's *Catholicisme* (4th edition 1947), particularly Chapter 8.

<sup>2</sup> Émile Rideau, *Séduction communiste et Réflexion Chrétienne*, 1947 (Éditions de la Proue), p. 232.

another aspect of things we particularly wish to stress. We are only constructing another Utopia if we believe that the poisoned spring can be dried up or rendered wholesome by some change in the external relations of human beings to each other; economic, social or political. No 'state of peace' realized without will totally suppress the 'state of war' within. Such a belief displays a disconcerting lack of spiritual depth. Does a discovery in one realm of reality make people fatally blind in another? Do they really believe that it is only the social order which is the cause of all this evil which so often makes each man a 'hell for his neighbour'? If so, who was responsible for the social order? If the sole responsibility lies in the division of society into exploiters and exploited, we may surely ask how the division came about? The instinct to dominate existed in the dawn of history before there were either exploited or exploiters. So did other instincts whose social repercussions are no less marked—such as the instinct of intolerance, even more characteristic of the masses than of the individual, so rampant in this century. . . . We agree with Marx, as with all who realize the importance of the social question, as to the vanity of any purely intellectual solution of the human problem. The 'disease of conscience' cannot be cured nor man liberated by an intellectual process. But Marx's realism is incomplete, for neither will an economic and social process suffice. Undoubtedly social structures, historically speaking, have been responsible for many vices and carry many seeds of dissension. But the triple concupiscence is deeper rooted. The 'disease of conscience' cannot be reduced to a 'reflection of social cleavages' and the slavery of man is no mere social slavery. Disease and slavery alike are due to something far more primordial and intimate. Marxism rightly proclaims the necessity of going beyond all philosophy; for two thousand years Christianity has proclaimed it, too. Christ came neither to solve a problem nor to dissipate a mirage; He came to attack evil and to destroy an adversary. Philosophy is not the only thing we have to surpass. Nor must we ignore the value of intellectual and social activity. Belief in sin acts as a stimulant to the latter for it prevents our thinking that a just and peaceful order can ever result from merely letting liberties have free play. But we expect deliverance from evil from quite another source; from nothing else than the grace of the Redeemer, freely accepted. For the evil from which we have to be freed, in order to be restored to ourselves, is sin; sin which infects us and grips us at the root of our being.

It is not necessary to profess the whole Catholic doctrine of sin, nor even to be a believer, to recognize that man has a whole dark, destructive and malevolent side and a spiritual wretchedness which gnaws his vitals. Among the surest advances in knowledge of himself in our age, we must reckon that subterranean exploration in which the most positive methods of science corroborate the intuitions of

genius. We need only mention two symbolic names: Freud and Dostoievski.

Admittedly, the explanations of psychology (often reduced to those of physiology) are often as overweening in their totalitarian claims and as defective in 'pure reason' as the explanations of sociology. In their respective philosophies of man, sociologist and psychologist alike are equally apt to grind their own axe. But the positive contribution of each helps to reduce the other's claim to exclusiveness. Yet though the psychiatrist can point here and now to the confirmation of his analysis, he is as incapable as his rival of providing the remedy. Every man who humbly admits himself to be a sinner shows more perspicacity than the sociologist. And every Christian who opens himself to liberating grace realizes an experience unforeseen by the psychiatrist in any of his categories. Augustine of Thagaste, great sinner and great saint, sums up the whole difference between repression and deliverance: *Multum interest utrum animi desperatione obruatur cupiditas an sanitate pellatur*.<sup>1</sup>

But there is in man another wound, which, though definitely associated with the first, is no obstacle to his greatness and is in fact its unquenchable sign. It appears in consciousness under multiple forms. It is an ever-recurring disquiet, an essential discontent which prevents man not only from clinging to any stable form but from being satisfied to progress always in the same direction. It is an impulse of thought which makes him break, one after the other, all the moulds in which the life of the human animal tends to imprison him, and which triumphs over all the critical systems and positivist wisdom which strive to give the lie to it. It can be often an indefinable anguish; '... *aliis oppressa malis in pectore cura*.';<sup>2</sup> an anguish whose psychological variations could be described *ad infinitum*. Sometimes it is a presentiment; the premonition of another existence. He who first feels it communicates a taste of it or a hint of it to those around him. There is a secret connivance which assures him that the same spirit is widespread, though dormant in the majority and subject itself to mysterious laws of germination. It is what a philosopher recently named 'the call of transcendence'. One may criticize the many naïve manifestations, distortions and counterfeits of this universal phenomenon; one may trace it through the confused ideas of rudimentary minds; one may observe that it tends to be curiously sharpened

<sup>1</sup> St. Augustine, *Soliloquies* 1, 19. 'There is a great difference between the suppression of desire by the soul in despair and its expulsion from the soul that is healed.'

<sup>2</sup> Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*, V. 1207. 'For indeed when we look up at the heavenly quarters of the great world, and the firm-set ether above the twinkling stars, and it comes to our mind to think of the journeyings of sun and moon, then into our hearts weighed down with other ills, this misgiving too begins to raise up its awakened head, that there may be perchance some immeasurable power of the gods over us, which whirls on the bright stars in their diverse motions.' (Translation of Cyril Bailey.)

by certain unhealthy states of the physical or social organism. But it would be a poor observer who saw in it only a residue of childhood or a superficial ailment, an excrescence which could be cut off or a strange voice that could be silenced. And he would be little of a realist who thought it could be eliminated by the development of science or the acquisition of full physical or social health. For he would be refusing to recognize the very heart of reason and disowning what is most human in man; the very faculty that makes him capable of surpassing himself. Better, emphatically, to be less healthy if health makes us content to swoon in a blissfully self-satisfied humanism. Better to be unbalanced than to be in such equipoise that no uneasy question could ever come to disturb it. If man ever ceased to be an enigma to himself, we might have an earthly existence without strife, contradiction or pain, but there would be no leap of the spirit, no search for the Absolute. Imagine a condition so perfect in its limited reality, so completely adapted to its setting, so strictly equated between subjective and objective that there would be no chink through which it could communicate with the mystery of being; no slipping gear in this perfectly controlled machine which would allow man to argue with himself or commit himself to a personal choice. One might perhaps still talk of humanism and culture and spiritual life, but in what a feeble sense! From the Christian point of view, how appalling! Yet how wretched, even humanly speaking, if all the vast effort which sweeps us forward today is to land us in such a dungeon!

In fact, we are not driven to such a dilemma. Rather do we see that a state of society which is too wretched or unjust, and which favours gross aberrations, shuts man off from the life of the spirit. We should have no misgivings therefore about working wholeheartedly for the healing of mankind and for its progress along all lines. Nor need we fear to go too far; we can never succeed to such an extent that the noble wound will heal. Even were the 'leap into the reign of liberty' that Engels prophesied to be realized on this earth, the wound would remain open. As with the wound of sin, the social order is powerless to heal what it did not produce.

Why are so many of our contemporaries, convinced of their own cure, so anxious to cure the rest of the world? Why these shouts of triumph at the idea that their hearts are free of all religious or metaphysical anguish? One can understand the cry of Lucretius, celebrating his victory over the fear of sombre Acheron. But since the call of the God of love once sounded in our very midst, since a cloud of witnesses in each generation continues to echo it to us, is it not apparent that the situation has changed and that a new, more positive way lies open? One understands and approves the fight against degrading or paralysing superstitions. But one deplores the blindness that can see

in human anguish no sign of annunciation. There are two ways of curing the anguish. One is to try and suppress it, kill it, have it 'surgically removed'. But in that case one mutilates oneself without preventing it from reappearing everywhere. The other is to yield oneself to Him who assuages it by changing it into hope. Either one must affirm that it corresponds to nothing and that no mystery exists, or one must admit the mystery and search for the key. It is precisely the key which Christianity offers. There is not one of its dogmas which does not explain us or reveal us to ourselves in some aspect or other. It shows us the great adventure in which we are engaged. It—and it alone—shows us the magnificent end of every human task. It does not make work last for ever; for work, thus conceived and served, would become another enslaving idol. The new *homo faber* who is developing himself today should develop concomitantly, and as soon as possible, a new *homo sapiens*. The latter would not be solely pre-occupied in reuniting to life and nature such goods as threaten to break away from them. He would reflect on his laborious activity and realize that it could not be its own end. He would see it as significant, like the work of the ploughman and the sower, only in view of the harvest it is preparing; the harvest of eternity. And even during this existence in time, it must be at the service of a purer, more immanent activity; the activity of contemplation. He would understand too, that, if each day he takes possession of a little more of the universe, it is in order that he may have more to offer; that he must not rest in the act which perfects him but must transcend even himself. Only thus can he fulfil the deepest desire of his nature. For this is neither to strive in heroic and never-ending effort nor to fall back, satisfied at last, in selfish enjoyment, even were the enjoyment noble and collective. He can truly fulfil himself only by contemplating, offering and adoring.

In the third century of our era, the author of the epistle to Diognetes, wanting to explain the rôle of Christians in the world, compared them to the soul which animates the body. It seemed a strange claim. It is just as paradoxical today, yet we make it with the same confidence. The modern disciples of Christ do not see themselves as men abandoning the world's sinking ship but as the pilots who are ordered to bring her into port. In an age when man, alternately hoping and despairing, is seeking a new self, they want to help him find his way and show him the conditions of success. Everything confirms them in their certainty that they are the only people who can do so. They have not been promised that they will always be listened to; in fact they must usually expect the reverse. They know only too well the lack of clearness and courage which makes them individually inferior to their task. Yet, strong in the words of their Master and the action of His Spirit, they will never abandon it. They will know how to show in the future, as



they have effectively shown in the past, that they are, by vocation, the conscience of the human race.<sup>1</sup>

## VII

You may complain that I have dealt only in generalizations and have given an extremely incomplete picture of the Christian idea of man. This is due even more to the perspective I have adopted than to the attempt to deal with a wide range of subjects in a limited space. One cannot explore the depths of any point of revealed doctrine when one is not studying it in itself but is using it to judge facts, ideas and attitudes which primarily belong to another order. Such confrontations are legitimate and necessary if it is true that the great problems of our temporal life can only be solved in the light of our total destiny and if Christianity can only be fully lived if fully incarnated. It is true (as I have implied) that they run the risk of confusing people's minds as to the distinction between the natural and the supernatural plane. In conclusion, therefore, it would be wise to remind ourselves of that distinction in at least one of its aspects and in all its original force.

What is valid for humanity as a whole is valid for each individual. It may develop itself indefinitely within its own order, it may climb to ever greater heights, but it cannot fulfil itself without an operation or a 'Passion' of quite another order; an invasion of the whole being, a mysterious passage through death, a new beginning and remaking which are nothing else than the *metanoia* of the gospels. As we consented to be born, so now we have to consent to die. No individual has the right to escape from humanity to forge a solitary destiny; the whole of humanity has to die to itself in each one of its members in order to live, transfigured, in God. Such is the first and last word of Christian preaching. Such is the law imposed on humanity in the person of every man, for each is responsible for all and bears his share in the destiny of all. Christian humanism can only be a converted humanism. *Gloria Dei vivens homo*; St. Irenaeus well expressed its truth. But man only arrives at life, in the only possible 'total' society, by saying with his whole self: *Soli Deo gloria*. Something is needed beyond natural progress, even in the realm of moral values and in the elaboration of new ideas, to confer definite value on all his strivings; a transfiguration beyond any natural transformation which means, not further progress, but the passage to a state beyond progress. Such a passage is beyond

<sup>1</sup> These truths have been forcibly recalled to us by Cardinal Suhard's Pastoral Letter of 1947 and in a recent discourse in which H.H. Pius XII adjured all the faithful to fight the wave of pessimism which threatens to sweep the world; (radio speech given in answer to the good wishes offered by the Dean of the Sacred College on the occasion of his feast: *Documentation Catholique*, 12 June, 1947.)

man's scope, for it is not a question of attaining a new degree in the same order. The supernatural is not a higher, richer, more beautiful Nature. It is the invasion of another *principle*, the sudden opening up of a kind of fourth dimension incommensurable with all the framework provided by the natural dimensions. It is literally concerned with a 'new birth' (whose first benefit to the Christian will be the freshness of a new childhood). Nature evolves and advances through time; the supernatural enables us to pass constantly from time to eternity. The first builds up the earthly city; the second leads us into the Kingdom of God. The links between the two are real and close, for one, as it were, weaves the body of the other. So we need look with no suspicious eye on human research and discovery. The Christian is not dispensed from performing his whole task as a man. It is a task noble enough for him to throw himself into it with enthusiasm. But it only prepares the raw material. No formation of a 'new man' can destroy the necessity for the 'new Man' described by St. Paul which presupposes the whole mystery of the Man-God.

Let man then, strong in the divine help, take over the work of the six days and prolong it throughout the seventh day. Let him show himself bold, inventive and masterful. 'God will not rob man of what man can make'.<sup>1</sup> But the eighth, on which alone all can be accomplished and renewed, is the Lord's day and man can only receive it. Let him continue, as long as this world lasts, to make the gesture of Prometheus; let him light in every century a new fire which shall be the forge of a new endeavour. But let him at the same time implore the descent of the only Fire without whose flame nothing can be saved, consummated or made eternal. *Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur et renovabis faciem terrae.*

<sup>1</sup> Mgr. Garonne, *La Solution Chrétienne au problème ouvrier*, in *Masses Ouvrières*, May 1947, p. 10.

# THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

A Hundred Years After

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

**A** SPECTRE is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism.’ This provocative sentence opens *The Communist Manifesto* which Frederick Engels and Karl Marx completed a few weeks before the February Revolution of 1848, thereby fulfilling a commission given in November 1847 by the congress of an obscure and small Communist League that had met in London.<sup>1</sup> The Communist spectre whose power the *Manifesto* proudly announces by making it responsible for a ‘holy alliance’ between ‘Pope and Tsar, Metternich and Guizot, French radicals and German police spies’ has proved to be a long-lived one. It was not exorcized by the defeats of 1848 and of the Parisian Commune in 1871, nor did it become a respectable, unaggressive, and accommodating gentleman with the rise of the Second International and its socialistic parties before World War I. It became very active again after the victory of Lenin’s bolsheviks in the November Revolution of 1917, which established the Soviet regime. In 1918 the new masters of Russia accepted the name of Communists, and in 1919 they founded the Third International—the Communist International, designing to spread the Communist gospel everywhere and to prepare Communist uprisings.

Today, the spectre of 1848 has a world power at its disposal. The masters of the USSR openly proclaim their acceptance of Marxian Communist doctrine, and *Izvestia*, the official organ of

<sup>1</sup> *The Communist Manifesto* (sometimes called *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*) is quoted from the translation in Karl Marx, *Selected Works*, Vol. I (New York, International Publishers). This translation also gives the various prefaces of Marx and Engels. For the origins of the *Manifesto*—particularly for the decisive rôle of Marx—cf. the Marx-Engels’ Edition of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow, Vol. VI of the first series, Berlin, 1932, p. 682 f.

The best edition of the *Manifesto* has been edited by D. Ryazanoff (New York, International Publishers, 1930), who, after having been celebrated as the greatest Marxian scholar, was deprived of his position as Director of the Marx-Engels’ Institute. His successor, Adoratski, disappeared during the Great Purge of 1936–38.

the Supreme Soviet, bears at its masthead the slogan with which the *Manifesto* ends: 'Proletarians of all countries unite.'

*The Communist Manifesto* is beyond doubt the most widely read writing of Marx to whom, 'solely and exclusively', Engels, the co-author and friend, modestly ascribes 'its basic thought' (the preface to the second German edition of 1883). True, Marx corrected some over-simplified statements in *Das Kapital*. True, the preface to the German edition of 1872 admits that 'here and there some detail might be improved', and that 'the application of the principles will depend on historical conditions.' But the same preface also asserts that 'the general principles laid down in the *Manifesto* are on the whole as correct today as ever.' And it is no accident that parts of the *Manifesto* are reprinted in the programme of the Communist party of the USSR.

The lasting importance of the *Manifesto* consists in the fact that it has formulated a general socio-political trend and that it has made conscious a fundamental attitude which has survived all defeats in practical politics and all changes in practical demands. *The Communist Manifesto* is the powerfully formulated creed of a secular religion, of a political and social atheism, of a mythology presented as science. Thus, it cannot be refuted and destroyed either by criticisms of detail or by learned proofs that it contains no original idea. The emphasis upon the class struggle, for example, can be found in the literature of the English radical labour movement of the thirties, in the articles of the Chartist O'Brien, and in the *Manchester Poor Guardian*. Even the theoretical formulation of the principle of the class struggle can be discovered in the works of Lorenz von Stein, who, in the forties, described for German readers the importance of French socialist movements. The general approach, as Marx later said, characterizing his method in the preface to the second edition of *Das Kapital*, is 'Hegel's dialectic turned upside down'. Hegel's view of history as a manifestation of the absolute idea is replaced by Marx's basic thought 'that economic production, and the structure of every historical epoch necessarily arising therefrom, constitute the foundation for the political and intellectual history of that epoch' (Engels). The concept of the proletariat as the class whose mission consists in establishing the new, perfect, classless society—as the class which will end all exploitation—can be traced back to literature before Marx, which was known to him and to Engels. Nor is it difficult to point out over-simplifications and erroneous predictions about

coming trends. Marx had not yet become, despite some work in economics, the careful student of economic theories which he was in the years when he prepared the publication of the first volume of *Das Kapital*. The *Manifesto's* sections which deal with socialist literature are very much dated (as Marx and Engels themselves admitted in 1872). There is the belief that bourgeois society must accept free trade. Lenin had to add the analysis of imperialism, of the new developments in the period of monopoly capitalism, and even his analysis, based on some hints of Marx, but drawing heavily from the works of Hobson and the anti-communist socialist Hilferding (written during World War I), is antiquated today, and not capable of explaining the rise and success of Fascist and Nazi totalitarianism.

There is a prophetic, visionary quality in the *Manifesto*, despite all its shortcomings in details and all its cheap demagogic formulations where hate and spite produce outbursts so manifestly unjust that they appear simply ridiculous. One of the most outstanding economists of our time, J. A. Schumpeter, has remarked, after having directed a devastating criticism against Marx's economic theories: 'Through all that is faulty or even unscientific in his analysis runs a fundamental idea that is neither—the idea of a theory, not merely of an indefinite number of disjointed individual patterns. . . . Thus, the author of so many misconceptions was also the first to visualize what, at the present time, is still the economic theory of the future.' *The Communist Manifesto* must be approached in a similar way: the details are questionable, there are basic misconceptions about the character of men and of society, but there are also passages which, along with other passages in the writings of Marx, have led the German Catholic theologian, Theodor Steinbuechel, to emphasize the ethical element in Marxism.<sup>1</sup> There is an insight into modern society which forced W. Sombart in his bitterly anti-Marxian period to admit that Marx 'virtually discovered Capitalism' (*Encyclopedia of Social Science*, New York: article on Capitalism). But this vision is a negative one, revealing defects and basic errors of hated trends and opponents. And strangely enough, the vision of the future development is largely determined by this negative aspect. Marx remains bound to the world which he condemns; he is not really able to transcend it.

<sup>1</sup> The views of his book (1923) on the ethical idea of Socialism have apparently been reformulated in his new study of Marx, unfortunately not yet accessible to me.



Since the rise of the Soviet regime these fundamental insufficiencies can be studied by observing the development of a regime based on the acceptance of Marx's doctrine. That, of course, is not meant to imply Marx's responsibility for all the practical policies and tactical manoeuvres of the USSR. But the fundamental Soviet approach corresponds to that of *The Communist Manifesto*, and this approach has, not by chance, resulted in an inhuman totalitarianism for which individuals and groups are only material to be manipulated in order to serve a necessary development. Ethics have been submerged by an inhuman mechanical communism (or totalitarianism) against which young Marx, in his writings before 1848, protested so violently. An analysis of some fundamental thoughts of the *Manifesto* is necessary in order to understand this development.

## II

The foundation of the *Manifesto* is an Hegelian one. History is a process of necessary development. But it is not the idea that propels one stage of development to another. The driving forces are material-economic needs. For Marx the analysis of concepts does not matter—only the analysis of economic systems, of the organization of production. This organization appears in the form of class-relations. To quote again Engels' characterization of Marx's and the *Manifesto's* basic thought: 'Since the dissolution of the primaeval communal ownership of land, all history has been a history of class struggles, of struggles between exploited and exploiting. . . .' Hegel's peoples and great men are replaced by the classes predominant in the types of society that follow one another.

It is easy to criticize this Hegelianism without Hegel's Idea. The great Russian student of political thought, P. Novgorodzev, brilliantly formulated such a criticism in his book, *On the Social Ideal*, finished just before the October Revolution:

Dialectical materialism tries to appear as a high philosophical synthesis, as a skilful union between a perfected Hegelianism and a perfected materialism. In reality, there is neither dialectic nor materialism. Hegel's dialectic is emptied of its internal contents and only the idea of development remains. The old mechanical materialism is rejected and there are references to some other

'higher laws', according to which reality is developing. . . . These 'higher laws' summarize the progress of the relations of production which are seen as the final basis of social phenomena. The result is an unjustified theory of progress in which idealistic beliefs are based on economic negations, and a rationalistic optimism which is mingled with a metaphysical irrationalism. How the action of material-economic force produces the highest justice remains unintelligible. (p. 178 of the third edition in Russian, Berlin, 1923.)

But despite its shortcomings and perversions, the Hegelian basis of the *Manifesto* produces a very important fundamental attitude. The inhuman objectivism of Hegel is maintained, despite the change from idealism to materialism. For Hegel the sufferings of individuals and of defeated groups did not matter in the world's historical processes. They were necessary, they were meaningful as moments of the whole. For Hegel, world history was a juggernaut pitilessly advancing towards its aim. That is also the conception of the *Manifesto*: the class-struggle will result in the necessary rise and decay of various societies until the last class, the proletariat, establishes the just, classless, society which coincides with its interests. The bourgeoisie was a revolutionary class in the feudal society, and its achievements are highly praised. For the *Manifesto*, the bourgeoisie 'has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals. . . . The bourgeoisie has created more massive and colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together.' But the bourgeoisie is decaying. The 'conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them.' Crises cannot be solved by the bourgeoisie, for it has been transformed from a revolutionary class into a reactionary one, and is thus unable to utilize productive forces fully but even fetters them.

The basis of this description of the rise and decay of the bourgeoisie is Marx's opposition to a traditionalist, stable order. Feudal society had such an order which kept economic production within prescribed limits and prevented economic and technological progress. With its victory the bourgeoisie became traditionalistic, using its social and economic power—the private control of the means of production—for the maintenance of its own domination. But the materialist 'absolute idea', the economic motor of world history, overrides the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie has 'forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has

also called into existence the men who are to wield these weapons—the proletarians.' The division and organization of labour requires in its development the abolition of private capital, and the proletariat is interested in destroying all forms of private social and economic control, in securing control of society by society itself. This task will inevitably be accomplished. The proletariat will be educated to its rôle step by step, by social and economic developments. First it will revolt in isolated protests, then it will gain class-consciousness and will be joined by members of other classes, even of the bourgeoisie, just as the rising bourgeoisie was joined by members of the aristocracy.

That *The Communist Manifesto* pictures this development in over-simplified, though highly dramatic, colours had been realized by Marx himself. The older Marx recognized some possibilities for the workers to improve their fate in the bourgeois society. But he continued to see the general development as a battle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. Social reforms were only to be used for strengthening the necessarily victorious proletarian attacker.

This fundamental attitude has determined the combination between utopianism and cynical adaptation to existing conditions which is characteristic of Soviet policies.<sup>1</sup> The goal of the development is known; but one has to wait, to manoeuvre—even *The Communist Manifesto*, though written at a time when Marx and Engels were full of revolutionary hopes, on the eve of 1848, does not look for a class war which can be won in one battle. The revolutionary-utopian goal demands a long education. According to the *Manifesto* education will be brought about by the objective conditions under which the proletariat is living in bourgeois society, and it will be—that is a most important belief—consciously accomplished by the Communists. Communists are the men who know the laws of society, who know about the inevitable end of bourgeois domination.

*The Communist Manifesto* does not develop the concept of a strictly-organized party which will rule with iron authority and determine what is the right theory and practice. But the seed of this concept, realized in the Soviet regime, can be found in the *Manifesto*. Its communists have the absolute truth, they know the present and the future, whereas those who disagree are either

<sup>1</sup> Cf. my study on Soviet Foreign Policy in the *Year Book of World Affairs* (London, Stevens, 1947).

living in the past or insufficiently criticize the past—that is, they do not evaluate the rôle of the bourgeoisie correctly and misjudge the necessary development. This Hegelian absolute knowledge of the meaning of history and of its periods is called ‘scientific’ by Marx-Engels, whereas their opponents are presented as utopians. Marx-Engels and their communists do not believe in ideals, but in facts and necessary developments; they do not realize that their schemes may be wrong. Marxist utopian ‘scientism’ thus justifies a limitless intolerance and a feeling of superiority to everyone who dares to disagree or even not to agree. The bourgeois conscientiousness is a deformed one. *The Communist Manifesto* speaks ‘about eternal laws of Nature and Reason’, but the bourgeoisie identifies ‘the social forms springing from the present (bourgeois) mode of production and form of property’ with these eternal laws. The Communists know the absolute truth, the past as well as the present and the future—and therefore the political and social struggle assumes for them an inhuman totalitarian character. There is no room for the clash of political opinions. The initiates of Marxist truth must smash all their adversaries and everyone who prevents their progress. The adversary is not a man who errs. He is an evil force fighting against ‘the eternal laws’ which history will realize perfectly in the Communist society, the free association of men with maximum productivity. The very identification of an inevitable social and economic development towards Communism with the fulfilment of human nature, that is, freedom and justice in all human relations, must end in a most ruthless inhuman behaviour.

The judgements of Marx-Engels (later on of Lenin-Stalin) are regarded as absolute and infallible judgements. Marx and Engels spoke and wrote with the utmost dislike and limitless hate for everyone who questioned their insight into the march of history and their political pronouncements. They had no power to jail and to execute—a power which Lenin and Stalin obtained and amply used. The scheme of social development as seen by the *Manifesto*—the rise of the proletariat and its fight against the bourgeoisie, ending with the seizure of political power and the transformation of the ‘executive agency of the bourgeoisie’, the State, into a free association which will abolish the rule of private capital, after having ‘expropriated the expropriators’ (the formula used in *Das Kapital*)—this necessary development justifies all the means and manœuvres of war. Those who are against this

scheme are against reason and nature. They must be educated. If they prove beyond education, they must be eliminated. The humanitarian aim of Marx's views justifies mass terrorism. This terrorism is not the unsystematic protest of desperate individuals. As Lenin correctly saw, it is a means to accelerate the necessary evolution which requires the use of violence, regulated only by expediency, against all the real and potential enemies of those who work for the coming of the classless society. The revolutionary character of *The Communist Manifesto* which has so often been emphasized must be seen as an expression of its belief that it proclaims absolute, that is, 'scientific' knowledge about the inevitable objectively-required development and about the ultimate fulfilment of reason, human nature, and the just society.

### III

*The Communist Manifesto* is a religious document. It is the creed of absolute secularism. The aim of mankind is a self-sufficient collectivity in which individuals as well as groups will find their satisfaction, one may say, their salvation. Religion is criticized as corresponding to the particular conditions of man's material existence. Man's traditional idea will disappear with the Communist revolution. Christian asceticism is attacked, manifestly because it rejects *this* world, a rejection which coincides with the interests of those who criticize the bourgeois world from the wrong and anachronistic point of view of past societies. The atheism of Marx—expressed more explicitly in some of his other writings, particularly of his youth—is not an individual doctrine, but the expression of the self-sufficiency of Communist classless society.

*The Communist Manifesto* is the expression of absolute socialism which Novgorodzev correctly opposes to relative socialism. Relative socialism regards socialism as a means of social reform and change, whereas absolute socialism is based on total and all-embracing views of men and society. Socialism and communism are the necessary forms of society, and they involve the perfect realization of justice and the satisfaction of all human needs.

The combination of absolute socialism with the belief in a necessary development results in Marx's ambiguous attitude towards bourgeois society. He rejects bourgeois society when it no longer realizes economic and social progress. But sometimes his rejection appears as an ethical one. The bourgeoisie destroys



marriage in regarding wives as means of production, and in 'taking the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives'. The individual is manifestly not considered in bourgeois society, which regards the worker as a commodity. Such passages are quoted by those who emphasize the ethical aspect of the *Manifesto*. They see it as a prophetic outburst directed against a hypocritical bourgeois society, which, to appear respectable, pays lip service to religion. The bourgeoisie do not take religion seriously and do not allow it to regulate private life and social-economic relations. Religion is simply used to preach submission and the acceptance of the rule of the powerful and wealthy.

But Marx's ethical outbursts against bourgeois exploitations are based on his utopian belief in a self-sufficient classless society. It is simply assumed that changes in property relations, the socialization of the means of production prepared by the development of impersonal discipline and division of labour in the rising bourgeois society, will realize a human life. The one earthly society will satisfy all the needs of the individual as well. The bourgeoisie is praised with some irony for having destroyed all non-economic relations among men, for having put an end 'to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations'. This economism, this rule of self-interest, is criticized because it does not help society to realize its maximum productive power—it is only a step to this aim. Therefore individualistic self-interest must be replaced by collectivistic self-interest, which gives freedom to the individual, because everyone will be able freely to satisfy his needs, when production is rightly organized, whereas exploitation means the fettering of production, and therefore hampers individuals as well as society. Successive crises will kill the bourgeoisie, whereas there will be no crises in the society established by the proletariat after destroying the decaying bourgeoisie. The ethical condemnation of the bourgeoisie is based on a utilitarian approach, for what appears as a concern for the dignity of man is merely a concern for the efficient operation of social machinery with maximum productivity. Thus maximum productivity is supposed to end exploitation.

#### IV

*The Communist Manifesto* is a strange and fascinating combination of utopianism and evolutionism, of belief in the masses and

in leadership by the Communist *élite*. The Communists know what the real will of the masses is. This will must correspond to the necessary developments as described by Marx. The *Manifesto* is the expression of a belief in an economic and technological determinism, and of a belief in the value of action to accelerate the dissolution of the old order and the birth of the new one. It can be used to justify revolutions as well as to defend an attitude which postpones radical social and political changes until the conditions are mature. It has been used as their *credo* by revolutionary Marxists, but it has also been used by moderate socialists who criticized the socialist experiment imposed upon a country in which the feudal society had not yet been replaced by an industrial bourgeois order. Many of its passages, for example those describing starvation during a crisis, the hunger amidst overproduction, have been regarded as prophetic, as displaying an insight into the development of capitalism. Some of his demands have won general acceptance (the demand for a graduated income tax and for free education for all children). But, on the other hand, important prognostications appear as completely wrong. Marx overlooked the importance of nationalism—his 'proletarian' is so completely outside society that he has no fatherland, does not belong to any nation, and will become interested in the nation only after the destruction of the bourgeois rule which identifies national interest with bourgeois class interest. He overlooked the importance of small business men, of white-collar workers, and of farmers who, even in crises, would not be willing to side with a movement for the abolition of private property and to accept the leadership of the proletariat. They are rather inclined to follow movements claiming to restore security and property by an apparent return to tradition, and by the suppression, not only of Communism, but also of regimes based on free discussion and involving a constant struggle for power and public influence. Marx's fundamental concept of a tension between state and society, which required the conquest of the government machinery by the proletariat in order to mould society in accordance with the allegedly necessary development, appears to be based on a purely continental-European experience.

The development of the socialist movement has not corresponded to the prescription of the *Manifesto*. The Western and Central European Socialists did not accept the absolute socialism of the *Manifesto* as the *credo* for determining their policies and

practices. Their socialism was a relative one, a basis for some social reforms, and for national policies which take into account the masses and their importance. Only in Russia did Marx prevail—not due to the proletariat, but due to intellectuals and semi-literates who accepted the schema of the *Manifesto* as an answer to all questions, excluding all doubts, and justifying all actions. Favoured by the collapse of traditional society, they came into power and by exploiting, under the leadership of Lenin, the growing anarchy, erected a totalitarian regime, for socialism puts unlimited power in the hands of those who rule. They control not only politics and economics, but they also determine public opinion, for they know what is the necessary and right development. The proletarians of the world did not unite—but even though the Socialist movement was split and weakened by the existence of the fatherland of all working masses, the USSR, the USSR established a real power-platform for the revolutionary transformation of society. The complicated formulas of Marx have been simplified, and he lives today in the USSR only in the interpretations of Lenin and Stalin. He has retreated into the background, though he cannot be completely dropped, for he was the authority for Lenin whose disciple, Stalin, is the present master of the USSR.

*The Communist Manifesto* lives today not so much on account of its details, but as an expression of a negative attitude toward the capitalist order, of a prophetic insight into its weaknesses and failures, and as a general programme of secularized, thoroughly worldly religion. In its slogans and appeals it has taken up the belief in progress and combined it with an external rejection, full of feelings of superiority, of the social and political aspects of the bourgeois world. It is apparently coldly objective in its scientific analysis of the laws of society, and at the same time enthusiastic in its preaching of justice and indignant about inhuman behaviour and exploitation. It is also a great document of the enlightened evolutionary secularism characteristic of the nineteenth century. It has survived into the twentieth century, because it scorns the hypocrisy of the bourgeois world and justifies totalitarian policies, the absolute control by those who know, by the Communists, the men who succeeded in Russia, and therefore hope to succeed in a world torn by dissensions and uncertainties, for they are sure of what to believe and what to do. They have the scientific formulas, the stereotypes to justify the expansion of

their power and their tactical retreats. It is not the detail that matters, but the certainty that their power corresponds, as *The Communist Manifesto* announced one hundred years ago, to the laws of history. The inhumanities of the totalitarian regime do not change its claim to be *the* humanitarian regime—for it is justified by its character as the necessary instrument for the future of classless society freed from exploitation and fulfilling all the potentialities of human nature.

The victims of the present are the involuntary auxiliaries of the coming perfect society. The revolution described in the *Manifesto* cannot be accomplished quickly and soon. Its various 'moments' do not matter, what matters is the end.

## V

The world expressed and propagandized by the *Manifesto* is an inhuman world just because its men are purely natural beings, parts of a gigantic social machine which is made by the process of history. This engine is supposed to be a *perpetuum mobile* whose parts are assembled and combined properly in the development of mankind. At the end everyone will be satisfied and happy. Humanity will have redeemed itself. God dies, for He has been created by social imperfections. But this perfect society 'in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all' does not come. From the utopia to tyranny is only a step. *The Communist Manifesto* has become the foundation stone of the most ruthless totalitarian system. Those who believe that the end justifies all means will retain only the means and delay the end to a future which will never come. Those who regard man as simply a creature of this earth, whose existence is exclusively determined by the order of production, will make him a slave of their plans and claims to know what is bound to happen. And the doctrine which claims to be a scientific presentation of the laws of social development ultimately produces opportunistic and cynical policies. All policies are justified by appeals to the utopia and to the authority of those connected with it. Lenin used Marx as the key to history, and Stalin is the heir of Lenin, and regards himself as the fulfiller of Marx's programme which is not an 'ideal', but the expression of 'actual relations springing from an historical

movement'; Stalin presents himself as the most loyal disciple and heir of the founder of the Soviet regime. The *Manifesto*, which derives its authority from the presentation of the objective laws of development, justifies a most subjective use of such terms as reason, nature, justice—for the Communist regime is always right. History and the right interpretation of it is decided by the Communist leaders. They know when to advance and when to retreat. The divine right of kings has been replaced by the absolute knowledge that one acts in accordance with the necessary general development of mankind. What does it matter if the theory is in absolute contradiction to the practice? Those who dominate determine the doctrine, and therefore they are always right.

Marx claimed to be right and scientific even in his most personal disagreements and polemics. His world history was always on his side. For he made it—sometimes, but not always, grasping future developments as the great student of a secularized society, anxious to replace individual self-interest by a correctly calculated, organized, collective interest. He believed in the realization of a paradise here on earth, eliminating all political power and the causes of war and violence. His dreams have helped to justify a reality quite different from his visions of the future, but his analysis has also promoted an understanding of the weaknesses and fallacies of modern society. He surely has not the answers—but he helps to ask questions. *The Communist Manifesto* is the work of a great teacher who is a prisoner of his prejudices, which he regards as self-evident and scientific. It is both the product and the condemnation of a society inclined to believe that external rearrangements of society will solve all issues. The *Manifesto* raises the issue of the relation between eternal truths of social life and the particular forms under which they appear. Its fundamental shortcoming is the concentration upon partial aspects of man and society. It remains enclosed by a world which knows only a reduced, mutilated man and not the whole of human nature with its limitations and with its greatness.



# THE TREASONABLE CLERKS OF 1848

A Re-Estimation of the Year of Revolutions

By MICHAEL DERRICK

ONE never knows, in London these days, whom one may be sitting next to in a bus, what exiled statesman from a Kensington *Rue du Chat qui Pêche*; so it was in 1848, when Herr and Frau von Meyer took up their residence at Richmond; they were the Prince and Princess Metternich. Louis Philippe, King of France, had landed in disguise and gone to live at Claremont; Guizot bought himself a house in the Brompton Road. They met the Prince of Prussia at polite *soirées*. Many followed in the train of these distinguished guests, and great impetus was given to emigration from Europe, and especially from Germany, to America; for the doors of the New World were wide open and there was no need to herd refugees into great stockades; they became the 'forty-niners' of the Californian goldfields.

But in London in 1848 there was little of the anxious pre-occupation which there is now with the events and with the *Zeitgeist* that caused these people to leave their homes. A liberal middle class which had won its first great victory over the Corn Laws watched with complacently detached enthusiasm but little perception the excitement of the liberal middle class on the continent, and wondered whether victories were coming to it also. Some felt the misgivings that only came on the continent as the years wore on; but not from any prescience; on the contrary, from making the glib mistake of thinking that what had happened in Paris in February had 'set Europe ablaze'. Chronologically they were wrong; this *annus mirabilis* had begun not in Paris but in Palermo; and politically they were even more obviously wrong, whatever effect the arrival of the news from Paris may have had in the German towns, since the constitutions being set up all over Italy and Germany, and in Austria and

Hungary too, were in the main modelled on that French constitution of 1830 which the Parisians now overthrew. However, nobody studied any constitutional details very closely; it was the springtime of the nations, and fancies lightly turned to romantic self-deceptions. When the Tsar's army swooped upon the lusty young nationalism of Hungary there were cries of opprobrium; the Polish cause was blessed in London drawing-rooms in the same spirit; but Prussia and Austria, the western neighbours of Russia, were at one with the Tsar in these and other matters, and there was no apprehension about Russian intentions in Europe to support the parallel by which, as now a hundred years later, the chief British preoccupation in foreign affairs was with Russia and the expectation of what became the Crimean War.

The Communist Manifesto seemed no more than a flicker in the Rhineland sky, and was, in any case, something eminently German. What might more reasonably, in 1848, have been associated with the current fears of Russian expansion was the pan-Slav Congress, the first of its kind, which opened in Prague in June. But Prince Windischgrätz bombarded the city, and its conveners were ranked at once with the brave liberals. Nothing could have been more absurd; without hesitation they were ready to serve as the instruments of the House of Habsburg. It was because nationalism alone was the prevailing emotion in Danubian Europe that the Habsburgs were able to save their Empire, by playing off one nationality against another: Germans and Croats against Italians, Czechs and Croats against rebellious Vienna, Croats and Serbs, Germans and Rumanians against the Hungarians. These peoples gladly fought on the side of the absolutism of Vienna, and with the help of the arch-despot, the Tsar of Russia, because it was for their national identity that they were fighting, and not for any subtler political principles that English sympathizers liked to attribute to them. It is a good illustration of the unperceptiveness of the time; it needed little imagination to foresee what Alexander II was to begin to make of pan-Slav sentiment, or even to imagine to what use it might be put by Russian power extending westwards, as in our own day.

There are many very relevant things to be learned today from the history of 1848, not only in the Habsburg Empire but also in Italy and Germany and France; and perhaps the most

obvious among them is that the larger the scale of events the more general are the illusions. Perhaps the most useful study to make a hundred years later would be a study not of the *Zeitgeist* itself, but of the phenomenal way in which it tore through Europe. Never had so widespread a political fever sprung up so suddenly and then, what is equally characteristic, died away so suddenly like a whirlwind, gathering professors and princes, politicians and peasants like so many leaves, and then letting them fall almost at once; plucking up men and institutions of a seemingly tree-like stability and then subsiding as quickly as it came.

It was in truth a fever; the insanity of Frederick William IV was really insanity, not a mere passing obsession with liberal ideas. He opened his arsenals in Berlin to the mob, and gravely saluted the bodies of rioters whom his own soldiers had killed. He infuriated his army at Potsdam by replying, when told that they proposed to rescue him from his capital, that he enjoyed the mob's company much better than theirs. Yet within a year he was refusing the imperial crown offered him by the Frankfort Parliament, on the ground that it was unthinkable that he should be thought to rule by favour of any body of elected persons: 'I tell you frankly,' he wrote to his Minister in London, 'that if the thousand-year-old crown of the German nation, which has lain in abeyance for forty-two years, is to be given away again, then it will be I and my equals who will give it.' The King of Prussia had recovered. 'Are we really to unite our sacred banner with the flag of the Mazzinis and the Kossuths?' asked General Wrangel angrily when the deputation from Frankfort waited upon the King in Berlin. The answer was, a thousand times no, even if in a sense the answer was wrong.

Likewise in France: there was a temporary disturbance of what Palmerston called 'the scum of the faubourgs of Paris', but before the end of the year Louis Napoleon had been elected President of the new Republic by more than four million votes. Universal suffrage in the spring had returned a bourgeois and conservative Assembly which would probably have rather had a monarch. Louis Napoleon, a liberal and a nationalist, restrained by elected deputies who were Catholics and conservatives, was very much more characteristic of 1848 than Lamartine the Girondin, or any of the Jacobins who fought in June upon the Paris barricades. But the caricature of the year, the *reductio ad*

*absurdum*, was the King of Prussia; characteristic not only for the fever that beset him, but for the transition which he made, from a frenzy of political liberalism to a frenzy of proud nationalism.

That is something to be learnt from the year: that liberty is the call that will arouse men, but that when they are aroused it is, without the Catholic Faith, in nationalism that their energies will flare up and spend themselves, a proper pride in person leading when undisciplined by theology to a passionate pride in the collective person of the nation. It is the history of the French Revolution written plainly into a single year, that all may see; a history full of relevance for our own time when, after the experience of the 1930s, all revolutionaries have discarded their old setting of internationalism and work within nominal autonomies, pressing towards their objectives even in Eastern Europe under patriotic banners, because these are the banners that evoke the deepest response. A hundred years ago a mainly nationalist movement, sweeping Europe, was mistaken for a passion for institutional reform; today the pattern is reversed, and movements for institutional reform deck themselves out in nationalist trappings, claiming the credentials of patriotic resistance-movements for the class war.

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Great unreality is shown by writing of 1848 in the accepted terms of revolution and reaction; which in any case requires the preliminary absurdity of presenting Prussia as the seat of humane progressiveness in Eastern Europe, by contrast with the tyranny of Austria, where for centuries the greater part of the population had at least had a say in legislation and taxation, although not through political machinery copied from England. It is nonsense to say that in the spring of 1848 the spirit of revolution had made fine progress, but that by the end of the year it had all been swept away and reaction reigned supreme. The truth is that by the end of the year disorder had been replaced through much of Europe by order, more in deference to the popular desire than in defiance of it; for this was the time of the establishment of the European peasantry, and for a peasant, whose whole life's labour a quarter of an hour's rioting may wreck, order is the first requisite of government. Men whose fathers had

been delighted, now and then, to burn the barns of their lords, became desperately anxious that their own barns should not burn: it is a consideration not very often remembered. But for the bourgeoisie, above all, order was a primary demand, even though it had often been they who let disorder loose. The civic guards whose establishment was demanded everywhere in the spring, as one of the leading marks of a liberal society, were demanded not so much as a security against tyranny from above, from despotic governments, as against tyranny from below, from the nascent proletariats of the big cities, whose political intentions proved so alarmingly different from what had been naïvely expected, and from the peasants, who poured into the towns, especially in South Germany, brandishing their scythes. In Europe generally, those reforms that really had meaning, and achieved some visible benefit to some part of society, like the emancipation of the peasants, endured and indeed developed. What is usually described as black reaction meant little more than the triumph of particular nationalisms over others that had caught the romantic fancy.

There was no particular merit in the mere fact of making every king and princeling of Europe afraid for his throne, 'running about', as Carlyle delightedly said, 'like a gang of coiners when the police had come among them.' None of them, except Queen Victoria, felt any confidence in the future at Easter 1848, and she was quarrelling with her Foreign Secretary; but no one was any better off for that alone. To knock down is always easier than to build up, and that was learned in the course of this year. It is facile folly which describes the process of learning it as reaction, and makes it therefore bad. But by the end of 1848, or very soon afterwards, there was so very much less disposition to knock down that never again before 1914 did political leaders seriously embarrass the self-confidence of the Habsburg Empire, or the sense of destiny in Bismarck's Prussia. The reaction was on the part of those who had made the revolutions, not on the part of those against whom they had risen. The transition, indeed, proved all too easy from liberalism to the apotheosis of the nation-State, through which in our generation the continent has been desolated. It was a transition which 1848 ensured, and this was the great treason of the clerks.

Professor Namier has brought this out admirably in respect of Germany, the classic scene of what he calls 'the revolution of



the intellectuals',<sup>1</sup> the newly-educated middle classes who took the political stage in the name of a liberalism that meant nothing to them, found that it elicited no response, and turned themselves with fervour to the emotional nationalism which did, passing from there to place their intellects at the service of Teutonic philosophies of the nation-State. They were in due course equally ready, as the industrial proletariats grew, to place their intellects at the service of Marxism, the alternative branch of the Hegelian tree. But it was in respect of France that the phrase was well coined, twenty years ago, '*la trahison des clercs*', to denounce the intellectuals who sell themselves to politics for lack of any better occupation. The process was general; the real way to understand 1848 would be to relate its antecedents to the diffusion of secular and State-organized education, the phenomenon which had come in the previous few generations. It was a process witnessed by the great and prophetic figure of Pius IX, than whom no one understood it better; and although 1848 was no more than its initial and decisive year, it is epitomized in the contrast between the cries of *Viva Pio Nono*, which accompanied the events of the spring, and the cries against him which compelled his flight to Gaeta in the autumn.

The representative figure of the spring of 1848 in Italy was not the desperado who slew Pellegrino Rossi, the Minister of Pius IX; it was Rossi himself, middle class and genuinely liberal, valiant and indefatigable, interested much more in the social value of the Catholic religion than in its supernatural truth, bred like Louis Napoleon among the *Carbonari*, passionately anxious for the gradual establishment of constitutional government in the papal States and throughout Italy, for the federal unification of the peninsula, and for the maintenance, above all, of order. The representative figure was not Mazzini or Garibaldi, who belonged to the future, when the treason was being consummated; it was, pre-eminently, Gioberti, the chief exponent of the neo-Guelph idea of the independence and liberty of Italy under the leadership of the Pope. Mazzini, half a Hegelian (as Miss Wiskemann has lately brought out in *The Spectator*), is remembered as a liberal, but it was these other men who were liberal in the sense that the word had meaning when the year

<sup>1</sup> L. B. Namier: 1848—*The Revolution of the Intellectuals*. The Raleigh Lecture, from the Proceedings of the British Academy. (London: Cumberlege, 1946.)

began. It is often enough said that in 1848 the mind of Pius IX underwent a great change through the ordeal of his experience; but the truth is that it was not he but liberalism that underwent the change, and was captured and transformed in Italy by Mazzini and in Germany by the Frankfort Parliament. The year saw its chief association on the continent shift away from the humane and still traceably Christian sentiment which seemed so promising a resolvent of the upheavals amid which the Pope grew up (he was born in the year in which the 'Marseillaise' was first sung): away from the tradition of unintellectual, moderate and restrained reform which Europe, stimulated by France to learn, was learning more from England, and towards the renewed alliance of nationalism with the Jacobin stream which led it to the Syllabus of Errors.

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So much did it seem to Lord Palmerston that the Pope was learning from England that the Minto mission was sent to Rome to encourage him to follow Gioberti's lead, and, two years before the outcry against the restoration of the Hierarchy, the Government introduced an enabling Bill into Parliament with a view to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. This, moreover, was at a time when Irish rage was exasperating the Government with everything Catholic. Lord Palmerston contentedly explained to the House of Commons the attractive benefits to British commerce that would follow from the fulfilment of Gioberti's and, he thought, the Pope's designs, and the important part which the railways of a federally united Italy would play in British communications with the Eastern Mediterranean area.

It is usually for the later part of his pontificate that Pius IX is remembered; Bury's editor, with lectures on the earlier period at his disposal, made the *History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century* begin in 1864, the year of the Syllabus, judging that to be characteristic; but it was as a liberal and, indeed, as an Italian candidate that Pius IX had been elected, despite the diplomacy of Metternich and with the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan arriving too late to invoke the imperial veto. 'We were prepared for everything except a liberal Pope,' said Metternich; 'Now we have got one there is no answering for anything.' In a private letter in the following year, 1847, he declared his belief that

Pio Nono was nothing more than a Freemason and a *Carbonaro* who had succeeded, heaven knew how, in becoming Pope. From the initial amnesty, the effect of which was tremendous, Pius IX developed his innovations in the government of the Papal States, with a civil guard, the hall-mark of the liberal movements of the period, a lay Ministry, and finally, on 14 March, 1848, despite his disavowals of a month before, the talisman of the time: a written Constitution, for which the enthusiasm throughout Italy was immense and wholly uncritical. The name of Pio Nono had reached an extraordinary pinnacle of popularity, and in some States it was even forbidden, under heavy penalties, to cheer it, so closely was it identified with reforming zeal.

Even on the purely political level, as distinct from the intellectual, a great deal was enthusiastically attributed to the Pope which was in fact very far from his mind, and so also it was with his Italian nationalism, the real key to the enthusiasm. It was on 10 February, 1848, that he uttered in an allocution the famous phrase, 'God bless Italy'; and he repeated it next day from the balcony of the Quirinal, amid cheers so loud that nobody could hear the rest of what he was saying, which included a warning that he would have nothing to do either with a Constitution or with a war against Austria. Nine days after Metternich had fled from Vienna, Charles Albert led his Sardinian Army across the Ticino, declaring his trust in God, 'who had given Pius IX to Italy to show her the way to help herself.' Venice rose successfully in the name of St. Mark, Italy and Pius IX, and troops and volunteers from Rome and the Papal States were streaming towards the Po. But all these events of that exciting March used the Pope's name, often to his great anger, and always without at all listening to what he was saying.

It came as a sobering and shocking surprise when, in the Encyclical of 29 April, he solemnly denounced the patriotic war and proclaimed that, as the Father of Christendom, he could not take sides against Catholic Austria. This was nothing of a *volte face*; it was what he had said consistently before. In an allocution on 30 March he had said as much, but nobody had paid any attention. He had forbidden any troops to cross the frontiers of his States, and he had been ignored. But after the Encyclical he could be ignored no longer; and the significant thing, for any estimate of the *Zeitgeist* of 1848, was how little

thereafter his political liberalism availed him in the popular esteem. Charles Albert sent Gioberti, now a Minister, to Rome in May to plead with him, but he was not to be enrolled for the nationalist war. From thence the path to Gaeta was steep and rapid; on 24 November the Pope escaped from the Quirinal in disguise; the price of safety in Rome had been placed too high. It would have meant the betrayal of a universal mission.

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Whatever seemed true in the spring, therefore, it is a false sentimentality which presents 1848 as the great year of European liberalism. It was the year of its failure, not of its success; the year of its capitulation to nationalism, its ineffectualness exposed. It was a year made memorable, indeed, not so much because of anything that happened in Italy as because it gave in Germany what would today be called a popular mandate for the Prussian ascendancy, and for the nineteenth-century Prussian theory of the State which spelt ruin for the twentieth. Its significance did not lie in the constitutional reforms that were going forward in greater or less degree in the German States, but in the attempt to unify them all; an attempt which was made first through parliamentary means, since that was the vehicle of the hour, but which in the end was gladly transferred to the historic genius of Prussia. Parliamentary government was desired not so much because sovereigns were too strong, as because they were not strong enough, in the sense that none seemed likely to take the lead in transforming the feeble German *Bund* into a strongly national federation, without the goading of what could claim to be popular clamour. All that the Frankfort Parliament succeeded in doing was to convince the Hohenzollerns that the unification of Germany was their urgent historical mission, to which the people of the Germanies called them but in which they could not think of encumbering themselves with romantic fancies or liberal theories, which had led only to the shame of the Schleswig-Holstein surrender and the greater shame of Olomoutz. They must return to the enlightened tradition of Frederick the Great, fortified by the teachings of the school of Hegel.

'He who is to govern Germany must conquer her,' wrote the Prince of Prussia, the future Kaiser Wilhelm I, when the Frankfort Parliament dispersed in May 1849. 'Mesures à la

Gagern are no longer of any use. That Prussia is destined to place herself at the head of Germany is shown by our entire history.' The men who had sat at Frankfort under the presidency of von Gagern had been elected by the wide suffrage of all the population of the Germanies, but by this time most of them had been persuaded to the same effect by their own debates. The historian Droysen was a representative figure among them, passing in a year from liberalism to the plenitude of the *Macht* theory. 'This is a festival of freedom of the most touching kind,' he is reported to have said when they met in Frankfort; at the end it was a festival of Prussianism. Professor Namier has a succinct passage in a recent book:

Might in a united Germany was the primary concern of 'the men of 1848', preachers of armed force and war; national sovereignty was the obvious means for overcoming the paralysing dynastic divisions; while 'liberty' was an adventitious consideration, and then it was liberty for Germans only. Arndt passionately exhorted the Frankfort Parliament: 'Germans, be not too just!' 'Treitschke', writes Dr. Gooch, 'spans the transition from the aspirations of 1848 to the era of blood and iron.' There was not much distance to span, and power was readily accepted in lieu of self-government.<sup>1</sup>

1848 was the year in which the Catholic tradition in Germany was fatally eclipsed. It was the year in which Görres died. The Frankfort Parliament acknowledged the intellectual leadership of the University of Berlin no less than the imperial leadership of the King of Prussia. Stahl, Rector of the University, made the same progress as Droysen, and led the way in these dark paths. It was still thirty years before Treitschke held his chair there, but the tradition of Fichte and Hegel was strong. Founded after Jena, in and because of the moment of Prussian humiliation, the University was made the repository of German aspirations. The men who made it so, the professors and the poets and the romantics, were the treasonable clerks. They are the men who bear the heaviest responsibility to history: not Frederick William or the Junkers, on whose behalf the clerks appealed to Europe in the name of liberty.

Politically, the Frankfort Parliament gave birth to little but the imperial party, which paid its homage at Gotha in June 1849 to the Pact of the Three Kings, by which Saxony and

<sup>1</sup> L. B. Namier: *Facing East*. (Hamish Hamilton, 1947.) Page 43.



Hanover accepted the unifying mission of Prussia. Bavaria had already withdrawn at the prompting of Austria, and Saxony and Hanover did so shortly afterwards. It was left to the King of Prussia to convoke by himself the Erfurt Parliament of national union which was the lineal successor of the Frankfort Parliament, and it was left to Austria, presented as the citadel of reaction, to meet and resist what any authentic liberal should have recognized as the overwhelmingly anti-liberal current in Germany. It had likewise been the Austrian influence that had resisted the imperial constitution at Frankfort. Prince Schwarzenberg saw clearly enough into the future of Prussia, if not into the future of his own Empire, and expressed his determination '*avilir d'abord la Prusse, et à la démolir ensuite*'. It was, indeed, no liberal sentiment that impelled him, but the effect was the same; and it is one of the tragedies of history that he was not equally clear-sighted at home, that he failed to see that the unitary and centralizing movement in Germany and Italy rested only on nationality, and that therefore in Austria it was doomed to failure for the very reasons that ensured success to it there.

'Providence meant mankind to be divided into separate nations,' wrote Lord Palmerston in this year, admirably catching its spirit. Kossuth was a type of it; a man deserving the current designation of fascist if ever there was one, and very far from being a sort of Danubian counterpart of John Bright, which the London draymen of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins took him for when they manhandled General Haynau, the hyena who was thought to have trampled on the young flower of freedom in Hungary. He had certainly trampled on a great many heroic patriots, in a very severe manner; but so had Kossuth. It is nonsense that makes Schwarzenberg, the man who sent Haynau to Hungary, into a tyrant, while extolling Kossuth as a fighter for liberty. The plain truth is that one was an Austrian and the other a Hungarian, but that in many respects their political ideas were extremely similar. Both were extremely vain lovers of personal power, who believed in the vigorous and bloody suppression of national minorities; and if it is supposed that Kossuth was a liberal, or that the ministry in which he sat was a liberal ministry as Englishmen understood the term, it is enough to consider the treatment accorded to the Serbs and Croats, the Slovaks and Rumanians whom it was desired to retain under Magyar rule. When today we hear the term National Liberal,

we think at once, as Mr. Christopher Hollis said a little while ago, of someone rather like Lord Simon; yet General Zervas in Greece describes himself by that term and is as much like a brigand as anything else. So was Kossuth, for all his fluency. A great deal of bad history is to be accounted for by the fallacy of the assumption that political terminology is much the same everywhere, with words always carrying the same meaning.

It is worth pursuing the comparison between Kossuth and Schwarzenberg, since they are so usually regarded as antitheses. The Hungarians were proud of having a constitution because it happened that a constitution was among their most venerable national treasures. They liked the idea because they were patriotic; it was its historical rather than its contemporary meaning that appealed to them. They were, as they remain, proud of their *Bulla Aurea*, an instrument of aristocratic emancipation very similar to the English *Magna Carta*, and signed only seven years later. They claim to have the oldest tradition of political freedom on the continent of Europe. Valuable and lasting advances in political freedom were indeed made in 1848, but the romantic truth is less often noticed, and the political truth is commonly exaggerated. Lord Palmerston did not like Kossuth, but he was not far from the mark when he wrote, with indiscreet irony that enraged the Queen still more against him: '... The Hungarian leaders may certainly be called revolutionists, but they are revolutionists in the same sense as the men to whose measures and acts at the close of the seventeenth century it is owing that the present Royal Family of England, happily for the nation, are seated on the throne of these realms. . . .' And indeed, the spirit of 1688 in England was what was abroad in Europe in 1848: all through history we have come earlier, as well as more easily, to the successive stages of political experience.

If Schwarzenberg wanted a centralized and uniform State, that was because he too, like Kossuth, was infected with the spirit of the time, which was the desire to make a nation-State. Since for him there was not in fact a single nation, he had to pretend that there was by the devices of insisting upon a single language, a single system of law, and so on. The official language of the Empire had hitherto been Latin, spoken in its Diet in divers dog-variations by deputies who would not otherwise have understood each other; he would make it German. The central-

izing Joseph II had tried to give first place to the German language and German elements, and he would do the same, and would show as much intolerance as, in the previous year, Kossuth had shown on behalf of the Magyars. Kossuth would admit in Hungary only the Magyars and a number of inferior breeds who did not matter at all; Schwarzenberg approached his own problem in precisely the same spirit.

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Schwarzenberg stood at a decisive point in the history of the Habsburg Empire, and, indeed, of Europe. It was open to him, prompted by the stirrings in Pressburg and Prague, to initiate and develop a system of devolution and national self-government within the imperial framework, which might have made it possible for the Empire to continue to be a meeting-place in harmony of the three great races of Europe, the Teutonic, the Latin and the Slav, and for Austria to endure as the effective counter-weight to Prussia which he passionately wanted her to be. He might, in short, have changed the whole pattern of subsequent European history and saved the twentieth century from disaster. Instead of that he attempted what had already been attempted in vain, under far more favourable circumstances, by Joseph II: a rigid and severely enforced centralization. But in this he was no 'reactionary'; he was doing what men who called themselves liberals were trying to do all over Europe.

In Austria and Hungary the most real achievement of the year is to be found not in the rival efforts to dominate racial minorities, but in the social consequences of those efforts. It was the emancipation of the peasantry; an immensely far-reaching event which most text-books scarcely mention, so preoccupied are they with the largely hypothetical freedoms of the middle class. This was an alteration in the social structure which had the most profound political consequences, not so much in diminishing the strength of the aristocracies as in releasing a great reservoir of the raw material of the urban proletariats which the new industrialism was creating. Nor was this in Austria, save indirectly, the work of the bourgeois liberals by whom 1848 is remembered. It was the work partly of the imperial Government, seeking to weaken non-German aristocrats who might be the leaders of nationalist movements, and partly of the peasants themselves,

who had seized their moment in the spring for widespread revolts, and whose own peasant deputies, come to Vienna with a single purpose and supremely indifferent to liberal politics, succeeded in September in carrying the only legislative act which the new Reichstag produced, the abolition of the old feudal burdens. Metternich himself, the incarnation of black reaction, had begun the process two years before, when he was afraid of the Polish nobility in Galicia and wanted to turn their sullen Ruthenian peasants against them.

There was, it is true, a genuine liberal movement in the same direction, even though in Austria it was not the liberals who were effective. It was they who had abolished the same feudal burdens in Hungary five months earlier, and who pressed forward the same cause in Prussia to the completion in 1850 of what are known as the Stein-Hardenberg reforms. In France and most of the rest of Germany the process was already complete, but it was liberalism also which made 1848 the year of the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. The political liberals were far from oblivious to personal freedom, at least before intoxication came upon them, only their primary concern was with their own class. The emancipation of the peasants was not something characteristically associated with them; it was associated with the memory of autocrats in its beginnings, with Frederick the Great in Prussia and with Maria Theresa and Joseph II in Austria, and with the peasants themselves in its consummation. In Austria, at all events, it was to the officials of the imperial administration that, rightly or wrongly, the peasants looked with gratitude when their hour came.

They had been tied to the land in a manner which ought to make those who are horrified today at the direction of labour realize how very recent, for most of Europe, is any idea that labour should not be directed. Until only about a hundred years ago the bulk of the urban as well as the rural populations grew up under the assumption that personal freedom was not for them. We do not sufficiently realize in England how highly exceptional our own history has been. In France also the history was exceptional, and it was because *before* 1789 there was little serfdom left, and the peasants possessed either as owners or tenants the greater part of the land of France, that they were free to fight for the Revolution, submitting to conscription and making the finest army in Europe because they were fighting

for land that was their own. Only because of this, also, were the Paris mob and the Jacobins possible, as the darker side of the picture. But in Central and Eastern Europe the freedom of the peasantry, and the possibility of proletariats, came in the nineteenth century. 1848 heralded a new freedom for countrymen to migrate to the towns if they should choose or be compelled by the hazards of independence to do so, and for townsmen to choose their occupations without reference to the discipline of the guilds. So, despite the famous cry, 'Proletarians of all lands, unite!', it was, at the time of the Communist Manifesto, still only in England and in France, the Low Countries and the Rhineland, that there were any proletarians in the real sense to do so. That is why the 1848 Revolution in Vienna failed where the 1789 Revolution in Paris had succeeded, and why the ineffectual Committee of Public Safety that was set up in Vienna was no more than in name the counterpart of the Committee of Public Safety that had been set up in Paris half a century before. If it is bad history to talk too glibly of liberalism in 1848, much more is it bad history that, misled by the coincidence of the Communist Manifesto, makes this a year of lively Jacobinism.

How far it was the language of emotional nationalism that had to be used to catch the favour of the time, and not the language of Jacobinism, is very well shown in the manner in which Marx and Engels were appealing to the Frankfort Parliament, and writing in their Rhineland newspaper, about Poland. All nationalism was for them eminently bourgeois, and so to be condemned, and Polish nationalism was the worst of all; but, like the Communist leaders of today, they talked in its terms from expediency. Poland, they cried, must have back her frontiers of 1772, and must have a stretch of coastline not only on the Baltic but on the Black Sea as well: 'The establishment of a democratic Poland is a primary condition for the establishment of a democratic Germany . . . not of a sham Poland, but of a virile State.' This was the sort of thing that would bring a response; but their real view of the Polish cause became explicit three years later, and is shown in a letter which Engels then wrote to Marx, in the tradition in which Stalin and Molotov stand: 'The more I think about this business, the clearer it is to me that the Poles are *une nation foutue*, a serviceable instrument only until Russia herself is swept into the agrarian revolution. From that moment Poland loses all *raison d'être*.'



They were very right in judging the nationalism which characterized 1848 to be bourgeois. 'In France and Germany,' says Professor Namier in his Raleigh Lecture, 'the middle classes comprised probably half the nation, and were ever ready to comport themselves as if they formed the whole. . . . When in Vienna and Berlin they demanded "arms for the people", they meant for men of property or education, fit guardians for the existing social order as much as for the newly-acquired freedoms.' Practically nowhere were the stirrings of this year of the intellectual kind, which may find themselves in conflict with the Church, and nowhere at all, outside Rome itself, were they of the radical kind which attacks the Church as the conservative guardian of existing institutions. They were the stirrings of an emotional nationalism, still blowing loosely and waiting to be harnessed by the dialecticians, and when priests suffered, like the Redemptorists who were driven out of Vienna, or the Jesuits who were driven out of Graz, or, indeed, like the Pope himself who was driven out of Rome, it was still for nationalist reasons; whatever overtones coloured the problems of the Jesuits, the Redemptorists at any rate were seen not as the exponents of a challenged philosophy, but as the envoys of Rome when troops from the Papal States were in the territory of the Empire.

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Apart, perhaps, from Gioberti, there are no major political theorists or philosophers whose names are associated with 1848. The greater the distance from Paris the less were they dreamt of. Gioberti himself had lived in Paris for fifteen years before, and only returned to Italy in the spring of 1848, in the hope of reaping what he had sown in exile. And even in Paris it is an unconvincing effort that is made to derive what happened from the impulse of ideas, through Saint-Simon and Fourier and Louis Blanc. The real explanation was very much more economic, just as today it is privation very much more than an intellectual *penchant* for Marxism that has given the French Communists their strength; the materialist prognosis has more in it than those of its expositors will admit who judge it necessary to force the pace with their dialectics. In Paris there was indeed a genuine proletariat, quickly swelled by men who poured into National Workshops where there was in fact no work, but it was

Lacordaire whom, surrounding the Palais Bourbon after the election, they carried in triumph through the streets, clad in his Dominican habit.

In the following weeks increasing privation changed the temper of the mob; they invaded the Chamber, and Lacordaire, groaning that the Republic was lost, resigned his seat. He was wrong; this was a local and a temporary affair. The Archbishop of Paris was shot dead in the streets in the June fighting, but it was an accident due to his injudicious intervention; in February the republican National Guard had carried their colours to his palace to be blessed, and he had sung a solemn *Te Deum* in honour of the new order. The proletarians who pillaged the Tuileries carried the Blessed Sacrament reverently from the chapel there to the church of St. Roch. Parish priests all over France planted 'trees of liberty' along the sides of the roads to welcome the Second Republic; they had had little enough hand in making what was eminently an affair of the capital; but they rightly saw in the gospel of universal suffrage only the prospect of better times for the Church. It was this gospel, and nothing subtler or more insidious, that carried the day, and their reward came in the *loi Falloux*. Thiers was joined by Montalembert the Orléanist in making Louis Napoleon president, and the Second Republic was as much a bourgeois creation as the Orléans Monarchy had been.

*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*; it was the story of all the 1848 revolutions; what came out of it was the name of Bonaparte once more, just as what came out of the Frankfort Parliament was the name of Hohenzollern. 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. . . . What this republic really means,' wrote Marx, 'is Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery.' No one understood 1848 better than he, its ultimate historical beneficiary—no one, unless it was the Pope. It was the year in which Marx realized, with a sudden, brilliant vision of the future, that the way to proceed was through an open and official revolutionary party, working through the accepted political methods and appealing to educated men. Bakunin judged otherwise, and was wrong. Marx saw the great host of political intellectuals waiting only to be given a lead, panting for a gospel and turning to Hegelianism to find it. He sent his delegates to Frankfort, fanned the pan-German flame with all his might, cursed Louis Napoleon and the King of Prussia for what they were—the defenders of those who had

shaken fatuous fists at them—and addressed himself to the future with a renewed confidence and fire. The road suddenly seemed to open wide before him, and the consequences of the great treason were assured.

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To most of Europe the implications of 1848 were not for some time apparent. It was perhaps a generation before their consequences were translated into history. Nor was it such a simple process, this treason of the clerks, for it to be possible to write so glibly of 'the implications of 1848' without much reservation. What happened cannot be pinned down to a single year like that, pigeon-holed in the calendar. Such a phrase can only be used with the plea of convenience; history is never so neat that a centenary is an adequate occasion for retrospect. Only a few contemporaries saw in what direction the events of 1848 were leading, and among those Pius IX was pre-eminent. But even he did not perceive so clearly as is possible now, a hundred years after, when we look backwards down the vista of the years and are wise after the events. Pius IX had spent his thirties in South America, and Latin-American fashions of thought were always prominent in his mind in later years. The fifteenth of the theses of the *Syllabus*, for instance, whose condemnation seemingly *tout court* has shocked so many, the thesis that 'Everyone is free to adopt and profess that religion which, guided by the light of reason, he holds to be true', can only be understood when related to the context from which it is taken, an Apostolic Letter directed against the idiosyncrasies of a particular Peruvian pamphleteer. So also with much of what Pius IX wrote about liberalism, and with the condemned propositions about socialism, communism and so on, and about the nature and justifications of the State: he was the father not of Europe but of the Universal Church, with an eye roving much farther afield than Paris and Berlin.

The *Syllabus Errorum* caught the spirit of the time by its very form, its neat tabulation under numbered heads, the sort of document that was so much the new fashion politically, when everything had to be formulated and written down in a Constitution, leaving nothing out. But it was no less a prophetic document than *The Communist Manifesto*, and those who could not understand it could not peer into the future so successfully as the Pope

although some of those who denounced it may have done so. Only in our own day is it easy to see, even understanding all the particular subtleties and applications of the time, how wise he was, and how right. The history of European liberalism in the past hundred years, and especially in the last tremendous decades, has given him sufficient vindication, where the frontiers of politics are concerned. *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis*; it was not the mind of Pius IX that changed in 1848. The liberals are coming, in our own day, back to where they started from, having been on a circular tour. It is not the mind of the Church that has changed when a man like Benedetto Croce reconsiders his judgements of her. In politics, both in Italy and in Germany, the liberals of today find themselves driven more and more to the side of the very people whom one and two generations ago they most derided: the exponents of the Christian philosophy in politics. Catholic belief has become again the most potent influence in Italy, and even the ranks of the Risorgimento can scarce forbear to cheer. The liberals find themselves back where Pellegrino Rossi was. *Viva il Papa* comes in Rome from throats no less unexpected than those which cried *Viva Pio Nono* a hundred years ago. The treason of the clerks brought Europe to the abyss, but the lesson has been learnt. Those who have tasted the fruits of their own intellectual arrogance, the bitter fruits of the treason, are turning back towards the older discipline, recoiling from the only alternative.

# WORLD WITHOUT ENDS

## Reflections on the *Politics* and Political Breakdown<sup>1</sup>

By T. S. GREGORY

‘**A**THING is useful or the opposite in relation to the end it achieves; it is right or the opposite in relation to the rule it obeys.’ So Collingwood, with the facile, sometimes too facile, precision that makes the *New Leviathan* so readable and unsatisfying. He quotes Bradley: ‘Right is the rule and what is conformable to the rule, whether the rule be physical or mental, e.g. a right line, a “right English bull-dog” (Swift), a right conclusion, a right action.’ The presence of both the *right* and the *useful*, their commerce and argument from the beginning to the end of the *Politics*, maintain its vitality and validity to this day: it is still saying things very relevant to the news. For example:

A democracy of this order, being in the nature of an autocrat and not being governed by law, begins to attempt an autocracy. It grows despotic: flatterers come to be held in honour: it becomes analogous to the tyrannical form of single-person government. Both show a similar temper: both behave like despots to the better class of citizens: the decrees of the one are like the edicts of the other; the popular leader in the one is the same as, or at any rate like, the flatterer in the other; and in either case the influence of favourites predominates—that of the flatterer in tyrannies, and that of the popular leader in this kind of democracy. It is popular leaders who by referring all issues to the decision of the people are responsible for substituting the sovereignty of decrees for that of laws.

<sup>1</sup> *The Politics of Aristotle*, translated with an introduction, notes and appendices by Ernest Barker. [Oxford, 1946.] It would be idle and impudent for the present writer to review a translation of the *Politics* by Sir Ernest Barker, especially such a work as this in which he teaches, sentence by sentence, filling in the lacunae, annotating every sentence, giving in the appendices all the relevant passages of the *Ethics* and the *Rhetoric* and the *Constitution of Athens*, and a summary of the Aristotelian corpus, with seventy-six pages of introduction, which tell you the history and analyse and criticize the form and argument, and explain the terms. For such a book we can but be thankful, we can only return to it.



What else is the story of proletarian Europe, foreshadowed a century since by Marx and Engels? 'I see so clearly,' said the dying Mirabeau, 'that we are in the midst of anarchy and sinking deeper every day: I am overwhelmed by the thought that all I have done has been to help on a huge destruction.' For Mirabeau suffered from the sixth sense: he saw the future, and indeed all France then as at other times exhibited the dramatic lucidity which could stage two centuries of Western history in a revolution of twenty years. And all the factions, all the parties, all the ideals, even the hates, for a time seemed to sink into a grand totality which was overwhelmed at last in the cold of economic democracy.

The demagogues of our own day, zealous to please the peoples of their states, cause a large amount of property to be confiscated to the public use. Those who care for the well-being of their constitution should labour to correct such practices. They should have a law passed which prevents the fines imposed in law-courts from becoming public property or being paid into the treasury and makes them, instead of that, temple property. Wrong-doers would not in that case be any more heedless than they are now (they would still have to pay the same fine) and the people, having nothing to gain, would be less inclined to condemn all defendants.

The essence of the principle is that 'the people have nothing to gain'. The Aristotelian doctrine that surplus wealth is often more prudently bestowed *away* from those who scramble to acquire it was dictated not for the benefit of the temple which received it, but for the security of the constitution which might thus be rid of a sickness. Put wealth where it will continue to be wealth without continuing to raise agitation or inspire delusion. The 'temple' served as an instance of disinterested recipient whose worth as such was neutralized when, as in the late Middle Ages, the Church had become the richest means of ambition. Now that the temple is in no danger of such excess, the principle reveals all its cogency.

Demagogues win votes by nationalizing economic responsibility and resource; proletarian emotion dissolves right in utility, and utility deepens into necessity. What is 'we can do no other' but the echoing, reiterating burden of political hypnosis? As each reality of man's life is assimilated to a verbal definition, each definition distorted into headlines and catchwords, the people

and their demagogues, instead of asking, for example, what things will make us happy, calculate and organize only for less or more. 'You can see for yourselves,' says the Master, 'that felicity (*eudaimonia*) belongs rather to those who have cultivated their character and mind to the uttermost and kept acquisition of external goods within moderate limits, than it does to those who have managed to acquire more external goods than they can possibly use and are lacking in the goods of the soul.'

'You can see for yourselves'—how like a jibe the words strike on your imagination if you meet them in English coalfields of 1848, or at the table of Mr. John Osborne in Russell Square or in Sir Pitt Crawley's family. *Vanity Fair* belongs to that year. Who could see? In that year also John Mill published his *Principles of Political Economy*, and lent his moral authority to a kind of Ricardian metaphysic. Huge populations, freeborn, depicted for example in *Sybil*, were not allowed even to suspect that there was such a thing as a soul or property or health. They lived in 'circumstances that seem to have escaped the notice of the Society for the Abolition of Negro Slavery', and if it had been possible still to blame anyone for these 'circumstances', whom could you blame but the oligarchy? 'Those worthy gentlemen, too, appear to have been singularly unconscious of the sufferings of the little trappers, which was remarkable, as many of them were in their own employ.'

But [says the Master] the naughtiness of men is a cup that can never be filled: there was once a time when two obols were a sufficient allowance, but now that this has become the tradition men are always wanting something more and are never contented until they get to infinity; and the mass of men live for the satisfaction of desire. The source from which a remedy for such evils may be expected is not the equalization of property, but rather a method of training which makes the better sort of natures unwilling and the poorer sort unable to indulge in covetousness.

The mortal sickness is, in its final analysis, the symptom of mortal sin, and in England, as elsewhere, men are slow to recognize the immortal authority of the command 'Thou shalt not covet.'

The Victorian age did not lack voices to preach a loftier, or at any rate a more mystical, society. There was John Ruskin, whose eloquence quenched his thin but sincere prophecy, and Carlyle, who saw with brilliant flashes, through clouds of German parable

and plausibility, what was really happening. There were Kingsley and Maurice, Christians passionately concerned with their neighbours. But the trouble was precisely in their loftiness. They looked beyond, not at, the world; they would have made all things new, and devised solutions to a social problem instead of discovering the social reality. And since they looked rather for what *becomes* than for what *is*, they were still astray in theories of utility. The same misdirection beset the slow growth of education. It was an idealism like that which Jowett planted in Oxford, imperfectly aware of this world, or rather reluctant to become aware of it: the method of training was not simply related to the business of living. The clergy were gentlemen first and, so it seemed to the 'proletariat', men afterwards. Turning to the ancient thinkers, they naturally and traditionally preferred Plato to Aristotle—though in Oxford at any rate Aristotle had swiftly recovered his authority and has continued to increase—preferred Plato because 'of all teachers he has the most melodious voice' and also because he expressed beautiful thoughts.

Aristotle was not an Athenian aristocrat who feared and could not fail to indulge the incomparable gift of eloquence, but came from Stagyra. With an empirical logic which he had learned in humbler sciences and inherited with his family tradition, he would see and understand what men are, how they behave and why. This, not any idealism, is the source of his belief that the mortal sickness begins when the voice of the people becomes the voice of God; not that it blasphemes God, but that it misconceives and misleads people: their voice is in truth their own voice. The same fidelity rejects Plato's communism. 'When everyone has his own sphere of interest there will not be the same ground of quarrels, and the interest will increase because each man will feel that he is applying himself to what is his own.' And that is what none of the visionaries of Victorian England dared contemplate. They turned almost glibly to New Testament ethics (as they called them), to the Sermon on the Mount, as a kind of retreat from the amorphous cities of the plain; they seemed to walk unembarrassed and easy in such company, and to handle words that confounded the Saviour's intimate friends as the familiar currency of life in Birmingham or Manchester. They made apostles as easily as the Stoics with a moralism almost as pallid, and set forth as it were from slums and suburbs, where their own faith scarcely held its own, to the ends of the earth with heroic enterprise, and

there indeed learned from other races what creative stuff it contained.

Aristotle stands outside this kind of progress, as does the major tradition of European law. *Iustitia est constans et perpetua voluntas ius suum cuique tribuens*. Such *voluntas* is his characteristic virtue—naturally since *iustitia* and *scientia* are different gestures of the same mind, of the whole intellect. It is the mind Thucydides defends against popular historians in his first book, the mind for which Socrates died. 'Almost everything has been discovered already, though some things discovered have not been co-ordinated, and some, though known, are not put in practice.' Such are the humility and confidence that frame the scientific intelligence. The world is *given*, and it is not man's obligation to create it. In like manner it is not by personal ideals or decrees but by the law that states should be governed, and 'it is from habit and only from habit that law derives the validity which secures obedience. But habit can be created only by passage of time; and a readiness to change from existing to new and different laws will accordingly tend to weaken the general power of law.' Where law rules it is as if God and reason rule. There is always and primarily a right, thus 'the amount of household property which suffices for a good life is not unlimited . . . there is a bound fixed. . . . All the instruments needed by all the arts are limited both in number and size.' There are limits to the size of a state in number and area, limits indeed to everything by virtue of its being and of its function—its right and its use. The stability of a constitution, like that of earth or nature, is not a matter of holding men in unjust possession, or of obstructing the march of progress, or of doing anything, whether good or evil, for a programme, it is the frame of human association whose base is will and whose end is felicity.

This humility and confidence which rely upon the world and its right also give his unfinished 'conflation of essays' such unity that generations of students have endeavoured to read and arrange it as a single treatise, though for the common reader such a method would make it less readable, and it is an injustice perhaps to Aristotle himself. For his sense of things, his incorruptible realism, an essay is the appropriate literary form. Thus we are never condemned to eloquence or beset by any delusive completeness. It is a just man thinking about men and things—a just man telling plain truth. And thus, as his thought is the

political orthodoxy about which Western civilization revolved while yet it was civilized, so his words are a hard core, not a colourful rind.

Apart from political considerations, in mere sentiment there is something perfect and fit in his statement that farmers make the best 'populace' because of their independence and individuality—they have little property, stick to their job, prefer work to politics and profit to honours; they do not covet; but 'give them a chance and they soon make their way, either into riches or, at any rate, out of poverty.' And by comparison 'other kinds of populace . . . lead a poor sort of life and none of the occupations followed by a populace which consists of mechanics, shopkeepers and day labourers leaves any room for excellence. Revolving round the market-place and the city centre, people of this class generally find it easy to attend the sessions of the popular assembly—unlike farmers, who, scattered through the countryside, neither meet so often nor feel so much the need for society of this sort.'

Whether or not farmers live up to this character, Aristotle employs their method and standards in judging human association: it is a natural growth, and ripeness is all. He refuses the Platonic method of a *priori* discussion, and waits on fact instead of defining an idea. He seems unconcerned to put his own point of view: it is all of *what is*, not of *what he thinks*. Thus almost with a farmer's accent he marks the weakness of Hellenic as of all urban democracy, and describes the farmer's household as the normal economy. Any reader of Cobbett who will forget his loud voice may remark how little this rural mind has changed in two thousand years. The old world which Cobbett angrily regretted was the world of Aristotle.

The same humility and confidence which enable a man to accept his world, to obey it as well as exploit it, and to maintain the mutual relevance of thoughts and things—in short, the mind of science and civilization—has survived long intervals of eclipse between Alexander and Napoleon. The scientific mind has little to do with the utilitarian ingenuity called 'scientific discovery'. Cities hailed Ptolemy as a saviour because his admiral could do what the gods could not, and during the century after Aristotle's death there was a race of naval armaments, as later, we are told, there was a kind of Red International among Greek proletariats and a system of insurance among religious societies—but it is not there that aliens of a later age find Greek science. Ardrytas invented



the screw and the pulley, but we think more of Aristotle, for science is not an achievement but a behaviour of the mind, which may be rewarded or insulted by what are called inventions. Its method rested upon the *constans et perpetua voluntas ius suum cuique tribuens*. The divine Word Himself set His seal on the principle—Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. Religion itself is a function of justice; and the acceptance or refusal of faith stands outside the consideration of whether Popes do their duty, or whether democracy has any use for the Church. In short, it was in that rural world alone whose right must be obeyed, not manipulated, whose weather is not to be bought, and whose cattle must be tended, that the supreme and final human art or science was to be learned.

## II

In the eighteenth century that world still existed, in which the practical reason had not usurped the omnipotence of God: existed in the most trivial matters. When, for instance, Daniel Defoe speaks of a 'parcel of people caballing together to ruin property, corrupt the laws, invade the Government, debauch the people', he is filling paper with phrases which every reader will assume he understands at sight, and though reader and journalist had not read Aristotle, the reference was to Aristotle, not to Hobbes or Locke. When at the other end of the century (Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre already in their graves) Jane Austen declares that 'it is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife', she utters an orthodoxy that has suffered perhaps fewer heresies than any other. And it was still undoubted that 'as the art of the statesman does not produce human stock, so nature must also provide the physical means of subsistence'—as true for Adam Smith as for Aristotle.

The virtue of the English philosophy was to be as little philosophical as possible. Indeed Hume, who is oddly counted among the rebels, relies more consciously than any other English thinker on uncriticized data, on 'Nature', 'custom', 'uncontrollable necessity'. 'All our reasonings concerning causes and effects,' he says, 'are derived from nothing but custom.' Or again: 'most fortunately it happens that since reason is incapable of dispelling

these clouds, Nature herself suffices to that purpose and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium, either by relaxing this bent of mind or by some avocation and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras.' And again: 'nothing is more requisite for a true philosopher than to restrain the intemperate desire of searching into causes, and having established any doctrine upon a sufficient number of experiments, rest contented with that, when he sees a further examination would lead him into obscure and uncertain speculations.' The worth of Hume's, as of Locke's, empiricism is its impregnable trust in the world as given to him. His scepticism is, as it were, a vacuum into which this positive faith pours, until it is full. No wonder he grew fat! His unbelief had all the material resources of optimism and was supported by a dialectic of ruthless honesty. And it is interesting at least to compare his conservatism with the leftist tendency of those who deem themselves his modern disciples. At any rate he accepted the world as easily as Jane Austen's idlers, and used his dialectical genius and industry to secure his title to the inheritance.

His acceptance was too complete. It has too much the air of the 1730's, so still that more than one traveller felt or heard the distant and advancing storm. When, for example, Aristotle says that all things derive their nature from their function and capacity, and goes on to say that plants exist to give subsistence to animals and animals to give it to men, and that 'as nature makes nothing in vain, all animals must have been made by nature for the sake of men', he speaks the language of the natural man, the language of the rural world. It is well enough to cut the cackle and come down to things that are really there, but almost the first question then is 'What is it for?' The complete lack of teleology in the English empiricism, which indeed was necessary to maintain its unmixed faith in sensation, is objectionable not on metaphysical grounds so much as on the ground of sensation itself. It was an artificial, not a natural, negation: not really true to experience, for no perception could yield an idea, no idea could know itself merely as unrelated entity, and at any rate no living being could be aware without evoking and using a teleology all the time. Indeed, it might be argued that sensation is not quite sensation, as passion is certainly not passion, unless it has a point. 'What is the point of it?' is not a late, reflective question invented by logicians or moralists, but part of the sensitivity itself.

Now it is at this point that Western civilization was making ready to depart from *iustitia* and to betray the scientific mind. All things have been discovered already, or at any rate it has been discovered that *what* includes *why*, and that to know the *here* implies a sense, be it nothing more articulate, of *whence* and *whither*: nor was any thinker more single-minded than Hume in analysing actual experience to mark the purpose or direction of what he saw.

But, if you once begin to 'look to the end', you will either go with 'custom' and the centuries, or, if you suffer a speculative itch, will search into ends on your own account, until by a *via negativa*, you stand upon that final frontier where Aristotle sees the universe moved by God; and the validity of all earlier and partial questions will be determined not by the subtlety so much as by the courage with which you ask, 'Why everything?'. That was the difficulty. Sated and disillusioned, afraid of stirring theological hates, the eighteenth-century Christian or pagan sought to 'lay the foundations of peace in the minds of men'. Its theory and practice alike were dominated by formulae of acquiescence; and of these the simple sum was to forget the Right and to concentrate on the Use—the use which, by a happy coincidence, was Nature herself. True, there were wars, wanton or stupid, which gave chances to military talent and were prepared and conducted with such indifference to human value as amounted to mental disease. But the main function of diplomacy, as of administration, was to preserve, not to live. It was to accept the world as if it were an exhibition or a habit. At any rate, at all costs, the human species must avoid universals, must leave the question of the *telos* at rest as something buried with the bodies of the martyrs, since men could not be trusted to face it without ceasing to be human: and indeed since the days of Calvin God was a name for that which Man cannot share or understand. The end of Man or his beginning was a profitless and perilous speculation.

Consider this naturalism in brief: to religious historians it seems gross and material, to Leslie Stephen common sense, to Wordsworth stale and unprofitable, here complacent, there debauched, or sentimental or despairing, but everywhere acquiescent and seeking to acquiesce. That was what was meant by sense and taste, and nature and reason. Reason was the human faculty of arranging impressions which the mind of man

received automatically, and sense the virtue of accepting what was there (not pining for what was not) and setting your end within the compass of an average ability. What expelled the Stuarts and established the House of Hanover?—sense and reason. What in the event was anyone willing to do or to give for the divine or patriarchal right of kings?—for example in royalist Oxford? Walpole was a domestic minister with all the virtues of a land-steward. To Cardinal Fleury peace was the sum of political wisdom. Domesticity was the breath and being of Maria Theresa. In politics there is a project of Perpetual Peace, in cosmology a pre-established harmony of monads. To the empiricist in practice or philosophy the pre-establishment of harmony is all that matters. The value of deism was precisely that its deity kept everything in order and interfered as little as possible: and the value of divine non-interference was that it gave less trouble to the believer. So Mr. Tindal (not unlike the present Bishop of Birmingham) affirmed that Christ was quite natural. Locke's pupil Shaftesbury expounded the ethics of agreeable appearance for the comfort of intelligent gentlemen, exhibiting in his own sphere the harmony of monads. English fiction, like the English philosophy, settled within a world of sensation and reflection: the ends it proposed for human life amounted to the easiest settlement of accounts where virtue, marriage and money were perfectly adjusted.

The legal aspect of such a mind is the sleep of legislation and the acceptance, long before it became commercial orthodoxy, of *laissez-faire*. In the 1730's Hume saw this: 'In a government such as that of France which is absolute and where law and custom and religions concur all of them to make the people fully satisfied with their condition, the monarch cannot entertain any jealousy against his subjects and therefore is apt to indulge them in great liberties of speech and action.' Did Hume, so penetrating in his analysis, really see such a France face to face within fifty years of the Revolution? In England at the same time the most impressive quality of the landed families was the facility with which they harmonized idleness, marriage and administration, realizing sense and taste, providing magistrates and merchants, soldiers and politicians, lawyers and clergy without starting any question of ends. Burke is a lonely figure, and not quite an Englishman. For most men Nature is utility, Nature is sentiment, Nature is all that man can know. The common factor in all Europe is what Kant

called dogmatic slumber, the refusal not only of habit but as of a profound biological necessity to challenge what is given; and what looks like revolt as in the sceptics and philosophers is all in favour of what is easily swallowed and digested.

What his hearers found incomprehensible in Burke was that, instead of drifting complacently down the tide of life and prudence, he saw history as a divine right, a march of the providence of God, and sublimated prudence into a principle; for him the Keep of Windsor was at once a fortress and a temple. In like manner Wesley, a saint but not a philosopher, accepted empiricism without misgiving, and speaking the language of Locke translated it into religion. 'My God, I know, I feel Thee mine.' Religion is experience. If Hume, whose *Treatise* was published within a year of Wesley's conversion, had accepted his own counsel to be 'content with any doctrine established upon a sufficient number of experiments' he would have found no difficulty with the new preaching. The perception, passion, moral conviction were all there; all that Wesley said was that supernatural grace and the faith that apprehended it were facts as valid as all true experience. But in the new evangelism, the *philosophy* was the philosophy of Locke and Hume, the English philosophy. It questioned no ends and abhorred questions: its criterion was utility. To use a more recent idiom, it changed lives visibly: it liberated psychological forces obviously.

What is the point of it? That is the question which no philosophy or institution even attempted to answer. Nothing could have been more stagnant than the dynastic politics of central Europe. Long since, it had been the rôle of France to set up an image of human greatness; now she drifted into anarchy and bankruptcy. The social contract was well enough, but what was it about? The will of the people is the basis of the state, but what does the will *will*? Governor Pownall lucidly instructed the Commons on the futility of economic regulation. Adam Smith expounded the naturalness, and therewith the justice and freedom, of an economic society as though the basis of association were want rather than will, and its fulfilment wealth rather than *eudaimonia*,—'the energy and practice of goodness to a degree of perfection and in a mode which is absolute not relative.' How extravagant in the last years of the *ancien régime* would such an end have seemed to the middle-class disciples of Adam Smith and Rousseau! 'There are two things in which well-being always and



everywhere consists. The first is to determine aright the aim and end of your actions. The second is to find out the actions which will best conduce to that end.' And Nature and utility, though nature-mystics and life-changers might discover energy perpetually, had no answer to the question of end: they acted without end, and dissolved all the politic definitions of Europe in their infinite, and so the dying Mirabeau saw the state founder in anarchy.

The age of acquiescence, besides being the natural reaction to the age of religious and politic hates, was fruitful in its own right. Only such an interval could have allowed the detachment, the stillness of atmosphere, necessary for such a man as Lessing. Ingenuity could be cultivated and remunerated: there was leisure of conscience: men could follow their genius with an easy mind, and so they applied their wits to invention. Their building had composure; their prose a natural competence to say what they meant, for they meant prose. Patterns were worth forming and elaborating, since there seemed no likelihood of their perishing. And their art, especially perhaps their music, was an art of patterns. Scholarship, ingenuity, composure and dignity—they are all humanity unperturbed by 'the beyond'. Perhaps it was high time that Western man learned to live on earth. Whatever judgement be delivered of that interval, its aim was to accept and make the best of this world as it is; and so there was no real criterion, no real shape of things, no compelling or commanding end of Man.

Nature all, and all utility—no Right and hence no *telos*—had thus reached their infinite, their anarchy. 'Chaos and old night', as Milton would have called it; 'boundless barren ocean', as Burke did call it; 'a time for dogmatic slumber', as Kant judged it, in which no work of significance in theology or philosophy resisted the drift of sentiment. There was no sense of time. Turgot had hinted indeed at a theory of evolution in a prize essay, and Burke never tired of thundering his political piety with a kind of tidal rhythm, and thinking like Aristotle of the end, of felicity, of the law and the constitution and the slow growth of human institutions. His religious realism, his obedience to facts, the profundity and simplicity of his human understanding, set him beside Aristotle, whom he resembles more than any other modern thinker: but no one marked him, and he had a fatal eloquence which enabled readers to admire and ignore him simultaneously.

The fashion was for the moment, for what we feel or imagine or bravely do or loudly say *now*, for what is significant by its intensity of passion, its bigness, its lightnings and crags and earthquakes. In fact what mattered was not direction but power. What was nature and power in terms of politics but the Jacobin apostolate, the eruption of all undirected potency into a mere tempest which shattered everything and was therefore hailed as an emancipation? What was nature and power in terms of economy but the endless making and distributing of more and more, faster and faster? What was nature and power in terms of religion? Take up some list, for instance in Dr. Gooch's *Annals*, of the philosophy and theology produced in those days, and it will surely drive any average reader to ask with astonishment who these writers fancied they were. It is not that Fichte did too much glorify his own nation—that would be a human reaction to Jena—but who, in the name of all that is holy and human, could really dream himself a fit person to bestow such titles anywhere? And Hegel is worse—the 'self-consciousness of philosophy', Jowett called him—but in fact it is more the self-consciousness of God. And even Kant—did he really believe the practical reason could carry its creative responsibilities? And did he know all this—these critiques that detonated every two years? In his humbler sphere was Mr. Malthus really competent to lay down such laws of nature? Or was Shelley really there in *Prometheus Unbound*? Schleiermacher can dive below Christian revelation into the abyss of being and pure feeling where the Christian faith was not yet Christian, and emerge with a Christianity all inward which needed neither history nor miracle; did he really think, good Christian that he was, that he really could do that with Christ and history? And we are bound to answer, Yes, and in all sincerity, not only Schleiermacher but a swelling stream of critical students of the New Testament, so that a hundred years later one of them could sum up the situation as a choice between Christ the saintly madman and Christ the social reformer. A choice which could be made, or perhaps superseded, under due instruction and scientific reading of the New Testament. In that year of Schleiermacher's Christianity appears Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*, in which the State is the 'realization of the Absolute Spirit'. Really, really! The astonishing fact is that immense predications seriously moved their humble-minded authors and generations of critical students not only to peer into the Absolute, but to find it

under their feet, or in their class-rooms, rewriting history and confounding their common speech with abstractions.

What was the force of this idealism? Precisely that it was a realizing of unreality, an evocation of patterns in the darkness. You could sit down with nothing but your own mind and its recollections and associations, and produce a cosmic fantasy coherent and persuasive enough to live in; and it was indeed absolute; that is to say irresponsible; it had the freedom of a dream or of a demagogue or a fanatic from real things, and made the dreamer perhaps a god, a hero, a saint, a sage—so long as he need not be a man. Such is the 'totalitarian climate' or the proletarian enthusiasm. But the same effect could be achieved by the inventive enterprise of what in the new age was known as 'science', by an utilitarian selection. Analysis broke up the world into the phenomena relevant to your purpose, and these could be re-assembled; and the cosmic mechanism of infinite horse-power absorbed its human units, trained them, fed, clothed, amused them, remoulded their psychology to its end of production and perpetual increase, so that this too was a totalitarian machine and a proletarian power, and absolute, that is irresponsible. The vacuum bequeathed by the eighteenth century to its successor was a mere infinite potentiality, a 'first matter' that could not exist by itself, and the only thing that could be done with it was to allow man to play the rôle of deity, that is to re-enact his fall. Men were 'to be as gods'.

In the end, which comes nearer, there is but one alternative: the mind of Aristotle's *Politics* and the plain man. 'Observation shows us . . . ' That is where it begins. . . . 'Nature makes every separate thing for a separate end. . . . ' 'The nature of things consists in their end or consummation.' 'External goods, like all other instruments, have a necessary limit of size . . . and any excessive amount of such things must either cause its possessor some injury or at any rate bring him no benefit. . . . The amount of felicity which falls to the lot of each individual man is equal to the amount of his goodness and his wisdom and the good and wise acts that he does. The nature of God Himself bears witness to this conclusion. He is happy and blessed; but He is so in and by Himself, by reason of the nature of His being and not by virtue of any external good. . . . ' And so on, through familiar and forsaken ways.

# RELIGIOUS EDUCATION: THE FINAL CURTAIN?

## An Anglican Assessment of Present Problems

By A. C. F. BEALES

The statement that follows is one among many that have recently been attempted. It has no authority at all; and the difficulty of obtaining a really authoritative statement at the present stage of our religious history is insuperable. (Page 253).<sup>1</sup>

IT is certainly as well, in this post-war decade of crouching apprehension, that there should be stocktaking of the country's actual resources, material and spiritual, with which to meet the coming trials of an ideological age. For the trend of public discussion so far has been too much the other way. On most of the themes that have a future—and notably international politics and education—our contemporary literature is from day to day and from hand to mouth. So crucial a matter as the curriculum of our new secondary schools under the 1944 Education Act has not had devoted to it a tithe of the thought which its importance should have commanded already long ago; yet the administrative organization of the three 'streams' of these schools is being erected at speed, as though the philosophy of education in terms of which alone it could claim rhyme and reason had already been formulated and accepted. The 1946 Report of the Committee on Curriculum Reform wisely proclaims that the question of a curriculum does not arise until the prior questions of why society exists at all, and what functions its schools are to fulfil, have first been settled. But the dust-jacket of the Report announces that, having already decided the length of school life and the kinds of school, we must now plan their content.<sup>2</sup>

In the light of ironies such as this, the task for the Christian

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Education: The Bampton Lectures for 1944*. By Spencer Leeson (Longmans, 1947. 15s.)

<sup>2</sup> *The Content of Education* (Univ. London Press, 8s. 6d.).

educationist is to take stock, frankly, of his own responsibility, speaking in the name of his own denomination; and to inquire how the ground that Christian education has lost in this country since the Reformation can be regained. That is the context in which Canon Spencer Leeson delivered his Bampton Lectures in 1944—the year of the new Education Act itself—and the context in which his book must be judged.

The position of Christian education in this country prior to the Act, narrowly considered, was defensive, drifting and declining. What went on in the elementary schools was governed by the Cowper-Temple clause of the Act of 1870, which banned from all schools provided out of public funds the teaching of any religious formulary distinctive of any particular denomination (even the formularies of the Anglican Establishment). Religious instruction was confined to set times and days; and there was a conscience-clause to safeguard the freedom of the parent. The actual value of the religious instruction imparted varied considerably, from perfunctoriness at one extreme to enthusiastic and informed teaching at the other. On the whole, the policy of Agreed Syllabuses hammered out after 1926 between the Protestant bodies and the local education authorities tended to improve the quality and the amount. In the secondary schools, with their half-million population as against the five millions of the elementary schools, the situation was governed by a clause of the Act of 1921 which gave parents the right to send into the school a minister or priest of their own denomination, to give the pupils denominational instruction at agreed times. But this clause had become largely a dead letter, since parents availed themselves of it but rarely. In those training colleges for teachers which were not denominational (i.e. two-thirds of the total of 120) there was no chapel system, and the Divinity course for the Teacher's Certificate Examination was optional. Such was the religious 'map' of the English school system, apart from the public schools and independent schools (which touched numerically only a fraction of the population).

The denominational schools themselves, owned and provided by the Anglican, Catholic and Free Church authorities, were still one in two of the total supply of schools; but they contained only about a quarter of the child population. The Protestant wing—Anglican and Free Church—had been steadily declining since 1902, in terms of the Agreed Syllabuses, which made it possible



for them to hand over their schools to the local authorities, by a bargain which relieved them henceforth of all financial burden while reassuring them that the religious instruction given in the transferred schools would be satisfactory from their point of view. The Catholic schools, on the contrary, had steadily increased since 1902, since not only was an Agreed Syllabus 'compromise' on religious doctrine impossible for the Catholic body, but Catholic policy was governed by the formula aptly crystallized by the late Sir John Gilbert, 'Catholic education for Catholic children in Catholic schools taught by Catholic teachers.'

This was the essence of that 'Dual System', created in 1870 and matured in 1902, which proved the crux of the 1943-44 discussions on the new Education Bill: the co-existence of the older, denominational 'voluntary' schools, maintained financially by the local authorities since 1902 but provided (as to sites and buildings, etc.) by the denominations, with the newer, undenominational 'council' schools, provided and maintained out of public funds entirely.

In navigating the Bill, the Government had to steer amongst the shoals. There were Catholic voters who had long deplored the unequal financial burden whereby they had to buy and build their own schools while still paying rates for council schools that their consciences forbade them to use; Anglican and Free Church voters already contented by the Agreed-Syllabus-and-transfer policy; local authorities restive at the extent to which dual control in their areas made overall planning impossible; teachers' organizations apprehensive lest any consolidation of the Dual System should close to them a host of headships in the denominational schools, and revive by implication the bitter controversy over 'tests for teachers'.

The Education Act accordingly had in fact to be a compromise. Its keynote is the protection of the existing Dual System, on certain terms, while preventing the extension of that system. The denominational schools will survive unimpaired where they can revive any plans for help from the local authorities that were under discussion (arising out of the Act of 1936) when the late war broke out; and, alternatively, where they can find half the cost of the reorganization of premises, etc., now necessary. Where they cannot find that amount, they will become 'controlled' schools under the local authority, and lose not only their majority on the board of managers but also any guarantee that the head

teacher henceforth shall be a member of the denomination concerned. As regards the others—the publicly provided county schools, covering three-quarters of the child population—the Act enjoins a public act of worship at the beginning of every school-day. And this is something quite new.

The immediate preoccupation of the Catholic critic, faced with this statutory alignment, is to try to see it *sub specie aeternitatis*, to determine why the compromise was not more favourable from the Catholic point of view, and to explore the possibilities of so influencing public opinion, in the interval from now to the next Education Bill, as to change for the better *the nature of the demand* then made on the Catholic body.<sup>1</sup> That is the second ground on which these recently published Bampton Lectures will be of supreme interest for the Catholic reader; for their author's intention is, partly, to do precisely that from the Anglican standpoint.

## II

Since the beginning of the last century the Church of England has been fighting a rearguard action in matters educational. No serious student of the period now maintains that there was, until after 1870, any objective ground for fearing State control; the action of the State till then was always tentative—Treasury Minutes of 1833, Royal Commissions of Inquiry in 1850 and onwards, legislation not till 1870 itself—and always reluctant. But the Anglican Establishment was indeed disturbed at the theoretical dangers of State interference, even though the pace of its rearguard action was determined no less by the militancy of the Free Churchmen and (later) the Catholics. The charity school movement of the eighteenth century had been stimulated originally by the Jesuit school of Fr. Poulton in the Savoy under James II. The activities which culminated in the National Society in 1811 were begun in opposition to the phenomenal success of the Monitorial schools of the Dissenter Joseph Lancaster. From then onwards, with landmarks at each educational crisis such as 1839, 1847, 1870, 1902, there has been a statement of the Anglican position and an attempt to relate it in detail to the contemporary challenge. Each time, the challenge to religious education has

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the articles by Fr. Andrew Beck, A.A., in *The Tablet* in 1946-47; and my Newman Association paper, *Some Delusions of Catholic Education* (Bradford C.P.E.A., 1945. 6d.).

been potentially more severe. Each time, from the Catholic standpoint, the Anglican position has emerged worse off than before. The steady tendency cannot be traced in detail here; but its import can be measured by thinking of the Anglican capitulation since 1902 against the background of what the National Society declared in 1847:

First, it is essential to education that religion pervade the whole teaching of a school; and secondly, the main direction of education should be left in the hands of those who would be prompted to approach and handle it from a care for the immortal souls of the children.<sup>1</sup>

It has been maintained, in mitigation of the drift from then till now, that 'in all criticisms of what the church did or did not achieve the criterion must be a contemporary one and not an anachronistic one of today.'<sup>2</sup> But this is no sound defence unless it could be shown that the Church of England lacked collateral advice, and collateral backing, all through. On the contrary, the whole story of the struggle of the Catholic minority after the Emancipation Act of 1829 can be cited as a reinforcement of what Anglicans like F. D. Maurice were striving to preserve; and moreover this rearguard period, with the threats from Liberalism and Secularism so clearly stated, shows what even the later stages are not showing today—no less startling a thing than a common front (against the State) by the sundered denominations: Anglican, Catholic, Free Church. True, the bond of union was purely negative; none of the three parties gave up, meanwhile, a tittle of its criticism of what the other two stood for. But the historical fact attests that at that time the danger was seen already in mature terms to which the later development has added nothing essential.<sup>3</sup> Wilfrid Ward's two studies of his father's career, diagnosing the threat from Secularist-Liberalism before and after 1860, are a collection of writings that might have been written last night.<sup>4</sup>

It is only the foreground that has become sharpened. Given

<sup>1</sup> *Minutes of 1847*, reprinted in C. K. F. Brown, *The Church's Part in Education*, 1833-1941, pp. 153-6 (S.P.C.K., 1942).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 123.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. W. G. Addison: 'The one bond of union was the general claim to full freedom and equality' (*Religious Equality in England, 1714-1914*, S.P.C.K., 1944, p. 31).

<sup>4</sup> *W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement*; *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival* (Macmillan, 1889 and 1893).

the nineteenth-century cults of *laissez-faire* and harmony of interests, and their infiltration into English life so damningly laid bare in Canon Leeson's chapter on 'The Climate of Opinion and its Effect on Christian Education'; and given the course of tepid resistance actually pursued by the Church of England, that foreground has indeed become stark. The divorce figures in this country have increased 500 per cent since 1913; one child in six born today is illegitimate; one bride in four is pregnant before marriage; one out of every ten people in the towns has venereal disease; only fifteen people out of every hundred 'go to church', and for every four who went in 1920 only three go now; and the Archbishop of York's wartime inquiry into the religious knowledge possessed by school-leavers, like the military inquiry into that possessed by recruits, gave results simply appalling. All these phenomena hang together; and it is no defence of the lost battle of the schools to point out that we have had two World Wars.

### III

All the foregoing is the background and present context in which the late Headmaster of Winchester has published his Bampton Lectures of 1944. The book represents the most comprehensive analysis of Christian education in this country today that has yet appeared from an Anglican source. The Catholic reader will rise from his study of it enduringly impressed by the deep spirituality that marks its every page, and by the firm grounding in the basic principles for lack of which so much of contemporary discussion is at present futile. Let it be said at once, and with gratitude, that here is a clear, noble and uncompromising assertion of the Christian position, developed in the first three lectures and the fifth.

The *terminus a quo* is the point, established for Catholics in the Encyclical *Divini Illius Magistri* of 1929, and for the educational world in general in Sir John Adams' *Evolution of Educational Theory* in 1912, that there is no such thing as mere 'education': that educational practice presupposes educational theory, whether the theory is implicit or explicit. From this, Dr. Leeson glances at current nostrums of education for this and that (individuality, personality, citizenship), in order to lay bare how pitifully partial they are, and how misleading if considered as ends.

The want of purpose and direction that has been so deeply felt in English higher education . . . is born of confusion or indifference or timidity, and sometimes also a certain intellectual irresponsibility familiar in old days to the hearers of the sophists; till the war came, it was giving us a multitude of single-subject experts, and setting souls adrift on a wide sea without either chart or compass. . . . Development has no meaning except in relation to an end; and we are not told what the end is . . . [We have] an age in which the training of the mind for purposes unspecified is made an end in itself.

The Christian teacher thus has to make his way not so much against active opposition as against fog; against a prevailing inability to see 'this single issue, what is the central conviction that must inspire education now', without which the country cannot have, either in principle or in method, the necessary and 'absolute surefootedness and confidence'.

He cites Our Lord as pressing Christians on:

. . . not moving in narrow circles of the converted, and not losing ourselves in technicalities, but going out to the people and in a spirit of creative, daring enterprise using to the full the means of disseminating knowledge that modern resources have placed at our disposal for Christian propaganda—why should we be ashamed of the word?

The tradition he is proclaiming is on the defensive. 'Once that tradition loses hold, two alternatives only remain—anarchy within and without, or a State like Plato's.' But the tradition can be preserved only by reasserting uncompromisingly the origin, nature, duty and destiny of man—whereby 'our aim in education at once becomes clear, and the aim inspires the content and method'. The Christian teacher claims to have been given the truth; and 'what is true cannot alter in an altering world, though it will need continual re-interpretation as circumstances . . . alter round it.'

It is now no longer a silent, implied contrast between two ways of quiet thought, but an open struggle to the death between two absolute declared opposites.

For the cults of secular humanism have degraded the humanity they set out to serve, 'denying him any title in the eternal world and forbidding him to believe that he is free.' Secular humanism is fatally blind to the central fact of Sin, and its escapist way out, through 'social service', has landed it in a slave camp. We are



now reaping the whirlwind of those who sowed the notion that 'in the end all religions are as good as each other'. He quotes an Austrian priest as saying in 1935 that in England 'you live on a kind of spiritual capital on which you are drawing very extravagantly.'

The issue appears nowhere more succinctly, perhaps, than in the following deliberate passages:

This [Christian] faith, in the souls of those who hold it, is exclusive of all others—there is no room for compromise or modification, and an education founded on that faith must differ entirely in purpose from an education founded on another faith. . . . Although all sections may agree in including certain subjects in the curriculum, and in the arrangement of the day's routine, yet the spirit in which the subjects are taught will be different. . . . It may sound dogmatic. It is dogmatic, and is meant to be. . . . Secondary objectives will be all the better pursued because they will be pursued in the light of the primary objective. . . . It is the strongest of all the arguments for denominationalism in religious education that a Church is by her very nature a worshipping community, and a school attached to a church, in idea as well as in physical fact, can be an extension of that community, and the pervading presence of our Lord perhaps more intimately realized. . . . Unless there is that vision, there will either be another vision, or the school [will be] no more than an establishment for the teaching of individual subjects. . . . There will never be true Christian education in England until the Church—the society of all Christian believers—in the fullest and freest exercise of her teaching office, is once more able to inspire and guide the spiritual and intellectual life of a nation and bring it to God as the source of all illumination.<sup>1</sup>

No Catholic could want the matter put more crisply than that. And similarly when the author comes to treat of the fourfold partnership between family, school, Church and State: a problem which he characterizes as 'the climax of the whole matter'. It forms the burden of the seventh lecture.

The child belongs to God—he is committed to his parents—they have a responsibility they can never renounce—but it can be delegated—and in modern circumstances it must be—and where the parents default in their task the Church and the State have a duty to supply the default if necessary (in the interests of the child), though never to supplant the parents. Here Dr. Leeson pays tribute to the clause in the Education Act of 1944 which proclaims the rights of the parents. But he does not record

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 115-23, 129-34, 219.

how nearly that clause failed to find a place in the draft, though he does utter a warning that, in the choice of a secondary school, the parent can be frustrated by the local authority (unless of course the parent is rich enough to send the child to an independent school).

His reflections upon the State are less categorical. While he gives full historical value to the English resistance against the notion of State control, and is rightly unwilling to see as yet an overt threat of State monopoly under the new dispensation, he leaves unfinished the analysis of the question of State 'neutrality' in matters educational. The Catholic teaching is that ideally, the State must support Truth, and Truth's guardian, the Church: though pragmatically the arguments for the material toleration of error are allowed their force. Canon Leeson himself insists on the extreme difficulty of a State being in fact neutral. The absence of dogma, he says (and he might have said it with one eye on the Cowper-Temple clause), itself implies a dogma, viz. that religion is *not* fundamental to education. But at the administrative level—and it is a great merit of this book that it is rooted in the present detailed situation—we need to pursue the argument till it takes into account the actual solutions of this problem achieved in Eire and in Scotland and in Holland.<sup>1</sup>

In the background looms the danger, as the Liberal gospel works itself out to its inevitable end, of the State becoming a Leviathan, admitting no 'subordinate allegiances', directing all education in the attempt to preserve a static conception of society, in defiance of the truth that 'there is only one supra-personal entity in which we all become one with each other', namely the Church. 'Between the God-State and that great Church there is war eternal, unappeasable.' But he detects no symptoms of this in the 'cautious progress' of the English State in educational matters—'nothing has been done that ought not to have been done.' Nevertheless, it is the province of a theoretical survey of the fourfold partnership to delimit the field of action legitimate to the civil power. Canon Leeson's prescription here is threefold. It is for the State to renounce any intention of *educating*. (This is fully in line with the first of the Hierarchy's Seven Points of 1929.) Secondly, the State must be scrupulously

<sup>1</sup> Eire: 1937 *Constitution*, art. 42; and 1932 *National Schools Regulations*, art. 30. Holland: P. A. Diels, in *Columbia Yearbook of Education* for 1932. Scotland: Concordat in 1918 Act.

fair to all religious convictions. Thirdly, it must promote good religious teaching, since it is interested in seeing that *all* teaching shall be good.

As to the teachers themselves, the fourth of the *quadrumvirate*, we have their lofty office set forth (again) in terms that the Catholic reader associates with what he says about teachers himself. 'Until a teacher has determined the purpose and end of his work, he cannot with any clearness plan the content and method.' He must have 'some central certainty in which his whole being is anchored.' Without this, we can give our pupils 'no sense of direction, nor can we help them attain it for themselves.' No real teacher, in short, can 'be neutral on the highest issues; he may seek to state other points of view fairly, but when he has done that, his own convictions will break out of him.' The relation of teacher to pupil is 'before all things pastoral, and the pastoral office is not confined to the teaching of single subjects, or even to teaching at all in the narrow sense of that word.'

At each point, then, the author's argument builds up inexorably to the fundamental assertion that lies beneath the Catholic's use of the word 'atmosphere'. Argued from the nature of education itself, there is no such thing as 'neutral' education. Argued from the primacy of the family and the nature of delegated authority, there is the fourfold partnership with its reciprocal rights and duties. Argued from the *Herrenfolk* conception of the free, Hellenistic Greeks, in the third lecture, which deals with Plato, there is a theoretical refutation of the State's claim itself to educate, and a practical refutation of it in terms of what Nazism and Marxism have actually done. All depends on the constant fellowship, throughout the whole of school life, between the four partners; and on the constant contact of believing child with believing teacher. On that basis Canon Leeson subscribes expressly to the case for the denominational school.

I believe myself that the case for the building, as well as the maintenance, of denominational schools at the public expense, where there is a sufficient demand for them, is impregnable; and I hope it may ultimately prevail.

He devotes to the Catholic case a section characterized by the utmost balance, objectivity and clarity: the kind of exposition that might indeed have been penned by a Catholic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pages 149ff., 179ff., and pp. 74, 75, 77, 212.

So uncompromising is all this, that one wonders in advance what is to happen in the lecture entitled 'The Future of Christian Education, a Suggested Programme for the Church of England.' For, in the light of the Anglican record and rearguard action since 1800, it seems he will have to do one of two things: either to reverse the engines and plan a veritable D-Day, or run away from his argument. He does the latter.

#### IV

It is not that he sets too much store on the Protestant idea of a 'common Christian faith': though indeed he does this, to the extent of suggesting that if the warring Protestant-Catholic bodies of the last 400 years had realized that their strife was threatening 'to drive their common Christian faith out of the schools', they might have composed a good deal of their dissension. That is not a profound judgement, if one bears in mind that, allies or no allies, even to the point of local extermination, the Catholic Church can in no way give ground on the fundamentals of its educational policy, nor dabble in the treacherous waters of theological 'common Christianity'.

Nor is it that the author, being an Anglican, sees the principle of Authority differently from a Catholic. This also is true. Where he takes his stand upon Authority it is in terms that are impeccable from a Catholic standpoint until their content is inquired into. For example, 'Heaven and earth were one, authority was one and singly derived, the purpose of human life was one and the way to achieve it was one.' That answers all the questions by begging them all.

Our dismay at the latter part of the book lies elsewhere. In a nutshell it is this: that a survey which had seemed to be building up to the full denominational claims, and which indeed asserts them, should then abandon them; that, having chided the denominations for not pooling their fighting resources in the past, he acquiesces in an Anglican policy that will continue to relinquish the resources the Establishment still has—and all this in spite of the masterly warning of the Liberal-Secularist attack contained in the lecture on the 'climate' of today. This is indeed an abdication.

Even the careful legislation passed since the onset of that

climate has worked more against the denominations than in their favour, as he recognizes on occasion. The Cowper-Temple clause was the cornerstone of religious freedom, but it was more still the cornerstone of infidelity. The Church, he says, 'must be free to teach them what she believes to be the truth about them and Christ and God; an equal freedom being conceded, of course, to those of a different belief.' But 'up to now the whole emphasis has been on the freedom of parents *not* to have their children taught the faith.' So much so, that it is rash as yet to bank too much, as our author does, on the daily act of worship in all schools as demanded by the Act of 1944. The clause itself does not state Whom or what is to be worshipped. To say that 'Parliament has declared by and through this requirement the will of the nation that it shall be a Christian nation' (p. 194) is surely to go too far. Nor is there complete reassurance in the reminder (p. 191) that the Ministry of Education is 'never likely' to 'prepare a national syllabus of Christian instruction'; for among the vastly extended powers given to the Minister by the Act is the power, where there is local deadlock on the question of an Agreed Syllabus, to prescribe one himself (after consultation) and impose it.<sup>1</sup> That could be the beginning of a process that could end anywhere.

On close inspection, the sheet-anchors which ensure the future safety of Anglican Christianity in the publicly-owned schools of this country turn out to be weaker than Anglican publicists hitherto had let us believe. Those sheet-anchors are: the Agreed Syllabuses, and Christian teachers for Christian instruction.

As regards the Agreed Syllabuses, Canon Leeson insists that 'we are not entitled, either in the secret places of our souls, or in our open teaching, to keep back essential elements in His Gospel'; and from this we must assume that what he calls the 'central dogmas' of the faith (making a distinction of course untenable by a Catholic) will figure in all Agreed Syllabuses. He goes so far as to say that an Agreed Syllabus could 'never be accepted by' the Establishment as 'equivalent in value to its own teaching'. But this leads on to the warning, which he himself gives elsewhere, that while 'no syllabus can ever be a substitute for the Bible and the liturgy', yet 'they may become so, unless they are used as introductory to, and explanatory of, the Bible.'

<sup>1</sup> Schedule Five, cl. 10-12.



It would seem, then, that more than ever depends on the teachers who are to administer these syllabuses; and on their doctrinal and spiritual qualifications. At one point Canon Leeson goes so far as to contemplate with approval that some of 'the best teachers . . . dislike the idea of an agreed syllabus. . . . They have worked out their own methods. . . . An agreed syllabus may be welcome as a guide . . . but where first-rate work is already being done by men and women who are lifelong students of the subject and of the right way to teach it, it would be unwise and impertinent to require . . .', etc. There is to be nothing sacrosanct or obligatory, then, about an Agreed Syllabus. Yet in the same argument he can warn himself of the number of Divinity courses taught by persons who had no assurance in it; of the younger teachers of sixth-forms who were themselves 'true children of their age'; and of the reduction of religion, even by its enthusiasts, to the synoptic problem. Most remarkable of all, having stressed the point about believing teacher and believing children, he can nevertheless say 'I would not myself go so far as to say he must be a believer himself, though I hope he would be; this may seem at first sight paradoxical. . . .' It does indeed. There is no future in it.

Similarly with his reflections on the steady drift which has been the recent background of this unhappy business. He rightly deplores the paucity of Christians among the teachers volunteering to teach Divinity. He deplores the fact that so many homes are failing to do their share. And in the very rigidity of the statutory requirement about a daily act of worship in schools he sees dilemmas which 'no formula will extricate us from'. The Catholic reading these complaints will sympathize most feelingly with those who utter them. But the Catholic will also insist that the root cause is the original selling of the pass for this collection of sheet-anchors in an open sea, when the rash journey was first undertaken. Especially so, since Canon Leeson looks for help, in default of help from the homes, to the Bible Class and the Sunday schools; for the day schools are being lost. 'I do not seek to assign blame,' he says; 'we are all under the same condemnation.' But that is not so. There are two protagonists in this country that are not to blame; for they have been consistent throughout, and at a great cost. They are, ironically enough, the Catholics and the Marxists.

It is in this context that the author's own effort to arrive at

some sort of stabilization and security, by means of a formulated statement of the crux of Christian belief, becomes so sombre an augury. The Catholic will say that these agreed statements of the fundamentals of Christianity lose in content as they increase in number. The last one was that sponsored by the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. William Temple) and the then Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council (Dr. John Whale) in *The Times* on January 8, 1943. Canon Leeson's own statement occupies the fourth Appendix to his book, prefaced by the words quoted at the opening of this article. The Catholic reader will find it hard to agree with him that the series of statements of which this is the latest have tried to 'cover all those articles of faith that all Christians would accept', even if the term Christians meant only Protestant Christians. There is infinite pathos, too, in the hope expressed towards the end, that 'the great majority of Christians in all denominations would accept the general drift and intention of what is here stated'; and that 'it will be seen how wide is the area over which a common belief prevails.' For a 'general drift' is precisely what lies at the root of the unhappiness of this post-Christian age; and depth matters more than area, to such an extent that more than once already the area of the Church has had to be deliberately restricted—to the Catacombs.

The author's programme for the Church of England, it must be said, comes with something of a shock. He had led us to the climax of a 'war with paganism':

In that war there is no reconciliation or peace, and for that war we must reserve the fullness of our fighting strength.

Agreed Syllabuses that are not sacrosanct; teachers who are to be good craftsmen first and believers only second; Sunday schools in default of denominational day schools; and yet one more minimum statement of those parts of Christian doctrine which (as yet) have not been jettisoned. It is surely a terrifying outlook.

There are, of course, reasons for the retreat. They can be marshalled from various parts of the book and consolidated—into the practical argument that at the present time no more could be done.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 75, 151-2, 180, 205, 214.

At every point the ideal has to be adjusted to what is practicable in the present condition of opinion and feeling. . . .

If the Churches could settle their differences with each other and with other interested parties by agreement, then Parliament would be asked to legalize the settlement; otherwise, warned by many disasters, the State would leave the Churches and the schools to themselves. . . .

Our nation, labouring under the stress of a searching and terrible judgement, is coming to see that there is no guarantee for the health or permanence of any civilization that is not Christian . . . but the motive behind it is concern for the future of her way of life, rather than the love of God. . . . The nation rests its hopes on an interdenominational presentation, permitting pockets of denominationalism to survive. . . . This, or something like this, I believe to be the background against which the Church of England must set her own policy. . . . This makes it impossible for our Church to follow the Roman principle in its simplicity. . . .

It is therefore beside the mark, at this or any other time, to say about Christian education that the Ministry ought to do this or that. The Ministry will act when the public show that they wish them to act.

But this last remark could have been made a bridge across which to lead the argument into practical, future steps towards recovering the ground that has been lost. The Catholic body in this country undoubtedly agrees with Canon Leeson that our joint duty lies, at this moment, in loyally accepting the compromise of the 1944 Act. But for the future, until the next Education Bill, the wisdom of the Catholic apostolate is going to lie in trying to win, what was lacking before, a public opinion that (a) understands the importance of the religious atmosphere and the fourfold partnership, (b) recognizes that there is no fundamental obstacle to accommodating the twin principles of administrative unity and religious dualism—as in Scotland and Holland, and (c) is prepared to consider their detailed application to England and Wales in the name of the rights of parents and the freedom of minorities. There at least is a policy of consolidation. There is an example of learning from the past. There, too, is a programme which attends to this nightmare question of the 'climate of opinion' at its most immediately relevant points. But there is nothing of this in the programme here offered to the Church of England: any more than in the Report, *Towards the Conversion of England*, made to the Church Assembly in 1945 by its Evangelism Commission.

As time passes, more and more people, Christian and non-Christian, are wondering whether, on present lines, Anglicanism can ultimately preserve any test of itself but a purely subjective and incommunicable test—a man's mere assertion that he *is* an Anglican. Some Anglicans even adopt that view, and justify it in the name of toleration. The converse is the view that rests on an abstract and guaranteed body of ultimate Truth, and accordingly insists on certain minimum conditions of freedom for that Truth to propagate itself. These two views are of course mutually exclusive. The pity of Canon Leeson's *Christian Education* is not that he even countenances the first view, but that his minimum conditions are fatally too low. It is the most important Anglican contribution to the subject for many years. But those Catholics who have cited the historical example of the decline of Anglicanism, as one of the points in their own argument for standing firm, will find here no cause to retract.

# THE END OF THE GHETTO

## The Story of Jewish Emancipation

By HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

IT is related of a Jewish *gourmet* that he once conceived the notion of having a roast peacock clad in its gorgeous plumage served up at his table, but that, when about to partake of this unusual repast, his conscience was assailed by a scruple lest the bird might be one of those regarded by the Law as unclean. To set his mind at rest he had decided to give the peacock to a Christian neighbour, when his rabbi told him that such a course was needless. 'There are two opinions,' said this master in Israel. 'There is my opinion that the peacock is unclean and there is the opinion of my father that it is clean. You may not eat it; because I am your rabbi and you must follow my opinion. But I may eat it, because it is lawful for anyone to follow the opinion of his father.' The elder Disraeli who tells this story in his little-known book *The Genius of Judaism* says that the Catholic casuist with his *salvo* and his *distinguo* is the lineal offspring of the rabbis. The rôle of the Talmud in the formation of Jewish youth before the educational reforms resulting from the Mendelssohn movement may have had the effect of rendering it somewhat joyless; for the interest of young Jews in athletics is of modern growth. But the sharpening of the wits by casuistical exercises has promoted that development of the powers of the mind which not only helped the Jew to acquire his pre-eminence in commerce but enabled him, when emancipation came, without losing his position in trade, to achieve successes in the professions of journalism and the law which gave him an influence out of proportion to his numbers.

The embassy sent to Rome by Judas Maccabaeus which resulted in an alliance later renewed by his brothers, Jonathan and Simon, marks the entrance of the Jew into the history of Europe. Rome's direct intervention in Jewish affairs came only in the following century when the legions trod the soil of Judaea and Pompey violated the Holy of Holies, an impiety to which the



Jews attributed his defeat and death. But in the display of public grief after the murder of Caesar none were more conspicuous than the Jews of Rome, who mourned a benefactor of their nation.<sup>1</sup> To the Roman the Jew, with his religious exclusiveness, was a puzzle. To the Jew it seemed intolerable that his nation, specially favoured by God, should be under the rule of a foreigner. Yet despite the disastrous defeats inflicted on them by Vespasian and by Hadrian, the Jews enjoyed many privileges in the Roman Empire, and when it became Christian, felt that a change for the worse had come about, since their religion now brought new disadvantages to them. The propagation of Mohammedanism, a system incorporating much that was Jewish, brought, despite the persecuting edicts of Omar II, a sense of relief and Judaism underwent a cultural renaissance in Mohammedan lands. In the West this phase was terminated by the re-establishment of Christian rule throughout the Iberian peninsula with the expulsions and conversions made under pressure which accompanied it. Islam recouped itself for its losses in South-western Europe by over-running the South-east, and the Turkish Empire became for Spanish and Portuguese Jewry a haven of refuge. The Jews never forgot the asylum which they had found in the Sultan's dominions, and continued down to the nineteenth century to regard Turkey with grateful feelings. Jewish political influence in the Ottoman Empire reached its height under Suleiman the Magnificent and Selim II, coinciding with the zenith of Ottoman power, and was continued during the reigns of Murad III, Mohammed III and Ahmed I, through the presence of Jewish women in the Imperial harem.

But symptoms of decay were now manifesting themselves in the Ottoman body politic and the eyes of the Jews turned to the trading Protestant commonwealths of Western Europe. Although Luther had in his later years bitterly attacked them, the Reformation had been not without its advantage for the Jews, since, by dividing Christians, it had made it less likely that they would unite for the purpose of resisting an increase of their influence in the affairs of Europe. Jews and Protestants felt that they had a common enemy in the King of Spain, and William of Orange sent an envoy to Joseph Nasi, the Sultan's Jewish adviser, entreating him to persuade his master to declare war against Philip II, a step which would necessitate the withdrawal of Spanish troops

<sup>1</sup> Suetonius, *Divus Julius*, 84.

from the Netherlands. When the United Provinces obtained their independence, Jews from the Iberian Peninsula who had under governmental pressure yielded so far as to make outward profession of Catholicism—Marranos, as they were called—flowed into Holland, finding there a haven in the Occident as Turkey had been in the Orient. Commercial relations between the Netherlands and the Mohammedan states of North Africa assisted the settlement. In 1591 a Jew named Pallaiche arrived in Holland as Moroccan Consul. He promised that if the Marranos were allowed to settle in the country they would assist it by developing its trade. There was some opposition to the settlement of non-Christians in the Netherlands on the part of the Protestant clergy, but it seems that common animosity towards Spain overcame it. The promise that Holland's commercial prosperity would be increased by the admission of Jews was not falsified, and in one memorable year the Dutch East India Company yielded a dividend of 75 per cent. The freedom enjoyed by their brethren in the Netherlands made Amsterdam appear like a New Jerusalem to the crypto-Jews of Portugal, who would secretly keep the Passover with unleavened bread smuggled into the country from Holland. Other rulers, Catholic as well as Protestant, now desired to utilize the commercial talent of the Jews. Christian IV invited them to make a settlement in Denmark, the Duke of Savoy in Nice, the Duke of Modena in Reggio and the Grand Duke of Tuscany in Leghorn.<sup>1</sup>

But of all the Western countries, England was the one towards which the Jews came to feel most drawn. It was until recently believed that after the downfall of mediaeval English Jewry in 1290 there were no Jews in England until the time of Cromwell. The researches of the late Mr. Lucien Wolf have, however, now shown that Marranos were settled in this country in the sixteenth century. They continued for several generations to make profession of Christianity, hearing mass in the chapels of the Spanish and Portuguese Embassies. It is considered probable that there was a secret synagogue in London in the reign of Elizabeth, and many of the Marranos, when it became safe to do so, reverted openly to Jewish practices. The Queen herself was not indifferent

<sup>1</sup> Not every Christian ruler welcomed Jewish immigrants. When in the following century it was proposed to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia that the settlement of Jews in her dominions should be encouraged on account of the commercial advantages to be derived therefrom, she said, 'I will not derive any profit from the enemies of Christ.'

to the newcomers, and appeared in public with Maria Nuñez, a beautiful Jewess, who had been captured by an English ship on the way from Portugal to Holland.

In Chaucer's England the Jew had been associated with 'foule usure and lucre of vilanye' and in the literature of the Elizabethan age Shylock and Marlowe's Barabbas do not suggest a strong philo-semitism among men of letters. But the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts saw the growth, not only of the Judaized form of Christianity which we call Puritanism, but even cases of actual proselytism to the synagogue on the part of Englishmen who had gone abroad. Scholarly intercourse between non-Jews and Jews softened down ancient asperities, and Bacon in his *New Atlantis* drops a tactful hint to the Jews by saying that their compatriots in that fabled land, unlike those of other countries, were not actuated by feelings of hostility towards those not of their own blood. When Puritanism temporarily took the place of Anglicanism as the official religion of England, Jews from Holland obtained a limited right of settlement in this country. Had they at first obtained more, a reaction might have followed. Even as it was the downfall of the Commonwealth could have had unwelcome consequences. But Dutch Jews met Charles II at Bruges on the eve of the Restoration and forestalled possible unfriendliness on his part towards them. The new king soon after knighted a baptized Jew who thereby became Sir Augustin Coronel.<sup>1</sup> The City of London felt at first some jealousy of the Jews, fearing them as rivals in trade, but later became reconciled to their advent on perceiving the value of their advice. The new arrivals for their part seemed to forget their cares and the spirit of merry-making infected the synagogue itself, where Pepys on visiting it noted 'disorder, laughing, sporting and no attention' (*Diaries* [ed. 1893], iii, 303).

Jewish interests in non-Jewish communities were not confined to the promotion of trading operations. The broad political issues of the day likewise engaged attention. The Jews naturally worked in the countries in which they found themselves, to promote the interests of persons or parties believed to be favourable to them, and in the wider field of international politics gave their support to countries friendly to them against those in which they had met with harsh treatment. They gave their backing to

<sup>1</sup> The first unbaptized Jew to receive a knighthood was Sir Moses Montefiore knighted by Queen Victoria when Sheriff of the City of London.

Holland against Portugal and to Britain first against Spain, and later against France. Towards the end of the seventeenth century we find them working to counteract the ascendancy of Louis XIV as a hundred years earlier they had worked against that of Philip II. Jewish diplomatic agents, not of course in official capacities, were instrumental in bringing about the 'Grand Alliance' against the French king. This increase in political influence coexisted for long with a high degree of social isolation. Spinoza attributes the aversion felt towards the Jews to dislike of their law and especially to repugnance to the rite of circumcision. But fidelity to the Law, if it created a barrier to social intercourse with their neighbours, served to keep intact the national identity of the Jews. Of the law which prohibited them from eating meat not killed or prepared in their own way Addison remarks that while it shut them out 'from all table conversation and the most agreeable intercourses of life', it by consequence excluded them also from the most probable means of conversion. But the Law did not forbid to Jews every kind of social intercourse with Gentiles. In England they played cards with clergymen of the Established Church, and in Germany the friendship between Moses Mendelssohn and Lessing began over the chessboard.

Though the eighteenth century had well-nigh run its course before the Emancipation of European Jewry began, the growth of a temper of mind of which it was the logical outcome is observable at its beginning. In England Deism was spreading among the educated laity and Antitrinitarianism was making avowed or unavowed converts among ministers of religion. With the decay of belief in dogmatic Christianity, Judaism and even Mohammedanism came to be looked on in a more favourable light, the publication of Sale's translation of the Koran being the most significant symptom of the new interest taken in the latter. The development of this atmosphere might have led to the Emancipation of English Jewry, had it not been for popular suspicion of the newcomers.

The Jewish community in England, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, was numerically small. Tovey in his *Anglia Judaica* (1738) reckons it at not more than 6,000. Its composition had changed since the time of Charles II, when it had been recruited exclusively from the South European or Sephardic Jews. About 1692 there began to arrive Ashkenazic Jews from Germany who had their own synagogue, distinct from that of the

Spanish and Portuguese Jews, at first in Broad Court, Mitre Square, and later in Duke's Place. One of these immigrants, Moses Hart,<sup>1</sup> a native of Breslau and builder of the Duke's Place Synagogue, was, on account of his financial knowledge, employed in an official capacity by Lord Godolphin, when Lord High Treasurer, and a curious story is related by Joseph Spence, the anecdotist, that the Jews approached the minister with a view to purchasing the town of Brentford for £500,000 with leave for full trading privileges.<sup>2</sup> Though the centre of Jewish life in eighteenth-century England was the City of London, Jews were to be found in small numbers, not only in the seaports, but in some of the inland towns. The itinerant Jewish pedlar was becoming a familiar sight in the English village. At Birmingham he would leave the town on Monday with a box containing hardware and cheap jewellery, pass the week in the countryside, returning on Friday so as to keep the Sabbath. But the English rustic was conservative and suspicious of strangers, and it was only in London that there existed any substantial body of opinion which could be termed philo-semitic.

In the metropolis the Jew had his powerful friends. There was no section of the population on whose goodwill the first two Georges could put greater reliance than the Jewish community, and in early Hanoverian times to the Jew living in the ghetto of a German or an Italian town his brother in London must have appeared as a dweller on another planet. George II, when Prince of Wales, paid the Jews the unheard-of compliment of attending the marriage of a member of their community. They for their part rendered services to the Hanoverian throne. When Queen Caroline needed jewels for her coronation, those of Queen Anne having been dispersed, Jews were able to supply them on loan. But in a graver situation the House of Brunswick was to find in the Jewish community a tower of strength. In the panic engendered by the Jacobite advance to Derby in 1745 the support given to the Government by the Jewish financier, Samson Gideon, averted a crisis. Gideon not only came to the rescue with the offer of a loan of £1,700,000, but undertook to buy up all banknotes at par. For the whole Jewish community,

<sup>1</sup> Moses's brother, Rabbi Aaron Hart, was the author of the first Hebrew book to be printed in England. His majestic white beard, so out of keeping with the tonsorial fashions of the day, must have rendered him in his old age one of the most striking figures in Georgian London.

<sup>2</sup> Spence, *Anecdotes* (1820), p. 77.



mindful of the fate which had overtaken the Jews of Spain and Portugal at the hands of Catholic sovereigns, was filled with dread at the thought of seeing a Catholic once more on the throne of England. The government for its part, after the help it had received during the panic, began to give consideration to the question of granting British nationality to Jews. Britain, it was urged, by becoming the first Christian country to enfranchise them, would materially improve her international position, since the Jews of other countries would regard her with especial goodwill.

Among the factors tending to produce in London society an atmosphere favourable to emancipation were the performances of Handel's oratorios, of which the themes of so many were derived from Jewish history. When *Judas Maccabaeus* was performed in 1747 after the composer had had several bad seasons, Jewish patronage procured him a successful one.

In 1753 Pelham presented to Parliament a Bill which made it possible for an unbaptized Jew to acquire the status of a British subject. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Herring, was well disposed towards the Jews, and the Lords Spiritual, from whom most opposition might have been antecedently expected, proved acquiescent. Some laymen opposed the measure on the ground that it would lead to the purchase by unbelievers of advowsons to livings to the detriment of the Christian religion. But the Bill passed both Houses and received the royal assent. The legislators had, however, miscalculated the temper of the nation. An outcry arose that the country was being given over to foreign usurers and it was asserted that the Jews, if emancipated, would one day choose the nation's rulers. There was an increase in the demand for pork fare, and English patriotism became identified with Christianity. Aldermen, says Horace Walpole, got drunk to testify to their faith in Christ as once to testify to their Jacobitism, while ladies had trinkets made in the shape of crosses. But it was against the bishops, charged with treachery to the religion of which they were ministers, that popular wrath waxed fiercest, and against no member of the bench was it kindled so strongly as against Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and an ardent supporter of the hated measure. When Hayter visited Ipswich a mob of boys pursued him through the streets derisively calling on him to come and make them Jews. The ministry had no alternative but to

capitulate, and on the first day of the new session Pelham's brother, the Duke of Newcastle, introduced a measure of repeal which speedily became law. But for those loosely attached to the practices of Judaism, baptism remained as a portal to the privileges which Pelham's 'Jew Bill' had essayed to confer. Gideon himself, after the failure of his efforts to procure emancipation, took a middle course. While continuing to subscribe secretly to the funds of the synagogue, he sent his son to Eton to be brought up a Christian. When still at school young Gideon had a baronetcy conferred on him, probably a unique experience for a schoolboy. On growing up he took the name of Eardley and received a barony in the peerage of Ireland.

In the end it was to be France, not England, which was to be the first country to grant full citizenship to the Jew. For notwithstanding the advantages enjoyed by the Jewish communities in England and Holland, the laws of these countries continued to deny to non-Christians a position of equality with believers in Christianity. The diffusion of the spirit of scepticism which passed under the name of the 'Enlightenment' familiarized men's minds with the idea that it was barbarous to penalize persons for their religious beliefs. But the application of its principles was not always without vexation for conservative Jews. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin interfered with their burial customs, alleging that these might lead to premature interment. But in general Jews benefited from the 'Enlightenment'. The Emperor Joseph II was distinguished among the sovereigns of his day for his tolerant attitude towards them. He exempted them from the necessity of wearing beards, permitted them to go out on Sunday mornings and to frequent the public pleasure resorts. Joseph further opened the universities to the Jews and exempted them from the special tax they had hitherto paid, but he stopped short of admitting them to full citizenship. This was to be the work of the French Revolution.

Except in Alsace the number of Jews in France in the eighteenth century was not large. In Paris it has been computed that there were not more than 500 when the Revolution broke out. The Alsatian Jews belonged to the East European or Ashkenazi branch of the race, the chief centres of Sephardic Jewry being Avignon and Bordeaux. The Jews of Avignon were of course subjects of the Holy See. The Jews of Bordeaux were mainly the descendants of 'New Christians' from Spain and Portugal, who,

having given under pressure a nominal adhesion to Christianity, had settled in France and reverted to the open practice of Judaism when circumstances permitted. The Jews of Iberian origin looked with aristocratic disdain on the Jews of Alsace. With the French monarchy the Jews did not succeed in establishing relations as friendly as with the House of Hanover, though when Maria Leszczyńska passed through Metz on her way from Poland to marry Louis XV the deputies of the synagogue who were admitted to her presence offered her an ancient goblet, and compared her to Esther, Judith and the Queen of Sheba.

The long reign of Louis XV passed without seeing the emancipation of the Jews, though not without an attempt to procure a new decree for their expulsion. Louis XVI's minister, Malesherbes, abolished some of the restrictions under which they lay, but did not venture to advocate their enfranchisement. When the Revolution began emancipation found its chief advocates in Mirabeau, the Abbé Grégoire and the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, but it was not until September 1791, a few days before the Constituent Assembly came to an end, that French law ceased to recognize a distinction between Jew and Christian. An animated debate preceded the change. The Abbé Maury asserted that the Jews were not a group within the French nation but formed a nation of their own, to which Clermont-Tonnerre replied that they formed a religious group and were therefore entitled to citizenship. What came to be called the 'clerical' party maintained the view that the Jews should be treated as human beings, but not as the equals of Christians, while the Bishop of Nancy, de Lafarre, declared that if the Jews were accorded the right of citizenship it would kindle a conflagration against them. His plea was in vain. For on 28 September citizenship was granted to the Jews of France. In 1796 the Constituent Assembly of the allied Republic of Batavia, after having debated the question whether the Jews were a nation, followed suit by conferring citizenship on them. But the Jews of Holland did not receive this privilege with the same jubilation as their brethren in France, since the autonomy which their community had possessed was destroyed through their legal assimilation to the rest of the nation.<sup>1</sup>

Though full emancipation came to the Jews of France nearly seventy years earlier than to those of England, Max Nordau

<sup>1</sup> *Judaism as a Religion*, by Solomon Zeitlin, *Jewish Quarterly Review*, July 1944, pp. 85-116.

declared that emancipation in France had the lesser significance. In enfranchising the Jew the men of the French Revolution, he said, were merely acting in obedience to a cold logical principle, but the English were inspired by feelings of goodwill towards him. When the Republic gave place to the Empire, signs appeared that emancipation had been conceded in obedience to the dictates of the head, rather than of the heart. Napoleon complained that the Jews of Alsace were charging exorbitant rates of interest and that in France they were evading conscription. Desiring to break down their particularism and absorb them fully into the French nation, he summoned an assembly of Jewish notables from those parts of the continent under his control and put certain questions to them, receiving deferential answers. The Emperor then convened a Grand Sanhedrin presided over by Rabbi David Sinzheim of Strasbourg, with Cologna, Rabbi of Mantua and Segré, Rabbi of Vercelli, as assessors, to give religious sanction to the decrees of the Assembly. But except in France and Italy its authority was unrecognized, and the greater part of the Jewish world was coming to feel that its interests were bound up rather with the hopes of a British victory than of a French one. The year 1809 marked the turning-point. For on the one hand it saw the Jews of France enter the secret societies which were plotting against Napoleon, and on the other the drawing tighter of the bonds between the government of Great Britain and the Jewish community, symbolized by the visit paid to the synagogue, one Sabbath eve, by the sons of George III in the company of the banker, Abraham Goldsmid.

Yet the fall of Napoleon was not without its danger to the Jews, and in the period following the Congress of Vienna those in Germany lost most of the rights they had acquired as a result of the French Revolution. But more active hostility towards them manifested itself, especially in the Free Cities. In 1818 the Senate of Lübeck revived an ordinance of 1788 prohibiting 'Jewish strangers' from carrying on trade within the jurisdiction of the City and in the following year anti-Jewish riots occurred in Hamburg, Frankfurt, Würzburg and elsewhere. The governments of the larger German states which had benefited by the fall of Napoleon took action in support of the Jews. Prussia and Austria threatened with occupation the towns in which outrages against them had taken place. The King of Bavaria and the Grand Duke of Baden also took measures for their protection.

The Jews, moreover, had their friends among the non-Jewish population, especially in the cultivated classes, and at Heidelberg the students armed themselves and rushed to their support in a riot which the magistrates were accused of not having attempted to suppress.

In France under the Restoration the main opposition to the growth of Jewish influence came from the 'clerical' party. Already under the Empire the Catholic philosopher, de Bonald, had protested against the enfranchisement of the Jews, declaring that they were a nation of swindlers. But the Revolution of 1830 removed all peril of disfranchisement and led even to the placing of the Jewish religion on a footing of equality with the Catholic. The Jews cherished grateful memories of this event, and when Thackeray was in Paris, in 1839, during the celebration of the anniversary of 'the days of July', in the churches he saw only 'little *catafalques*, as for burials of the third and fourth class', but found the synagogue of the Israelites 'entirely hung with black' and a service performed with the greatest pomp.

Despite the hopes aroused by the Revolution of 1848, emancipation did not come to the Austrian Jews until 1868 and to those of Prussia until the following year. In the latter country the view was expressed in certain quarters that enfranchisement should be coupled with a renunciation of their particularism on the part of the Jews, but in the end it was conceded unconditionally. In Italy the *Risorgimento* brought emancipation inevitably in its train and with it there passed away the centuries-old Roman ghetto. Moved to indignation by Pius IX's action in having the Jewish boy, Edgar Mortara, brought up a Christian, Jewry watched with sympathy the development of Cavour's policy and rejoiced at the crumbling away of the Temporal Power.<sup>1</sup>

In Great Britain emancipation was almost accomplished in practice before it was in theory. Like similar changes, it came gradually. At the beginning of the last century the number of Jewish brokers allowed on the Stock Exchange was limited to twelve. No Jew might be a mayor or a town councillor, though by a curious anomaly one could be a sheriff. To take the oath required of a Member of Parliament involved a repudiation of the Jewish Faith. When Baron Lionel de Rothschild was elected for the City of London and Mr. David Salomons for Greenwich

<sup>1</sup> During the most critical phase in the *Risorgimento* Cavour had a Jewish secretary, Isacco Artom, later the first Jewish senator of United Italy.



they were unable to take their seats. Opinion was sharply divided on the Jewish question. The House of Commons was more favourable to emancipation than was the House of Lords. The Anglican bishops, who in the middle of the eighteenth century had warmly espoused the cause of the Jews, a century later were among the strongest opponents of admitting them to Parliament. The Evangelicals were not in agreement among themselves. High Churchmen opposed the innovation as something derogatory to the Christian character of the state, but it had advocates among Catholics. It was not until 1858 that the law was amended in such a way as to allow a professing Jew to enter the House of Commons. Rothschild now took his seat, though so far as is recorded never once spoke in the assembly, to become a member of which he had taken such pains. He seems to have valued his membership of the House of Commons as something gained for those of his blood and faith rather than as the fulfilment of a personal ambition. When, however, Mr. Gladstone recommended him for a peerage the Queen demurred, not easily reconciling herself to seeing a non-Christian enter the House of Lords, though in later years she consented to confer a peerage on Lionel de Rothschild's son, Nathan. The first unbaptized Jew to become a minister of the Crown was Sir George Jessel, Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's first government. This appointment and Nathan de Rothschild's entrance into the Upper House may be said to have set the seal on Jewish emancipation in England, though even now it is questioned whether a Jew can be Lord Chancellor.<sup>1</sup>

In Eastern Europe the Jew was less successful in obtaining a status of equality with the non-Jew. Roumania, required by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 to enfranchise the Jews as one of the conditions of her independence, omitted to carry out this measure until forced to do so by the Germans in the treaty of peace imposed on her in 1918. The abolition of discriminating laws against the Jews in Russia was advocated by liberals such as Prince Demidov-San-Donato, but without success, and the nineteenth century closed with Russian Jewry unemancipated. Nor did the Duma carry out this work, which was delayed until the Revolution.

In the countries of Western and Central Europe emancipation was followed by a considerable degree of assimilation of Jews to the non-Jewish population, and a decline of nationalism. In the

<sup>1</sup> Farrer Herschell, Lord Chancellor in 1886 and again in 1892-95, the son of a converted Jew, was a member of the Church of England.

synagogue, movements of reform manifested themselves, that in England being probably not uninfluenced by the Oxford Movement and the secession of ministers from the Scottish Kirk in 1843.

Aspirations after a national restoration grew weaker. The year 1791, which witnessed the beginnings of emancipation in Europe, saw also the death of the Podolian Jew, Jacob Frank, last of the greater messianic pretenders. Even the messianic hope came to assume a more impersonal character, expressing itself in belief in an ultimate pre-eminence of Israel among the nations. There were those who believed that complete absorption of the Jewish into the non-Jewish population was but a matter of time, and that Judaism, if it was to survive, would survive only as a religious creed. To this Max Nordau replied that all religion was about to disappear, and that unless Judaism survived as a nation it too would cease to exist. The revival of Jewish nationalism in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, to which allusion will later be made, was in the event stimulated by the anti-semitism which broke out, both in Russia where the Jew was unemancipated and in the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires in which he enjoyed full civic rights. The movement found an echo in this country when the historian Goldwin Smith denounced the 'tribalism' of the Jews, and Lord Beaconsfield was accused of showing too great deference to Jewish interests in his foreign policy. The demand for further restrictions on Jewish activities in the countries in which they were emancipated was made sometimes on racial grounds, as when they were accused of seeking to substitute a 'German-Jewish civilization' for a Teutonic one, but sometimes also on religious grounds. Calls for a defence of German civilization against the growth of Jewish influence were made both by Pan-Germans, such as Georg von Schönerer, and by Christian Socialists such as the Court chaplain, Adolf Stöcker.

In France and Italy demands for restrictive laws against the growth of Jewish influence came from the 'clericals'. There had been strong Jewish support for the agitation against the Temporal Power, for the *Kulturkampf* and for the 'lay' laws in France. In 1898 the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the organ of the Roman Jesuits, published an article entitled 'Il Caso di Alfredo Dreyfus'. The French Catholic leader, Comte Albert de Mun, had declared in the Chamber of Deputies that a hidden and mysterious force was at work in French politics, a statement which had evoked consider-

able applause. The *Civiltà* identified this mysterious power with 'Judaico-Masonry' and declared that the enfranchisement of the Jews in 1791 had been a '*vero errore politico*'. This error, it went on to say, must now be repaired, and it urged that in each state there should be a fundamental law assimilating the Jews, not to citizens, but to 'strangers', though the writer pronounced himself to be against their expulsion. The *Civiltà*, while not an official organ of the Holy See, was in close touch with the Vatican, and an article of this nature could hardly have appeared without some kind of indirect approval from high ecclesiastical quarters.<sup>1</sup> The recommendation that they should be disfranchised made in an authoritative ecclesiastical organ was hardly calculated to dispose Jewish opinion more favourably towards 'clericalism', and the expulsion of the religious orders from France and the separation of Church and State may well have seemed to it a merited punishment for the anti-Dreyfusard attitude common among French Catholics.

In a milder form the agitation for a change in the legal status of the Jewish communities in the West was felt in this country. The occasion for it was the purchase of some shares in the American Marconi Company by the Attorney-General, Rufus Isaacs, at a time when the separate British Marconi Company was negotiating a contract with the Government. Had a transaction of this nature been made by an Irish Catholic, and had objection been raised, the Catholic critics of Isaacs might have put it down to anti-Catholic prejudices. But Mr. Hilaire Belloc and his disciples, Mr. G. K. and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, felt that a fitting moment had arrived to raise the question of the status of the Jewish community in England, thought to have been finally settled by emancipation in 1858. In the *British Review* in 1913 Mr. Cecil Chesterton expressed the opinion that a great outburst of anti-semitism in England would not be long delayed and advocated measures which, without actually disfranchising Jews, would accord them a special status in the community including special representation in Parliament. In the following year war broke out, and Mr. Belloc and the Chesterton brothers had their minds occupied by the thought of 'Prussia', which was what they thought most about when they were not thinking about the Jews. Yet even when they were thinking about Prussia they were really thinking about the Jews, because they subconsciously

<sup>1</sup> Leo XIII himself was, however, nearly ninety years old when it appeared.

thought of Prussia as a Jewish power.<sup>1</sup> When war was over Mr. Belloc wrote his well-known work on the Jews. He believed that their influence in England had reached its zenith and would soon decline, but that they nevertheless constituted an urgent problem. Arguing that they formed an alien element in the fabric of European society, he proposed a modern adaptation of the mediaeval system, by which the Jewish community in England should be treated as a community of foreigners, or at least semi-foreigners. Mr. Belloc's book received much uncritical praise from Catholics. Some of his observations are shrewd but he makes the mistake of treating the Jewish question too much as a matter of ordinary secular politics. He too readily, moreover, forgets that there is no minority in this country whom the majority of Englishmen so fundamentally distrust as Catholics, and that it is, therefore, at least, highly imprudent for an English Catholic to raise the question of the status of other minorities. If there are Catholics who feel that, among the peoples of the West, Jewish influence makes itself disproportionately felt, a remedy should be sought, not in futile efforts to put back the clock, but in bringing about an increase of Catholic influence in society, by imitating the Jew in his readiness to work hard and to make use of his brains. Intellectual indolence, so rampant among Catholics, is but rarely met with in Jews.

Such described in brief outline is the story of how the Jew passed from occupying the position of a 'stranger' in the countries of the West to that of a European citizen. It may be urged that this story is incomplete without some account of its repercussions on the messianic hopes and national aspirations of the Jewish people. As has been mentioned, the first results of emancipation led to the assimilation of large numbers of Jews to the non-Jewish inhabitants of the countries in which they were living. Such a phenomenon in its turn produced a reaction. For only a minority of Jews was willing to think of Judaism merely as a religious creed. The majority remained, not indeed actively, but potentially, nationalist. The story of Jewish nationalism is unique. After the destruction of the Second Temple, Judaism might have severed itself from its territorial associations with Palestine and have come to regard the ancestral home merely as a spiritual one, thereby perhaps becoming a world religion and possibly a rival to

<sup>1</sup> Jews, who had been emancipated in Prussia in 1869, gave her strong support during the war of 1870-71.

Christianity, like Mohammedanism. Instead the disaster led to an intensification of national feeling; comfort was sought in the prophecies of the return from the Babylonian Exile, and the mournful ritual performed annually on the ninth day of Ab<sup>1</sup> served to keep this spirit alive.

Though none was followed by the whole Jewish people, throughout the centuries there appeared personalities who were widely regarded as, or who themselves claimed to be, the Messiah or his precursor the Messiah ben-Joseph, of the tribe of Ephraim.<sup>2</sup> Hopes of a national restoration centred in Simon-bar-Kokhba in the second century, Moses of Crete in the fifth, Abu Isa of Isfahan in the seventh, and David Alroi in the twelfth. At the end of the thirteenth century the Spanish kabbalist, Abraham-ben-Samuel Abulafia, proclaimed the imminence of the messianic kingdom. In 1502 Asher Lämmlein made similar prognostications in Istria. Not long afterwards appeared two strange figures, David Reubeni and Solomon Molkho, in whose careers it is not easy to disentangle fact from legend. Neither claimed to be the messiah but both were acclaimed as prophets by a number of their fellow Jews. The Sack of Rome in 1527 was thought to be a sign of the coming of the messianic age whose beginning Molkho predicted for 1540. Reubeni and Molkho were followed by Isaac-ben-Solomon Luria, spice merchant of Cairo and kabbalist, and his disciple, Hayim Vital, both of whom claimed to be the Messiah-ben-Joseph; and by Abraham Shalom, who boasted to be none other than the Messiah-ben-David himself. The seventeenth century saw the meteoric career of Sabbatai Sebi of Smyrna, greatest of all the messianic pretenders, notwithstanding its anticlimax brought about by his abandonment of Judaism for Islam. It has been already mentioned that Jacob Frank or Jankiev Lejbovicz, the last of the greater pseudo-messiahs, survived until the time of the French Revolution. But long before his death he had made at least nominal profession of Christianity and had passed out of Jewish history. Frank and his followers renounced Judaism in 1759, five years after the momentous meeting between Moses Mendelssohn and Lessing, from which can be dated the decline of Jewish nationalism and the era of toleration which brought assimilation in its wake. From the beginnings of the Mendelssohn

<sup>1</sup> The anniversary of the destruction of the Second Temple.

<sup>2</sup> Some account of the careers of these men is given by the writer in *The Tablet* of 17 May, 1947.



movement to the first Zionist Congress held at Basle in 1897 nationalism among the Jews was in abeyance though it was not extinct. At the time of the occupation of Palestine by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha the question of a Jewish restoration was mooted. It had supporters in Lord Palmerston, Lord Ashley (later Lord Shaftesbury) and various Anglican clergymen. Later, Henri Dunant of Geneva, founder of the Red Cross, became an advocate of this idea, but throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century large and influential sections of Jewish opinion viewed it with tepidity, apprehensive lest an excess of nationalist fervour should jeopardize or retard emancipation. The ninth decade of the century saw the beginnings of a national revival and the foundation of the Association of the 'Lovers of Zion', brought about by the anti-semitism so pronounced in Russia during the reign of Alexander III. A more secular form of Jewish nationalism manifested itself in the final decade of the century under the name of 'Zionism', though this word was coined not by its leader, Herzl, but by Nathan Birnbaum, one of the founders of the 'Lovers of Zion'. Herzl neither claimed to be nor was acclaimed as messiah. Such a notion would have been foreign to the spirit of his day. But it has been maintained that no Jew since Moses Maimonides has exerted a greater influence over his brethren. When Herzl initiated his crusade on behalf of a Jewish state fears were again expressed that the creation of such would prejudice the results achieved by emancipation. The Balfour Declaration sought to safeguard these results, while offering a substantial measure of gratification to Jewish nationalist aspirations, by promising that the political rights of Jews living out of Palestine should remain intact. There would not appear to be any immediate likelihood that the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine will be followed by attempts to procure the disfranchisement of Jews living in other countries, even if unhappily there should be sanguinary incidents in the Holy Land itself.

# FRANCISCO SUÁREZ

(1548-1617)

## His World, Mind and Method

By JULIÁN MARÍAS

ON 5 January, 1548—the year of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius Loyola—Francisco Suárez, the most important figure in Spanish philosophy till our own century, was born. The same year Giordano Bruno was born; the year before, Justus Lipsius, Cervantes—whose life coincides with that of Suárez, with but a year's advantage—and Mateo Alemán; Tasso, Vicente Espinel and Lyly belong to the same generation, and so, lastly, does Tycho Brahe.

The outline of the two generations which enclose Suárez's own is very significant, and a comparison of the three itself tells us enough about two decisive aspects of the life of Suárez: his possibilities, and the sense of the movement of history in his time. The preceding generation contains names like Bodin, Montaigne, Scaliger, Charron, William Gilbert, Luis de Molina—the Tridentine theologian and author of the doctrine of *scientia media*—Mariana and St. John of the Cross. To the generation coming after Suárez belong Góngora, Lope de Vega, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Bacon, Francisco Sánchez, the sceptic and author of the famous *Quod nihil scitur*, Campanella, Galileo and Kepler.

As is well known, from about the middle of the fourteenth century, from the time of William of Ockham, there had been no original and important philosopher, if one excepts the genius—all intuition and promise—of Nicholas of Cusa, in the first half of the fifteenth century. This means that Europe, for two centuries, lived by a short cut, without philosophy; more accurately, it lived by a philosophy that was no longer its own—the survival of scholasticism; or else by an attempt at a European philosophy which failed to become what it aimed at—the thought of the humanists. This situation led to three forms of intellectual life

which endeavour to supply the lack of a philosophy, and in which the entire Renaissance reaches its crisis; the first is the multiplication of scholastic treatises, endless commentaries on St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica* and on his classical commentaries; the second is erudition, the normal result of the form of learning that characterized humanism; the third is the inevitable consequence of the other two: lost in a confused jungle of opinions, discussions and information, the man of the year 1500 finds himself inexorably led to scepticism; Montaigne, Charron, and Sánchez represent the withdrawal of the man who, not finding certainty amidst the multiplicity of doctrines, relies on himself, on his vacillating, disillusioned reality. '*Je suis moy mesme la matière de mon livre,*' says Montaigne at the beginning of his *Essais*. And a little later he adds: '*Certes c'est un subject merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant, que l'homme: il est malaysé d'y fonder jugement constant et uniforme.*' For this reason he fills his book with stories in which, time and again, he presents that mobile human reality in its multiple, undulating facets.

There are only two disciplines in which reason functions with a certain autonomy and efficacy, and is capable of reaching some certitude: physics and politics, in which are brought into play *mathematical reason* and the *reason of state*; the technique of machines and of the heavenly bodies, and the technique of the handling of men. Copernicus, Gilbert, Tycho Brahe prepare the way for the fulness of Galileo's *scienza nuova*; Machiavelli, Vitoria, Mariana, Bodin, constitute the first stages in the science of the Modern State. Upon these two intellectual traditions it was that the two attempts of the sixteenth century to build a philosophy sought to find a support; attempts that were made before it was, in reality, possible. Giordano Bruno and Francisco Suárez, born in the same year, 1548, four centuries ago, are the only two great philosophers of the modern period before Bacon and Descartes; and in their work is to be found the fulfilment of the two possibilities which at that moment of history were open; their radical differences of temperament and attitude emphasized the more the unity of the historical situation to which both react, in other words, the unity of their world.

Both Bruno and Suárez are men of immense reading, deeply versed in the thought of the past. The early formation of both—Bruno the Dominican, Suárez the Jesuit—was purely scholastic and, above all, thomistic, but their philosophical and theological

horizon widens out both to their contemporaries and to the Greeks. In the face of the mass of received opinions and doctrines, Giordano Bruno reacts with a proposal of *innovation*, impelled by a central idea which, in him, is, rather, an emotion; at most, it is a concept of the world which, in the course of his life, he tries to articulate conceptually. Bruno is the first European in whom the discovery of Copernicus, inoperative outside the strict field of astronomy until we reach him, achieves full vital and, therefore, philosophical consequences. Bruno invokes 'the noble Copernicus' whose writings set his spirit in motion from his youth up. The new astronomical picture of the universe ceases in Giordano Bruno to be mere 'theory', in order to become a radical way of living reality. The infinitude of the universe, identified with divinity, is the idea by which Bruno lives. 'This', he says, 'is the philosophy which opens the senses, brings contentment to the spirit, magnifies the understanding and leads man to the true happiness he is able to enjoy as man.' Bruno's philosophy is simply the effort to think out that belief whose aesthetic splendour he feels passionately.

In order to do so, Bruno will make use of philosophical tradition, especially that of Nicholas of Cusa and Raymond Lull, but also that of the scholastics, the neo-Platonists, Aristotle himself—utilized in so ample a fashion—even of the pre-Socratics. The two ideas which he calls into play to explain reality are universal animation—all forms are soul, and the world itself is an animal, holy, sacred and venerable—and the plurality of worlds. And feeling unable to avoid the pantheism, which his remote master, Nicholas of Cusa, had been able so perspicaciously to by-pass, Bruno's temptation is to resurrect the doctrine of a double truth which the Latin Averroists had taught.

Bruno, possessed by his idea rather than master of it, traverses the whole of Europe driven by a formidable tempest of hatred and passion: Italy, Switzerland, France, England, Germany, until he returns to Italy, where, after a trial by the Inquisition lasting nearly eight years, the flames of the Campo dei Fiore quench that other flame, tormented and tremulous, sending out heat rather than light, of his own restless and extravagant life. It was 1600; Suárez had still another seventeen years to live. He had chosen the other way open to them at the time when they were born.

## II

Francisco Suárez was descended from an old noble family of Castile, known since the beginnings of the twelfth century. In his boyhood he was destined for the Church—of eight brothers and sisters, six were religious; in 1561 he went to Salamanca to study; in 1564, a year after the Council of Trent had finished its sittings, fifty candidates present themselves for admission to the Society of Jesus; of them all, only one is rejected, because his examination reveals weak health . . . and intelligence: Suárez. He does not accept the verdict, and goes off to Valladolid to present himself before the Provincial of Castile; the fresh examination gives the same negative result; but in spite of it the Provincial decides on his admission. On his return to Salamanca, Suárez follows with difficulty a course of philosophy; he does not understand it, he scarcely takes part in the discussions; he puts his situation before his Superior, begging to be set to more modest tasks, since his aim is to serve God and save his soul; the Superior advises him to persevere and to have confidence, and shortly afterwards Suárez overcomes his difficulties, and attains the greatest success in his studies, both now, at the end of his philosophical course in the Jesuit college, and especially in his theological course at the university.

In 1571, the year of Lepanto, Suárez is appointed professor at Segovia, and is there ordained; till the year 1580 he teaches in this city, in Avila and in Valladolid. He is not without his trials: he is several times accused by those who suspect his teaching and his method of instruction; he is always ready to give up his chairs, but he points out that if he is a professor, he cannot be a professor in any other way. What was there in Suárez, so rigorously orthodox, so disciplined and so obedient, to provoke that opposition and suspicion? Perhaps the answer to this question will at the same time explain his early dullness.

Leaving on one side his obvious lack of precocity, not at all surprising in philosophy, one may enquire whether his fellow-students understood as well as was thought. It may be that, masters of the art of scholastic argumentation, knowing the 'rules of the game', they threw themselves skilfully into the manipulation of theses the real meaning of which escaped them. And possibly



Suárez could not understand the lectures and the disputations precisely because he understood *what it was that was being discussed*, because he was aware of the problems and their difficulties. How was the teaching carried out at that time? Sartolo, his biographer, gives us sufficient details: 'Some opinions were taught at that time, the falsity of which was for the moment all the more obscured, because it had been so little examined. Some principles venerated by a blind faith as maxims of philosophy and as certain divinities of reason, were established as incontrovertible and fixed, and merely to question their truth seemed a species of irreverence.' This kind of teaching was known as 'note-book lecturing', that is to say, mechanically repeating the opinions of others, manipulating the scholastic tradition as a repertory of received 'sentences', with no connexion with reality. As Suárez himself says, what was surprising and alarming in him was 'the method I have of lecturing which is different from that which is customary hereabouts, where they have the habit of lecturing from note-books, teaching things more by tradition from one to another than by looking deeply into them and taking them from their sources, which are sacred and human authority and reason, each in its degree.'<sup>1</sup>

The key to Suárez's attitude is in these sentences. Faced with the sort of social existence of scholasticism in colleges and universities, the first impulse of a philosophical mind could not be other than to give it up, turn one's back on it, in order to strip the mind and seek truth directly. This is the attitude of Giordano Bruno, who, moreover, lights upon the Copernican discovery, which he is to use as the point of departure for his investigation. Suárez's case is different; deeply imbued with respect for theology—we must not forget that he is to be above all else a theologian—mindful of the content of revelation and its intellectual interpretations, under the obligation, moreover, of teaching—both by occupation and by vocation Suárez is a teacher—he needs to understand that centuries-old tradition which was administered in a routine spirit through the inertia of the 'note-books'; he needs to call in question in his own mind scholasticism in its entirety, in order to give an account of it, comparing it with the *data* from which it is necessary to set out: revelation and the very reality of things, in so far as it presents itself to human

<sup>1</sup> See Enrique Gómez Arboleya's excellent book: *Francisco Suárez, S.I.* Granada, 1946, pp. 64-95.

reason. In short, whereas Bruno's philosophical activity consists in *innovating*, that of Suárez is to be, before all else, a *rethinking*.

This determines the nature of all Suárez's work. To begin with, in its outward forms; we shall presently see how it also determines its content. Suárez, whose prestige is becoming more and more secure, goes to Rome for five years to teach theology; at the end of this time he returns to Spain to go as professor to the University of Alcalá, where he is not welcome. Back in Salamanca, the opposition to his method and doctrine revives more violently than before, to such an extent that he and his followers have to stop lecturing. Nevertheless, during these years, at the same time as he begins, in 1590, his work as a publicist, the authority of Suárez grows. In 1593 he resists the instances of Philip II to accept a chair at Coimbra, and in 1597 he has to yield to the King's reiterated requests. From then on, Suárez is professor in the most important peninsular university at that time from the point of view of philosophy, and he leaves it for short periods only in order to attend to the publication of his works. He died in Lisbon in 1617, after carrying out a work that we can understand only with difficulty. 'I did not think it would be so sweet to die,' were his words.

The work of Suárez as a writer, begun late, is but the culmination of his labours as a teacher. His books expound his lecture courses; they are treatises in which he systematizes his teachings, with a view to their utilization by his pupils: working tools for university professors. After the publication of various theological treatises—*De Incarnatione Verbi*, *De Mysteriis Vitae Christi*, *De Sacramentis*, the Salamanca press put out his chief philosophical work, the two large volumes of his *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, in several ways a unique book, of which we must speak presently. After further theological writings, he publishes in 1606 the treatise *De Deo uno et trino*; in 1612, his great juridical work, the treatise *De Legibus ac Deo Legislatore*; the next year, his work *Defensio Fidei Catholicae et Apostolicae adversus Anglicanae Sectae Errores* against the book of James I of England; this was the last book published during his lifetime. He left behind many more important writings, so that his complete works fill twenty-six folio volumes: the most important achievement in scholastic thought since the fourteenth century, and the English Franciscans of genius, Duns Scotus and William of Ockham. What is its philosophical significance?

## III

I have said that the Suarezian philosophical task consisted in *rethinking* the scholastic whole. But to rethink means to think again what other men have thought before in different situations; and this is only possible by means of an essential alteration in the point of view, in two ways. First, the thought of the past can only be considered from one's own situation, from the system of beliefs, ideas, problems and projects in which one lives; secondly, the study of doctrines of different periods and tendencies all together makes it necessary to relate them to one another and thus to become aware of a new reality—their relations—which is wider than all of them together and reacts upon their content and modifies it. In brief, the task which Suárez imposes upon himself demands a new *method* and way of approach to that reality which is to be the theme of his investigations.

Suárez is a man of the Renaissance. The substitution for the mediaeval world of a Europe composed of *nations*, at least in the West—Spain, Portugal, France, England; the juridical problems resulting from that new structure, both with regard to the idea of the state and to the relations among the states; the problems derived from the discovery of the Indies—the legitimacy of the conquests, the rights obtained over those countries, contact with the natives; the theological and political differences raised by the Reformation, by Anglicanism and by the wars of religion: all these things determine the situation in which Suárez finds himself; a situation very different from the situations in which the mediaeval scholastics lived. To those elements of the Renaissance was added in Europe another which, unfortunately, was not a little removed from the great Spanish scholastics of the sixteenth century; the building-up of modern natural science and its mathematical instrument; this fact was to have the gravest consequences for philosophy and for the history of the whole of Europe.

Further, to give an account of scholasticism in its entirety involves considering it in a new perspective, and shifting the emphasis from its traditional forms—theological treatises, *questiones* and, especially, commentaries—to its effective intellectual principles. For this purpose, it is necessary to lay the foundations of knowledge, which leads to a discrimination between philosophy

and theology. From the time of St. Thomas, these two disciplines had been carefully *distinguished*; in the hands of Scotus and Ockham, their separation is stressed; but only in the sixteenth century do they attain to separate treatment, each in its own right, in independent books; it is the age of the *cursus*: the Coimbra Jesuits under the inspiration of Fonseca, with their *Cursus Conimbricensis*; the Carmelites of Alcalá with the *Cursus Complutensis*; the *Salmanticenses*; in the seventeenth century, Arriaga, John of St. Thomas. Till then, philosophy and theology had been strictly indistinguishable in scholasticism, because philosophical questions were dealt with *as they arose out of* theological problems in which they were, in effect, rooted. But these *cursus*, which are the answer to a realization of a need both teaching and intellectual, do not fully clarify the question before Suárez, only he undertakes the task with sufficient knowledge and an adequate method.

We must not forget, I repeat, that Suárez is a theologian; what is more, throughout nearly all his life, he is a professor of theology; he is not *primo et per se* a philosopher; still less a 'researcher', but, rather, a *teacher*. When Suárez, after he had reached a mature age, started writing, his aim was to draw up an exposition of theology, so that his pupils should have an accessible treatise, and save time and effort, and at the same time to avoid an inaccurate diffusion of his lectures. It should be noted that Suárez only resolved to write in response to the insistent requirement of his superiors, that he had no pretensions to being a philosophical author publishing his intellectual discoveries, that his occupation as a writer is simply a *ministerium* closely bound up with his teaching function, with his work as a teacher. Suárez found he had to make things clear in order to teach, and now he writes down what he teaches. That is all.

But as he attempts to do this, he discovers that he cannot: he cannot be the perfect theologian—that is, one who looks deeply into things and draws them out of their sources—without *first* establishing the foundations of *metaphysics*. He saw 'more clearly than light'—*lucē clariū*—that divine and supernatural theology require human and natural theology, that is metaphysics. And so Suárez has to interrupt the theological work he has begun in order to turn his attention to metaphysics; and, in fact, the fourth of his treatises was to be his chief work: the *Disputationes Metaphysicae*. Suárez writes the *Disputationes* for a theological reason: they are a prerequisite for real and serious

theology; they lay the foundations necessary for it. What are the *Disputationes Metaphysicae*? In the first place, they are the first treatise of metaphysics to be written since Aristotle, if we except the *Sapientiale* of Thomas of York, the English Franciscan of the thirteenth century, whose intention and scope are, of course, quite other. And if one reflects that the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle is not, in the last analysis, a *treatise* of metaphysics, Suárez's book is left as absolutely the first.

In the *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, Suárez proceeds as a philosopher, but does not lose sight of the fact that his philosophy has to be *Christian*, and serve or minister to theology. For this reason, he is obliged to pause from time to time, in order to consider certain theological questions, not in order to treat them at length, but to indicate to the reader 'as with his finger' (*velut digito*) the way in which metaphysical principles are to be referred and adapted to theological truths.<sup>1</sup> So that there is a back and forth movement, a double relationship of occasion, characteristic of all scholastic thought: the mind travels from theology to philosophy in order to attain to a foundation for the former; and returns from philosophy to theology to carry to it the light of its principles and so confer upon it the character of an authentic science. Why is this?

First philosophy explains and confirms the principles which comprise all things—*res universas*—and which simultaneously, for the same reason, constitute the foundation of all doctrine—*omnem doctrinam*.<sup>2</sup> All doctrine as such, and therefore theology also, if it claims to be a science, is grounded in metaphysics, to which belongs an absolute priority in the methodological order; the reason for this is that metaphysics has for its adequate object being as real being—*ens in quantum ens reale*<sup>3</sup>—and God Himself is an object of metaphysics, since He is in some sort naturally an object of knowledge—*Deus est objectum naturaliter scibile aliquo modo*.<sup>4</sup>

These clear relationships that lay the foundations and are necessary for giving an account of the principles of sciences, had been obscured by the traditional scholastic method, which, says Suárez, expounded promiscuously the two theologies, theology *strictu sensu* or supernatural theology, and natural theology or

<sup>1</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*. Colonia, 1608, *Ratio et discursus totius operis*.

<sup>2</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, Proemium.

<sup>3</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. I, sect. I, XXIV.

<sup>4</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. I, sect. I, XVII.



metaphysics. In the face of this situation, Suárez had to do what had never been done before, work out distinctly and separately—*distincte ac separatim*—a treatise of metaphysics.<sup>1</sup>

But, we must now ask ourselves, what is Suárez's *modus operandi*? In other words, what is the structure of his philosophical work? Here we touch the question of literary *genres*, especially bound up as they are with the content of philosophy and with its very meaning as a human occupation. And at the same time, in this question of the form of Suárez's metaphysical achievement, is contained, for good or ill, the key to his influence and to his final fate.

Suárez has to take into account the accumulated knowledge of a multisecular tradition, because it is an essential dimension of the problem. The luxuriance of scholastic thought, especially in the preceding four centuries, was oppressive by reason of the multiplicity of opinions, and was the prime cause of uncertainty. The whole Renaissance felt the need of a simplification; but whilst the humanists decide to do without that excessive tradition, full of problems, Suárez inclines to the more difficult and effective solution: to explain it. It is true that a theologian could not throw overboard all that past, inextricably bound up, even on the purely philosophical side, with the structure of dogmatics. Suárez cannot just stand face to face with things, but, as is essential in all scholasticism, has to move in the orbit of opinions, among which must be determined *in view of things*, the 'true sentence'; this is his innovation, as against the routine of 'the note-books', that *delectatio morosa* of terminology and the farrago of commentaries which, according to Leibnitz, wasted the most precious thing of all, time.

Suárez must, therefore, write *disputations*. It is a matter of discussing with the past, of clarifying traditional opinions, weighing them, comparing them with reality, in so far as it is accessible to experience or reason, in order in this way to reach a certainty higher than the presumed certainties offered by tradition, which, because of their very multiplicity, had become the cause of the most radical uncertainty. For this reason Suárez takes good care to place among the *sources* whence truth is to be drawn, 'sacred and human authority, and reason, each in its degree'.

The names constantly quoted and referred to by Suárez are, with few exceptions, those which make up the history of philo-

<sup>1</sup> *De Deo uno et trino. Tractatus de divina substantia*. Mainz, 1607. Proemium.

sophy till his own day. The detailed count by Grabmann brings out the vast extent of his knowledge: if anyone was not a man of one book, it was Suárez. From the Greeks, Aristotle and his commentators, Plotinus, Proclus, Plutarch, down to the last scholastics, Ockhamists and Averroists of the sixteenth century, they are all, pagan, Christian, Arabian and Jewish, to be met with in his pages. There is only one grave deficiency, though it is for many reasons explicable: the absence of physico-mathematical thought which, since the fifteenth century, had been in process of formation, and which was to determine modern philosophy in the form it finally took after Bacon and Descartes. This absence introduces an element of anachronism into the philosophy of the great Spanish figures of the sixteenth century who, in themselves, were outstanding; it has affected the fruitfulness of that philosophy as much as it has influenced the whole course of European philosophy, and has influenced Spanish history in the last three hundred years with serious results, difficult to estimate.

But now a new question arises. In what perspective are those thinkers seen within Suárez's philosophy? We may say at once, in a peculiar *simultaneity*; the opinions of the authors cited are taken as *present*, they constitute a *contemporary* repertory, the opposition between them creating uncertainty and so posing the problem. There is, then, a timeless *dialogue* among the interlocutors, each of whom preserves intact and without any abatement his claim to truth. But there are among them two whose rôle is different: Aristotle and St. Thomas. These two appear invested with a special *authority* in a sense which it is necessary to define; it is not that their opinions are valid simply because they are theirs, and that Suárez has to swear *in verba magistri*; the Suarezian task of *rethinking tradition in view of things*—this, in smallest compass, might be the formula of his philosophy—has no limits or exceptions, it does not pause before any author; but the authority of Aristotle and St. Thomas consists in this, that when their judgement seems wrong, before rejecting it as false, there is an appeal to a second court, of an essential significance. What is this?

An elementary hermeneutics, consisting in going behind what the philosopher *said* to what he *meant*. That is, instead of clinging to the bare formula of the Aristotelian or Thomist assertion, Suárez has recourse to its context, seeking there the reasons for which the author said something that, taken literally,

is false, but that, taken in his real and complete truth, is right. This is the case when he discusses whether metaphysics is also a science of the accidental, in view of the Aristotelian texts in which it is stated that it deals only with substance;<sup>1</sup> or when he examines the opinions of Aristotle and St. Thomas on whether the universal or the singular is more easily known, and he tries to overcome the apparent contradictions;<sup>2</sup> or, to quote one more example, *à propos* of the problem whether knowledge is more noble and certain than the habit of first principles.<sup>3</sup> Even in the cases of most profound discrepancy, there is some qualification to be made with regard to the attribution of an opinion that would lead to error; thus, when he enunciates the thesis concerning the real distinction between essence and existence, Suárez adds: *Haec existimatur esse opinio D. Thomae . . .*<sup>4</sup> The meaning of this is clear; given the general assumption about the truth of Aristotelian and Thomist thought, each in its own order, every effort must be made to *interpret* each concrete thesis in relation to the whole and to its presuppositions, in order really to *understand* it in its own truth, or failing that, to explain and expose the causes of its error. One must emphasize the exceptional and restricted application of this hermeneutical principle in Suárez, but it is impossible not to put on record that it exists.

We may indeed ask: What would have been the structure of the *Disputationes Metaphysicae* if Suárez had applied that method generally and exhaustively? Inevitably he would have been led to a consideration of the *relations* of the various opinions among themselves. I mean the *real*, not merely the logical relations; in other words, Suárez would have had to take into account the *genesis* of those opinions inside the various modes of understanding the reality of things, and secondly the genesis of each of those modes themselves, determined by the presence of the others. In short, he would have had to substitute for the timeless and simultaneous consideration of doctrines an *historical* consideration. This, without doubt would have been the intrinsic perfection of Suárez's metaphysic, because then, and only then, would he have reached the point of giving a complete account of the past of philosophy, thus, in a radical way, justifying his own thought. And with it he would have been absolutely faithful to his own

<sup>1</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. I, sect. I, XIX-XXXIII.

<sup>2</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. I, sect. V, XVII-XXI.

<sup>3</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. I, sect. V, XXVIII-XXX.

<sup>4</sup> *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. XXXI, sect. I, III.

personal exigencies, that led him to philosophize in view of things, because that perspective would have considered traditional doctrines no longer in their nature as doctrines, but rather in their content of reality.<sup>1</sup>

In another place I have expounded the notes that characterize the philosophical method of Suárez, in so far as it derives from the situation in which he really was; they can be enumerated thus:

- (1) Methodical separation of philosophy from supernatural or revealed theology.
- (2) Priority of metaphysics as the foundation.
- (3) The ordering of philosophy to theology as the end to which the former tends.
- (4) The accidental relationship between them which determines the horizon of philosophical problems and aligns the interest of the different questions according to a theological perspective.
- (5) The mediateness of philosophy, which moves in the orbit of the opinions of all the Aristotelian-scholastic past, in order to attain to the discrimination of a "true sentence".

We may now add:

- (6) The simultaneous and contemporary, not historical, presence of the whole of that philosophical past of which certain isolated moments require to be interpreted as history.

These are the characteristics of method that distinguish Suarezian philosophical thought; they result from that intersection of the historical situation, in its passive aspect, with the personal aim that converts it into an actual situation in a real human life. Those characteristics in their turn have determined the ultimate fate of Suárez during the centuries following on his death. We must now, in the last place, enquire into this destiny.

#### IV

On close examination, the destiny of Suárez's philosophy proves to be an ironical one. Because the fact is, putting it in extreme terms,

<sup>1</sup> It is clear that Suárez hints here and there at the need for that historical consideration, at times, very perspicaciously. Let us call to mind, to quote an example, his study of the notions of hypostasis and person in *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, disp. XXXIV, sect. I, XIV. On the relations of philosophy with its history, see my *Introducción a la filosofía*, Madrid, 1947. Chapter XII (particularly pp. 448-50).

that Europe, for two centuries, learned metaphysics from Suárez, but not the metaphysics of Suárez. What is the meaning of this?

When, at the end of the sixteenth century, Suárez published the two enormous volumes of his *Disputationes Metaphysicae*, in which, with marvellous precision and clarity, he summed up the work of two millenia on first philosophy, as well as, at the same time, accumulating a repertory of personal solutions, he made his indisputable authority as a teacher secure for all time. Catholics and Protestants, whether scholastics or not, all were to have recourse to that admirable intellectual construction. We must note that metaphysics prior to Suárez had taken one of the following forms: (1) the work of Aristotle, which is a collection of connected but independent investigations, the very order of which is problematical, and which, in good measure, consists in the vindication and justification of that science called by the Philosopher 'the knowledge that is sought' (*ζητούμενη επιστήμη*) (2) the commentaries to the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, both Greek and mediaeval, which follow it without any independence at all; (3) particular enquiries into individual questions, which take no account of metaphysics as such. It must be clearly understood that I speak here of metaphysics as a *discipline*. Only in Suárez are there drawn the lineaments of a metaphysic which, however great its dependence on it may be, is not that of Aristotle. In the fifty-four disputations, Suárez poses the problem of the nature of metaphysics, and once in possession of a sufficient notion of it, he studies the concept of being, its common passions and principles, and the theory of causation; then, in the second volume, he divides being into infinite and finite, and studies successively creative and created being, of which last he makes a meticulous ontological analysis. For the first time, the science called metaphysical receives an explicit systematization which makes of it a discipline in the most literal meaning of the word. For this reason, all the metaphysicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries learn metaphysics in the work of Suárez, or in works immediately derived from it, and in this sense they are his *disciples*.

But I have said that they did not learn the metaphysics of Suárez; and indeed it was a question, as we have been studying at some length, of a scholastic metaphysics, determined by the permanent characteristics of mediaeval scholasticism: an accidental relationship with theology and mediateness. But now, after the death of Suárez, scholasticism enters upon its last phase



of unmistakable decadence; the value and the success of Suárez's work demonstrate very clearly the historical necessity of that decline; without the Spanish theologians of the sixteenth century, without, above all, Suárez, it might be thought the cause of the end of scholasticism was the mediocrity of its cultivators; but Suárez is comparable with St. Thomas or Scotus, and he is not personally inferior to the great figures of his age. Despite this, there is not to be found any living prolongation of his thought within scholasticism, which, within a few years, becomes anachylosed and sterile. And outside it?

Let us call to mind some dates. Suárez published his *Disputationes* in 1597. It is the year in which Bacon publishes his *Essays*. In 1609, the *Astronomia Nova* or *Physica Caelestis* of Kepler appeared. In 1620, three years after Suárez's death, Bacon's *Novum Organum* has already made its appearance. In 1625 we have the *De Iure Belli ac Pacis* of Grotius; in 1628 Harvey's *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. In 1632 Galileo's *Dialogo dei Massimi Sistemi* is published. Descartes in 1637 gives us his *Discours de la Méthode*, in 1641 the *Meditationes de Prima Philosophia* and in 1644 the *Principia Philosophiae*: that is, the method, the metaphysics and the physics. This means that in the fifty years following the publication of the *Disputationes*, modern natural science and philosophy, imbued with a new spirit (or a new method of reaching reality) which is the characteristic theme of the epoch, are built up with an unequalled urge. And since philosophy always is a method, that of the modern age reaches its maturity in Cartesianism, after a period of fruitful gropings, and from then on a strictly new philosophy is pursued, which is not the scholastic and therefore not the Suarezian philosophy.

All the latter's metaphysical knowledge is, then, to be utilized, but from a standpoint built on other assumptions, caught up into a new perspective. The universities of all Europe until well on into the eighteenth century, read and commented on the work of Suárez, editions of which were multiplied, but in so far as philosophy was created, it was outside the influence of Suárez; and just where it would seem that those who studied him were most faithful to him, he became the victim of a 'note-book' manipulation like that he set out to banish from the Spanish universities.

And we must not forget the fate of literary *genres*, because its connexion with thought is intimate precisely in its deepest

aspect, that of style. Suárez is almost a library; his *Disputationes* contain above a thousand folio pages printed in double columns of small type; and he wrote at a period when macrology was coming to an end to give place to the century of conciseness. The decisive works of the period, those of Galileo, Bacon, Descartes or Leibnitz, are exceedingly brief; the works of the last two are mere pamphlets; Leibnitz succeeds in condensing all his metaphysics into fifty octavo pages (the *Discours*); when he reaches old age, twenty will more than suffice (the *Monadologie*). 'A quintessence works more powerfully than hodge-podge,' had said the Spaniard, Gracián, who sometimes hit off the spirit of his time.

This has resulted in Suárez being little more than an unknown quantity. At the beginning of his exposition, quoted above, Arboleya was obliged to confess that 'This name is associated with scarcely any content. Suárez is as hidden by the brilliance of his fame as others are by the mists of oblivion. So far as he is concerned, everything is still to be done.' Before anything else, there is one thing to be done: to understand him in the historical perspective in which he really is, the full ripeness of scholasticism which reaches in him its perfection and at the same time its conclusion; and to rescue the truth that it was given to him, from his irreplaceable point of view, to discover, integrating it into the progressive march of philosophy down to our own day. In other words, we must give an account, an historical account, of the activity of Francisco Suárez when he applied himself to the toil of thinking and composing his *Disputationes Metaphysicae*. In this article I have only set out to recall some of the problems that so urgent a philosophical task implies.

# SOME FRANCISCAN POETRY

By EDWARD HUTTON

A HISTORY of Franciscan literature would be a great book; for the literary activity of the Seraphic Order is all-embracing. It includes poetry, history, biography, philosophy, sermons, manuals of devotion, scientific treatises, allegory, romance and drama. Nor is this all; there are the chronicles and histories and accounts written by the friars, there are those written about them: there are the Papal Bulls concerned with the Order, often lively documents, which alone fill five folio volumes.

Franciscan literature begins, and the Franciscan religion, the source of Franciscanism, is expressed in poetry. And Franciscan poetry begins with St. Francis.

In order to understand this poetry one must have a clear, if general, comprehension of what Franciscan religion was. One must understand the Romanesque environment in which it was born, against which it was a protest and which it finally dissolved. It is not easy to imagine that world in which every church was a Romanesque building, heavy with bowed round arches, filled with gloom and darkness into which the light of the sun scarcely penetrated. The weight of all that upon the human spirit—where the domination of Rome seemed visibly to crush, if only with its enormous patience, even the animal spirits.

The civilization which had produced that world so hardly, for the Church and civilization were then one, was quaking. The famous vision of the Pope in which he sees St. Francis holding up the Lateran, summarizes the real situation. What threatened that civilization—Church and civilization together? Not ecclesiastical corruption, though that was universal. The real danger was heresy—not the speculations of the Schools, but a series of popular movements which spread rapidly through Western Europe, the most formidable of which under a hundred names was Catharism, a sort of Puritanism which was the result of ecclesiastical corruption; as, one may think, was its dualism, that

is a dualistic system of two Gods, one good, one evil; the first the creator of the spiritual world, the second of the material. This movement, and others such as that of the Poor Men of Lyons and Joachimism, threatened the very life of the Church and the civilization of which it was the source, the inspiration and the head.

Among other things these heresies taught the doctrine, the negation of the Catholic system, that a priesthood is not necessary, that a layman has every priestly qualification—every one. But these heresies also taught and enjoined—and this was their strength with the people—a complete poverty and renunciation, and an asceticism, often inhuman, which seemed to be the mark of the Saints of the past. The movement was altogether a lay movement. Violently opposed though it was by the Church, it was enormously successful, and it is easy to see why. It made immense numbers of converts in North and Central Italy, even in Orvieto in Umbria, even in Rome and in Southern France and as far north as Liège and Cologne.

It was in these critical years that the Franciscan movement was born and it is not surprising that it appeared, to say the least, as suspect. It proved of course to be, if revolutionary, irrefutably orthodox. The Little Poor Man of the Pope's vision is not pulling down, but holding up, the Lateran. After all, no one, no sane person, insists, other things being equal, on being a heretic—not when heresy is a really uncomfortable business.

Here was St. Francis, his way of life blessed by the Pope. He proposed and offered Poverty, Chastity and the way of the Gospel, just as the heretics had done. His movement too was a lay movement. It was these things which Franciscanism seemed to have in common with the heresies; it was these things which—as they had done with the heresies—made Franciscanism intensely, universally popular. And that was not the least point of its importance. Nor did it exhaust its creative spirit till it had changed the society in which it was born. Its secret lay—apart from the personal genius of its founder—in just these things: first of all its evangelicalism, its appeal to the life of the Gospel as a reality, as an actual pattern for men to imitate,; second, the ideal of Poverty, and third, the new organization by which an Order may be said to differ in such a very marked degree from a Rule—from even so international a system as Cluniac Benedictinism.

The first of these things—the very first words concerning the first Rule read: 'this is the life of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which

Brother Francis asked the Lord Pope to be granted and confirmed to him'—this evangelicalism took the heart of the Christian world by storm; and the profession of Poverty moved a society not less imprisoned in a brutal materialism than our own, into admiration and respect—more, into reverence. The third—the Order rightly understood was a new thing, completely international, so that a friar did not belong to an abbey or convent or parish in a certain place in a certain country, like a monk or a priest, but to the Order, and this was responsible for carrying the other two throughout the whole of the European world and beyond it.

The vast effort that was the Cluniac movement, the equally vast but separate Hildebrandine movement: these great Romanesque upheavals were the beginning of the spring in which Franciscanism found it possible to exist. The enormously wealthy Abbeys of the great monastic Orders lived and breathed within the feudal system: the Franciscan movement was to provide an escape from the feudal system. St. Francis was to set free the human spirit.

This was the world and this the environment in which Franciscan poetry was born. It was a Franciscan poet who sang:

*Povertade e nulla avere  
E nulla cosa poi volere  
Ed omne cosa possedere  
En spirito de libertate.*

But to live thus is a poem: and indeed St. Francis' whole life was a poem far lovelier and more profound, more packed with meaning and significance, than any even Dante was able to compass. It transcends the *Divine Comedy* and perhaps it might bear the same title. Dante grasped this, and when he would tell us of Francis he summons the most learned and the most profound, and, as he thought, the wisest of Christian intellects—he summons St. Thomas to praise St. Francis in Paradise. Why? Because the innermost essence of wisdom is love.

Franciscan poetry thus begins with St. Francis himself, with his life, which was a poem. There is even a Cinderella, a Fairy Princess, in it. She is called Madonna Poverty. Sassetta has well understood this in his picture now at Chantilly. After St. Francis' death the whole of Italian art flowers on his grave—literature, painting, sculpture, music. He himself not only preached to the



birds, which none but a poet, indeed none but he, would have attempted; he himself is a bird, he sings with the same artful artlessness, the same spontaneity, pouring out his song of joy to the Creator for love of that Creator and His creation. Thus is born the *Laudes Creaturarum*, commonly known as the Hymn of the Sun. This marvellous *cantica*, among the most sublime of the Middle Ages, which Rénan considered *le plus beau morceau de poésie religieuse depuis les évangiles*, and Arnold chose first of all others to represent the mediaeval Christian spirit in contrast with the Pagan, represented by an Idyll of Theocritus, appears to have been made by St. Francis about a year before he died, in 1225, at dawn after a sleepless night of pain and torment as he lay quite blind and restless in a little cell of reeds, of *stoia*, close to the convent of S. Damiano outside Assisi.

As it happens, we know the exact circumstances in which this glorious *cantica* was made, for not only do Thomas of Celano and the *Speculum Perfectionis* describe them, but in the Foligno Codex of the latter, a MS. of the fifteenth century which comes from the Capuchin convent of Spello, we have an additional chapter devoted to the matter; and we there learn among other things that St. Francis also made a melody, a modulation for this hymn or psalm, and taught the friars to sing it to the people, and that it gave him so much consolation and happiness of spirit that he wished to send for Frate Pacifico, who in the world was called *Rex Versuum*, and who had been crowned poet as a young man before he entered the Order by Frederick II in Palermo—in order that he might give him some companions, and send him through the world preaching to the people the word of God and singing these *Laudi delle creature*:

*Altissimo onnipotente bono Signore. . . .*

They have been translated into English many times. I have likened them to a bird's song—they give the impression of just such spontaneity. No doubt they owe something to St. Francis' half-conscious reminiscence of the Canticle of the Three Children in the fiery furnace in the Book of Daniel, and to the 118th Psalm. Nothing else like them is to be found even in Franciscan poetry. If not the earliest they are among the earliest *cantiche* in Italy in the vulgar tongue, and that originally, in this case, must have been the ancient Umbro. They are not a *poesia regolare* but a

prose—a *prosa assonanzata*, that has a rhythmical form and intonation like the psalms of the Vulgate.

These verses are mentioned in the Second Life by Thomas of Celano, where they are twice referred to, but not quoted. The text is given in the *Speculum Perfectionis*. The earliest MS. is that once in the Sacro Convento. It was stolen in the Risorgimento by the Piedmontese, together with the great Franciscan library of the Convent, and has not yet been restored to the Order. It remains in the municipal library of Assisi, MS. No. 338. The exact date of this MS. is doubtful. Part of it is of the thirteenth century and none of it later than the beginning of the fourteenth.

St. Francis as we know composed other *cantiche*, but except for one in Latin, none of them has come down to us. The Latin laud is the *Laudes Creatoris*. It has come down to us best in the Assisi Codex 344. A fragment of it, half erased by time, remains to us in St. Francis' own hand. This most precious relic is preserved in the great reliquary in the inner Sacristy of S. Francesco at Assisi, having been discovered in the nineties of the last century on the back of the parchment upon the other side of which is the Blessing which St. Francis wrote for Frate Leo, signed with the Tau cross. This sacred Blessing was enclosed in a silver reliquary, the back of which hid, till forty years ago, the reverse of the parchment. When at length the reliquary was opened the half-erased and ruined autograph of the *Laudes Creatoris* was discovered.<sup>1</sup>

#### LAUDES CREATORIS

(Reconstructed text by Faloci)

*Tu es sanctus Dominus Deus, Tu es Deus Deorum  
 Qui solus facis mirabilia. Tu es fortis, Tu es Magnus  
 Tu es altissimus Tu es Omnipotens  
 Tu es Pater Sancte Rex celi et terrae.  
 Tu es Trinus et Unus Dominus Deus Deorum.  
 Tu es bonum, omne bonum summum bonum,  
 Dominus Deus vivus et verus.  
 Tu es caritas Tu es sapientia Tu es humilitas,  
 Tu es patientia, Tu es pulchritudo,  
 Tu es securitas, Tu es quietas Tu es gaudium.  
 Tu es spes nostra Tu es justitia  
 . . . et temperantia . . .*

<sup>1</sup> See Faloci: *Gli Autografi di S. Francesco* in *Misc. Francescana*, VI (1895), pp. 33-39, with photographic reproduction, and VII, p. 67.

*Tu es omnis divitia nostra ad sufficientiam*  
*. . . Tu es mansuetudo . . . Tu es protector*  
*Tu es custos et defensor . . .*  
*Tu es refugium nostrum et virtus.*  
*Tu es fides spes et caritas nostra.*  
*Tu es magna dulcedo nostra*  
*Tu es bonitas infinita,*  
*Magnus et admirabilis Dominus Deus omnipotens*  
*Pius et misericors et salvator.*

Thomas of Celano recounts how these Latin verses came to be written by St. Francis for Frate Leo, while on Monte La Verna, just before he received there the Stigmata, that is to say, in the late summer of 1224. So that the *Laudes Creatoris* and the *Laudes Creaturarum* belong to the same twelve months.

Frate Leo had conceived a great desire to have some memorial written by the hand of St. Francis. One day Blessed Francis called him, saying: 'Bring me paper and ink, for I wish to write the words of God and His praises which I have been meditating in my heart.' What he asked for being straightway brought, he wrote with his own hand the praises of God and the words which Frate Leo wished, and lastly a blessing of the brother, saying: 'Take this parchment for thyself and until the day of thy death guard it carefully.'

It is curious that Frate Pacifico's name is mentioned in the Foligno Codex of the *Speculum* in connection with the *Laudes Creaturarum*, for it has continually been maintained that he was responsible for putting St. Francis' *cantiche* in order.

Pacifico was from Ascoli Piceno in the southern Marches, and as a very young man seems already to have been locally famous as a poet when the Emperor Henry VI came to Ascoli in the last years of the twelfth century. On that occasion he made an Ode in honour of the Emperor, and himself recited it and was invited to accompany the court to Sicily. Nor was court favour withdrawn from him when in 1198 Henry died. On the contrary, he presently found himself crowned with great pomp and ceremony *Rex Versuum* by the young Frederick. Returning home, perhaps on a visit, in 1212, he saw St. Francis in some convent at San Severino. It was a most extraordinary vision, for when he came face to face with the Saint, he saw that he was entirely covered with a large Tau cross, and without a moment's hesitation he forgot the court, the Emperor, Sicily and his home, and offered himself and all he had to Francis.

Frate Pacifico, as he thus became, was subject to similar visions: there is the famous one of the thrones which took place at Bovara (Spec. Perf. 60), and it is to him St. Francis went for an interpretation of his own first vision of Lady Poverty (Celano II, 50, p. 222).

Now it is just there, I think, we can almost disprove that Frate Pacifico had anything at all to do with what we have of St. Francis' *cantiche*. For though we have not a single verse of his to help us, his interpretation of that vision as given us by Thomas of Celano (*v.s.*) is so exactly what we might expect from a court poet, a *Rex Versuum* of the time, and so entirely different from, and out of harmony with, the simplicity and spontaneity of thought, the birds' song, of the *Laudes* of St. Francis, that it is difficult to believe he would not have failed to understand the *Laudes Creaturarum* and spoiled them as he did the vision. It is part of the irony of things that Thomas of Celano approved of Frate Pacifico's courtly interpretations: Thomas of Celano, the author of the greatest of all Latin hymns.

It may be claimed that it was the music which Frate Pacifico supplied to St. Francis; he was sent to Paris as *nobilis et curialis Doctor cantorum*. But St. Francis had ever been sensitive to music. He began by singing his French songs by the way: he used to play unheard melodies—unheard save by himself—on two sticks: he sang against a nightingale on one occasion and confessed himself beaten: on another he asked a certain brother to play for him and on his refusal was comforted by an angel who played him heavenly music on a lute, and when he lay dying he made his friars sing to him his *Laudes Creaturarum*. Thomas of Celano gives a most significant account of the feast of St. Francis' canonization: 'New songs were sung and God's servants rejoiced in melody of spirit. Sweet-tongued organs were heard and spiritual songs were sung by harmonious voices. Sweet perfume was there shed around, and jocund melody stirred the emotions of all.'

It is as though he were relating something novel, as though a new music, too, with the rest of the arts had sprung from the tomb of St. Francis. It is probable in fact that he is referring to the magnificent rhymed office, technically called *Historia*, which the Franciscan Julian of Speyer composed for the feasts of St. Francis, and which is still used by the Frati Minori. It is a musical as well as a poetical masterpiece, a narrative poem of extraordinary

expressiveness. Julian also composed a similar office for St. Antony of Padua, and of their kind these offices are unequalled in beauty. Pope Gregory IX, who had been Cardinal of Ostia and as Protector had often put on the habit of the Order, is generally said to have had a hand in the first. In fact the Hymn for First Vespers, *Proles de coelo prodiit*, is often attributed to him. If so, Francis had made a poet out of a very unpoetical person; but modern criticism denies him everything in the office save a few sentences in the Third Nocturn (the Antiphons) of Matins. The hymn *In coelesti collegio*, for the Matins of the office, is attributed to the Cardinal Thomas of Capua, a contemporary and admirer of St. Francis, as is that for the Second Vespers *Decus morum dux minorum*, while the splendid hymn for lauds *Plaude turba paupercula* is perhaps by the Cardinal of Viterbo, Ranieri Capocci. St. Francis had certainly set all the world singing. Lauds and hymns, often anonymous, abound in these early years of the order, all of them marked by that personal appeal which is so new a thing and so essentially Franciscan. Even the most scholastic minds turn to poetry. St. Bonaventure composes his well-known *Recordare sanctae crucis*, the best of his hymns, a lovely thing in itself, with its personal appeal in the second part, where the manner in which a true Franciscan should meditate on the Passion of Christ is pathetically exposed. The rest of his verses have not the same high poetic quality, and even the *Recordare* does not seem to reveal the poetry of his thought so well as his prose. He is rather a mystic, a philosopher, and a saint, than a poet. His object is ecstasy rather than beauty. He does not seem to me to be, as a poet, even comparable with his Dominican friend and rival, St. Thomas Aquinas, whose lovely hymns packed with dogma glorify the office and Liturgy which he composed for the feast of Corpus Christi, and which almost alone of all the Breviary Hymns the ruthless revisers of the seventeenth century never dared to touch. But the Franciscan Order was not so poor in poets that it had need to make the most of the hymns of St. Bonaventure. In the *Dies Irae* and the *Stabat Mater* it claims the greatest Latin poems of the age, perhaps in their very different moods, the one filled with terror and majesty, the other with grandeur and pathos, the greatest of all hymns, the supreme achievements of Franciscan and indeed of mediaeval religious poetry.

The *Dies Irae*, the greatest of all hymns, was written by the Franciscan Frate Thomas of Celano, born before 1200, died



about 1255. He was one of the early disciples of St. Francis and joined the Order probably in 1215. He was the official biographer of the Saint. The *Dies Irae* sprang from the grave of St. Francis, towered up in its awful and super-terrestrial beauty from that tomb in the rock of Assisi. And if one thinks it a strange flower to have opened over the grave of the Little Poor Man, one has not understood St. Francis, or one has not understood the *Dies Irae*.

It would be perhaps presumptuous and impertinent at this time of day to attempt to point out the beauty of this marvellous Sequence. It is full of terror and tenderness, and of aesthetic delight. I venture to note again the miracle of sound in *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*, the fragile loveliness as of sunlight in that terrible unearthly sky, of the sudden hope, the Franciscan and personal appeal of the *Recordare, Jesu pie*, after the absolute desolation and terror of the previous verses, and the tenderness of the vowels in:

*Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus,  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

This mighty sequence, in which, as Huysmans has said, divine wrath breathes so tempestuously, threatens to break in pieces the mountains, to strike the waters and to rend asunder the depths of heaven with thunder, while the alarmed earth cries out in fear at the advent of the implacable judge, who comes with shattering blare of trumpets to purify by fire the rottenness of the world; suddenly grows still, the name of Jesus goes by, and the individual soul cries for pardon, recalling the Passion of the Saviour, pleading His suffering and seeking the forgiveness and absolution He had given the penitent thief and Magdalen. It seems to sum up all the wreckage of human sorrows, the prayers and tears, the sighs, the pains and terrors of life, and ends, at last, with that passionate plea for forgiveness.

What man could have imagined, could have composed, such a chant as this? Assuredly we may answer: 'No man.' It is the voice of the Church we hear, superhuman, super-terrestrial, in those bare dark Romanesque churches with their bowed arches and heavy, overwhelming sculptures where the Tremendous Judge sits enthroned and Christ has put away His humanity, where nothing merely human seems to have any part. Thomas of Celano has but overheard, as it were, the great Responsory of the *Libera*,

which, in an abbreviated form, is still used by the Church at the close of the Mass for the Dead. Those words indeed are older far than Christianity: the mouth of the Prophet had already attempted to articulate them six hundred years before the Nativity of Our Lord. But the Franciscan, as with everything else, interposes into their superhuman inhumanity the humanity of St. Francis, gives them a human utterance—nay, an individual voice—adds to them a personal intention and emotion that no one else had thought to do, and that until then, till the innovation of St. Francis, had been perhaps impossible. And the terror gives way to tears in the miracle of that most tender vocative *Recordare, Jesu pie*. . . .

Only a Franciscan could have done that: it is more than art, it is not of this earth in spite of its humanity: it is celestial.

The *Dies Irae* shows, as Raby points out, a close observance of the more rigid rules of rhythmical composition. The terror of the Judgement is not the wild panic of Peter Damiani. The *Dies Irae* has a supreme simplicity perfectly expressed by the consummate handling of the triple rhyme, and the emotion is heightened by the Franciscan note of personal passion.

In its original form it is not a sequence but a *pia meditatio*. When it came to be used liturgically (and it was already so used in the fourteenth century) the last awkward verses as we have them in the Missal were added.

It always strikes one as strange, and more especially in a Franciscan poem, that the Blessed Virgin is absent from the *Dies Irae*. She is invoked, however, at the end of each verse of a poem on the same subject, the *In tremendo die judicii*, also from Franciscan sources, which is devoted entirely to the Mater Misericordiae. And in that hymn, which perhaps alone may presume to stand beside the *Dies Irae*, the *Stabat Mater*, she intercedes for us for ever beside the Cross.

This second supreme achievement of the religious verse of the Middle Age is the work of the Franciscan friar, Jacopone da Todi, who entered the Order about 1278 and died in 1306. His tragic legend is well known, and I need not repeat it here.

This grand and pathetic sequence, in all ages since it was written, has kept its supremacy in the hearts of Catholics. It has inspired a marvellous plainsong melody, the lovely polyphony of Palestrina and the figured music of Pergolesi, Haydn

and Rossini, and though it did not actually appear as a sequence in the Roman Missal till 1749, it had long been used everywhere by the Franciscan Order, in France, England and Germany. It has all the Franciscan qualities, the personal appeal, the vividness with which it pictures the weeping Mater Dolorum at the Cross, the intensity of feeling, the tenderness; and then as a poem, as a piece of verse, how marvellous it is in its beauty of rhythm, the melody of its double rhymes. This alone would always have prevented the success of any translation, and indeed nothing anywhere near it has ever been produced. A certain J. S. B. Monsell did make what was described in 1873 as a skilful attempt to bring it, as he said, into greater harmony with I Timothy ii, 5, for, as he explained, the fact that the hymn is addressed to the Blessed Virgin has hitherto limited its use outside the Roman Catholic Church.

Jacopone da Todi is one of the greatest Italian lyric poets of the thirteenth century, the author of a large number of Lauds in the vernacular, the head of a school of sacred poetry. One of these Lauds, the *Donna del Paradiso*, is a poem in the vernacular, in the form of a dramatic dialogue between the Madonna, the messenger who brings her news of the Betrayal and Crucifixion, and the rascal multitude, the Jewish *popolo*, till she herself stands at the foot of the Cross and speaks with her Divine Son. It is Jacopone's masterpiece in the vernacular, more popular of course than the *Stabat Mater*, but not more moving.

It has been maintained that the author of the *Donna del Paradiso*, acknowledged to be Jacopone, could not have accomplished the loftier style of the *Stabat Mater*. But as Raby recognizes, each poem is the work of an entirely self-conscious artist obeying the rules of his art. The *Donna del Paradiso* is composed as a vernacular *laude* following the traditional form. The *Stabat Mater* is not a *laude* but a devotional poem according to the strict rules of the Latin sequence in its latest manner. The Franciscan emotion is there and the same devotion to Our Blessed Lady which inspired the *Donna del Paradiso*, but the feeling is personal, not dramatic. There is no reason why a poet of Jacopone's genius could not have produced a liturgical masterpiece like the *Stabat Mater*, but the question of authorship, of course, finally rests on documentary evidence. This points to Jacopone, but it remains impossible to prove Jacopone's authorship. What is certain is that the *Stabat Mater* came from the family of St. Francis, charged with the same

devotion which produced the *Donna del Paradiso*, whether or no these two noble Franciscan poems were the work of one great poet.

The *Stabat Mater* has similar origins to the *Dies Irae*. Neither sprang complete from the mind of its author. The *Stabat Mater* would seem to derive from the *De Compassione B. V. M.* and the long sequence known as the *Planctus Beatae Mariae Virginis*. These poems of the Passion are peculiarly Franciscan and one of the earliest of them was written by an Englishman, John Pecham, the Franciscan friar who became Archbishop of Canterbury and died in 1292. He was born at Patcham, near Lewes, and he joined the Order at Oxford, went to Paris and met St. Bonaventure, and after taking his Doctor's Degree there became Lecturer in theology. Then he returned to Oxford about 1270 and in 1275 was Provincial of the English Province.

John Pecham is the author of one of the loveliest of all the poems of the Passion—the *Philomena*. The metre is masterly, and the cadence exquisite. It is truly Franciscan in its personal emotion, as in its evangelical inspiration—the sense of the reality of the Gospel story. The subject is the nightingale, the forerunner of spring. We live through the day, the hours of which correspond with the stations of the Redemption: Matins sees the Creation of Man, Prime, the Incarnation of our Lord, Terce, His life on earth, Sext, His betrayal, None, His death, Vespers, His burial. It is a lyrical meditation, whose sadness and sweetness increase as the Hour of the Passion approaches till at the *Consummation est* it fails and dies in an ecstasy of love and compassion.

It is delightful to know that an Englishman is among the great Franciscan poets in the Latin tongue in the thirteenth century, and shares in all their innovations of realism and personal appeal which inspired an altogether new life into mediaeval poetry.

Nor is he alone; Walter Wiburn is an English Grey Friar of the fourteenth century who praised the Blessed Virgin Mary in verses not without a genuine emotion:

*Ave Virgo Mater Christi  
Quae pudore meruisti  
Dici phoenix virginum :  
Ave virgo cuius fructus  
Nobis dedit finem luctus  
Et lamenti terminum.*

Such then is some of the poetry which the Franciscan movement, the creation of St. Francis, produced in the thirteenth century. What is the source and centre of this Franciscan poetry, the theme too, that runs through it from beginning to end? It is the Passion of Christ. St. Francis himself in his first adventure was spoken to by the Crucifix in San Damiano. He was ordered 'Go and repair my house,' and he carried out the command literally at San Damiano, and in the far larger sense the words bear. At the end of his life in the solitude of La Verna the Crucified Christ appears to him and imprints upon his very body and flesh the Stigmata of the Sacred Wounds.

It is always the Passion that is his inspiration, and it fills the whole of Franciscan poetry. Christ is no longer the grave and terrible Lord of the great sculptured doorways or apses of the Romanesque churches; He is the Son of Mary, the Man of Sorrows, the Saviour. Look at those thirteenth-century painted Crucifixes of Tuscany and Umbria; many of them bear the figure of St. Francis at the feet of the Crucified. Most of them are of definite Franciscan origin, or at least of Franciscan inspiration. They bear not the Crucified God reigning from the Cross, but the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief who suffered our infirmity.

An impassioned art, very different from anything before it appears. The old calm theological symbolism becomes real, becomes terrible in its pathetic realism.

And it is the same with Franciscan poetry. Its theme is the Passion and the Redemption. It is realistic and detailed and through it all there goes a wind, a tempest of passionate love and grief, which continually repeats the words of St. Francis: 'I weep for the Passion of my Lord Jesus Christ, for whom I ought not to be ashamed to go mourning aloud throughout the world! We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.'

It would be true to say that when the Order changed and at length, largely deserting the ideals of its founder, decayed, it ceased to attract poets and to be the cause of poetry. But with the success of the Observance we find—and I think this is significant—as late for this sort of Latin verse as the fifteenth century, another Franciscan poet who composed a hymn—or so it is thought—which is not much inferior to the Franciscan masterpieces of the great time. Indeed so admirable are the verses that I sometimes



wonder whether they can really have been written in the later years of the fifteenth century.

This poet was Frate Bernardino de' Busti, an Observant Friar and a Milanese.

Those were the days of San Bernardino da Siena and San Giovanni da Capestrano of the *Osservanza*, of whom our Bernardino was a follower. Now it was the custom of San Bernardino to carry about with him on his missions a small panel bearing the monogram 'I.H.S.' of the Holy Name surrounded by rays. He would exhibit this emblem to the faithful, who thereupon adored the Redeemer of mankind. Sano di Pietro of Siena has painted him thus a hundred times. Out of this custom of the Franciscan Observants arose the Feast of the Holy Name which used to be celebrated on the second Sunday after the Epiphany, double of the second class, and for this feast our Bernardino de' Busti composed the beautiful office and Mass approved by Sixtus IV, a Franciscan; and the very lovely sequence *Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus* which our Bernardino wrote for this office, though it has been dropped, cannot be forgotten. Here are the opening verses:

*Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus  
Judaeorum Rex amoenus  
Pius, Pulcher, Floridus;  
Pro salute suae gentis  
Subit mortem cum tormentis  
Factus pallens lividus.*

He was a true poet, as his lovely Offices for the Holy Name and the Immaculate Conception alone would prove.

With Frate Bernardino de' Busti, who died in 1500, it may be said that Franciscan and indeed mediaeval rhymed Latin verse has its end. The vernacular had inherited the world, but it enshrined no such masterpieces of religious verse; unless, as Remy de Gourmont suggests, Villon and Verlaine are the true successors of Jacopone da Todi.

The humanists of the Renaissance stuck to Latin, but went back to classical models and began a fruitless and futile attempt to bring life and beauty into the antique and lovely classical measures. They wished to write like Horace. In other words, they began in this line the great industry of the fake. The lovely liturgical verse of the Middle Ages appeared barbarous and despicable in the eyes of laymen and cleric alike. The marvellous sequences

were abolished with few exceptions and the hymns which remained in the Breviary were tolerated only on account of their venerable antiquity, and presently suffered a process of ignorant mutilation at the hands of a commission of Jesuits under Urban VIII. Only in one or two cases do the revisers seem to have hesitated. They left the *Ave Maris Stella* and the *Jam lucis orto Sidere* alone, and, possibly out of respect for the Dominicans, refrained from laying hands on the hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas. But, unabashed by such great names as Prudentius, Venantius, and St. Ambrose, they set to work—in the words of the learned hymnologist, Canon Ulysse Chevalier—to spoil the works of Christian antiquity under the pretext of restoring the hymns in accordance with the laws of metre and elegant language. The results of their work are still with us in the Roman Breviary.

But it should be added that the Society of Jesus has of late made some amends. For in our own time the most systematic attempt to collect the sources of mediaeval hymnology has come from the Jesuit Fathers, Guido Maria Dreves and Clemens Blume, aided by Henry Marriott Bannister. Their work, not yet, I hope, finished, already fills fifty-five volumes of *Analecta Hymnica*—a vast array of texts of all degrees of importance and interest, out of which some day some young French or English scholar may yet, one hopes, produce a work comprising the exquisite and authentic Latin poetry of the Middle Ages, and so some future humanist Pope may restore the literary authenticity of that most reverend, most readable, most delightful of bedside books, the Roman Breviary.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE STALIN LEGEND

*Stalin.* By Leon Trotsky. (Hollis & Carter. 25s.)

THIS book covers almost four decades of Stalin's life but deals primarily with the period up to 1923, with the last chapters summarily telling the story of the last fifteen years before the war. Written in Mexico, where the author was living in exile, it was only partly completed when, in August 1940, Trotsky was killed by a man who called himself Jackson but whose identity has never been revealed; 'portions of the manuscript,' the editor tells us, 'were not only spattered with blood but utterly destroyed.' The last part of the manuscript was compiled and edited by Charles Malamuth and supplemented with his own comments and interpolations; later Mrs. Natalia Sedova, Trotsky's widow, expressed dissatisfaction with some of the changes made by the editor.

Trotsky was a passionate political leader, not a historian. He could hardly be expected to write an objective historical account. In this respect other books on Stalin are better than his. Trotsky's real aim was to refute the 'Stalin legend'. He had before him the mountains of Soviet literature of the 1930s, in which Joseph Stalin was pictured not only as a consistent fighter for Communism but as the greatest authority on social and other sciences, as a man who never erred and never changed his mind, as a leader ranging 'at least as high' as Lenin and Marx. At the same time, Soviet propaganda portrayed Trotsky as a secondary figure, essentially anti-Communist and anti-Leninist and, finally, as a traitor and spy.

Trotsky set out to refute the legends of the Great Stalin and to tell the truth, as he saw it, about his own rôle inside and outside the Bolshevik movement. He engaged in extensive research to trace, step by step, the activities of Stalin from the very beginning of the century, when the young Djughashvili began his revolutionary career in the Caucasus. Trotsky arrives at the conclusion that, contrary to his official biographers, Stalin played no rôle of any importance whatever until 1907 and a secondary, if not a lesser, rôle from 1907 until Lenin's death in 1924.

He devotes considerable space and attention to Stalin's activities in 1917. Trotsky himself joined Lenin's party at the outbreak of the revolution, and makes it possible for readers to compare his own positions in the Bolshevik party and in Soviet politics with Stalin's. He insists that Stalin was far from consistent in his revolutionary zeal; he quotes him as saying in March 1917 that 'it is not to our advantage to force the course of events'; he asserts that Stalin was at first out of sympathy with Lenin's aggressive strategy. Stalin considered the differences with Tseretelli, the Menshevik leader, to be 'petty disagreements' and not an impassible abyss between the two parties. Stalin's speech at the Bolshevik conference was so conciliatory, Trotsky reports, that it remains unpublished and unknown to the Soviet public. Contrary to the 'Stalin legend', the present ruler of Russia was not completely in favour of the November uprising. During the last two months before the decisive event of the Russian Revolution Lenin was in hiding, while such other leaders as Zinovyev and Kamenev were opposed to armed insurrection. One gathers from Trotsky's account that it was he, Trotsky, who really led his party to the seizure of power, whereas Stalin remained inconspicuous. At the decisive sessions of the Central Committee, for instance, 'Stalin did not even show up'. Trotsky quotes Stalin himself as writing in 1918:

All the work of practical organization of the insurrection was conducted under the direct leadership of the President of the Petrograd Soviet, Comrade Trotsky. It may be said with certainty that the swift passing of the garrison to the side of the Soviet, and the bold execution of the work of the Military Revolutionary Committee, the Party owes principally and above all to Comrade Trotsky.

The author refers to a multitude of documents of the first years after the Revolution, where both Stalin's and Trotsky's names occur—but Trotsky's name always comes before that of Stalin. Lenin, the author indicates, held Trotsky in much higher esteem than Stalin. When Lenin prepared an official document, he 'first of all showed it to me, and, having secured my signature, called out the others, beginning with Stalin. It was always thus, or almost always.'

In the same way Trotsky analyses Stalin's activities in the Civil War and after. Stalin's rôle was again secondary, compared with those of Trotsky and, of course, Lenin. Again, documents published in later years are profusely quoted to substantiate the claim.

Lenin died in January 1924. Trotsky relates that, one day in 1923 Stalin reported to his colleagues Lenin's request for a poisonous drug; all except Stalin refused to furnish Lenin with it. Combining these reminiscences with later stories about the use of poison by the NKVD, Trotsky surmises that Stalin may really have poisoned Lenin! Accord-

ing to Trotsky, Stalin had reason to fear that Lenin might demote him and was therefore interested in the leader's death.

Trotsky pictures Stalin as 'grey' and dumb. Perhaps unconsciously, he projects into his account a comparison between the brilliant Trotsky and the colourless Stalin. The latter's articles were 'dry, flabby and false'. 'It is impossible to place Stalin even alongside Mussolini and Hitler. However meagre the ideas of fascism, its leaders roused the masses to action, pioneered new paths. Nothing of the kind can be said of Stalin.' Lenin's widow is quoted as having declared that 'Stalin is devoid of the most elementary honesty, the most simple human honesty.' 'Undoubtedly characteristic of Stalin is personal, physical cruelty—what's usually called sadism.'

In his fight against the deification of Stalin, Trotsky is certainly right, and yet the picture painted by Trotsky is incomplete and inadequate. *Qui prouve trop, ne prouve rien*. Trotsky tries to demonstrate that Stalin is a mediocrity in every respect; not a political giant but a Caucasian *kinto* (a conniving schemer) let loose; a sadist at the head of a great nation. He further seeks to prove that the 'Stalin' period, beginning in 1925, marks a counter-revolutionary trend in Russia, a political countermove against the 'genuine' revolution of Lenin and Trotsky. He condemns Stalin's cruelty and terrorism as a consequence of his personal proclivities, as well as of the general trend of counter-revolution.

Trotsky's concept of the 'Stalin period' is not new. He stated it in his previous books and articles. It is a fact that in our times intellectual brilliancy, scientific education, familiarity with philosophy and understanding of the fine arts are not prerequisites of political leadership—less so today than in the comparatively quiet nineteenth century. True, Stalin has not grown to his stature as rapidly as other revolutionary leaders; Stalin is not the originator of ideologies or religions; perhaps he did not always see eye to eye with Lenin. What of it? He undoubtedly possesses practical abilities, a horse sense, political intuition and a lot of cunning, which have given him undisputed leadership among the Communist *élite* in Russia and abroad.

Nor is it true that Stalin's policies represent a counter-revolutionary reversal of the policies of the Lenin-Trotsky period. Generally speaking, Stalin continues today what Lenin and Trotsky began thirty years ago. Trotsky decries the slogan, 'Stalin is the Lenin of today'; yet this slogan is essentially justified. In his indignation about Stalin's terrorism, Trotsky is led to show his and Lenin's practices in a false light; the Soviet Government did not 'interfere with the public expression of dissident views' until August 1918, Trotsky says; on the same page (338), however, his editor has left intact the statement that in June 1918 the other parties were 'deprived of legality'. In fact, in January 1918 the Constituent Assembly, in which the non-Communist



parties controlled seventy-five per cent of the mandates, was dissolved by military force. As far as the mass application of the death penalty in the early years of the Soviet regime is concerned, Lenin was its chief advocate, and Trotsky himself was not at all averse to it. Moreover, it was well known in political circles in Russia that Trotsky demanded the execution of arrested Menshevik leaders, while Lenin opposed him and saved their lives. The case of a group of Red Army commanders (Panteleyev and others), executed by Trotsky's orders for disobedience, provoked widespread discussion at the Eighth Congress of the party. What Stalin did was not to countermand these policies but to effect the perfection, extension, and more universal application of the methods introduced by Trotsky and Lenin.

A movement away from the Communist revolution towards revolutionary nationalism is seen by Trotsky in Stalin's 'socialism in one country'. Lenin and Trotsky were Communist internationalists, he maintains, while Stalin is a narrow-minded nationalist—and that is the essence of Stalin's counter-revolution. The events of the last decade have given new proof of the extent to which Trotsky was mistaken in this allegation. We have witnessed the dissolution of the Comintern and its rebirth; the expansion of Soviet influence into other countries and their reorganization along Soviet lines; 'Socialism in one country' has actually become 'socialism' in at least ten countries—with Communist parties in complete control.

The wealth of material contained in this book is unique and makes it indispensable reading for every student of Russian history in the twentieth century. As a biography or as a political appraisal of Stalin it is the product of a political leader who was unable to write with the detachment which is necessary to give a fair and adequate portrayal of the man who rules Soviet Russia, and who fought Trotsky to his death.

DAVID DALLIN.

## GOVERNMENT AND VALUES

*The Web of Government.* By R. M. MacIver. (Macmillan. 21s.)

It is one of the functions of the political scientist to offer his contemporaries a synthetic analysis of the totality of relationships between the individual, the group, society and state. This task can never be complete, as these relationships are dynamic and change perpetually. So every generation has to undertake this analysis anew. The textbooks of political science do not teach us much about the living, dynamic process by which these ever-changing relationships are governed. They string one thinker to another, Aristotle to Plato, Locke to Hobbes and so forth, without asking what are the motives, the deeper sociological causes, which may explain the different political inter-

pretations of equally different socio-historical worlds which each thinker faced and faces. Such a sociologically-conceived history of political science still remains to be written.

It is true there are political concepts, ideas, values and valuations which one thinker shares or at least appears to share with others, but their disagreements amongst themselves, their deviations, are more revealing than their apparent agreements. Thus, for example, the interpretations of the concept of 'sovereignty' by Bodin, Hobbes and Rousseau show profound and distinct differences, and it is these differences which make an historically living concept of sovereignty out of a dead abstraction.

If such life can be instilled into traditional political doctrines, if political philosophy becomes '*die Zeit in Gedanken gefasst*', as Hegel demanded, then political science gains its true measure. Only then does political science take part in the discussion of government which continues from generation to generation. Professor MacIver's book can, I believe, claim to be judged as a contribution of our generation to this perennial analysis of the functions and limitations of man as a political being. He writes in full possession of traditional political dogmas, and he writes also as a sociologist who knows that political dogmas have been formulated in socio-historical situations. In addition Professor MacIver is aware of the complexities of the political problems which confront us today. He analyses these bewildering complexities, he suggests proposals for their solution. Even where he fails, he is instructive.

Professor MacIver uses two main classes of human contrivances in order to explain how the government of man over man has come about: techniques and myths. 'A technique,' he writes, 'is a way of knowing that is primarily a way of control. It is not the instrument man fashions, not the tool or the machine as such, but the craft he employs in making the machine and in putting it into service. A technique is a way of manipulating objects, including persons as objects. . . . By *myths* we mean the value-impregnated beliefs and notions that men hold, that they live by or live for. Every society is held together by a myth-system, a complex of dominating thought-forms that determines and sustains all its activities. All social relations, the very texture of human society, are myth-born and myth-sustained.' This myth-concept as it is applied here to social relations within state and society is of very far-reaching significance, though I doubt, as we shall see presently, whether Professor MacIver fulfils his promise to use the term 'myth' in 'an entirely neutral sense'. He very often writes in terms of his own myth, which is the myth of the late capitalist state of the democratic Anglo-American mass society.

Myths are indeed 'value-impregnated'. It would therefore have been imperative to have aimed at a clear differentiation between

myths and values or, to put it differently, to avoid the danger of giving preference to those values towards the fulfilment of which the process of western democratization is directed. Not that Professor MacIver does not see this problem, for he writes: 'The impact of technological change has been very different in different countries, in England and Germany and the United States and Japan and France and Russia and all the rest, not *merely* (our italics) because one country was at the outset technologically more advanced than another, nor because it had greater economic resources and opportunities, but also because traditions were different, because education was different, because the ways of living and of believing and thinking were different.' He realizes that uniformity in the realm of values can never become comparable to the uniformity which prevails in the realm of techniques. 'The same apparatus of technique will be directed to different ends in the United States and in Russia, in a democratic state and in a dictatorial state.' It is this contrast—the contrast between the democratic and the dictatorial state—which forms the thread which runs throughout the volume.

Professor MacIver grasps with rare lucidity the history of our democratic way of life; with Athens, Rome, the world of the Middle Ages, the slow development of our democratic ideas and institutions from the sixteenth-century absolutism to the modern democratic mass states with their multi-group societies he is equally familiar. From his immense knowledge and learning he throws new light on Bodin, Locke, Rousseau, to mention only a few of the great masters of political science with whom he converses and whom he criticizes freely. All this serves his argument for the 'ways of democracy': 'Democracy cannot mean the rule of the majority or the rule of the masses. . . . Democracy is not a way of governing, whether by majority or otherwise, but primarily a way of determining who shall govern and, broadly, to what ends. The only way in which the people, *all the people*, can determine who shall govern is by referring the question to public opinion and accepting on each occasion the verdict of the polls.' Again, the western myth of democracy is contrasted with the state structure of Russia, for we read on the same page: 'Quite possibly in Russia . . . a larger proportion of the people approves and supports its government than may be found in democratic countries to support their governments. But that fact is quite irrelevant to the question of democracy. In the Soviet Union, under these conditions, there is no free exercise of opinion on matters of policy, nor any constitutional means by which the changing currents of opinion can find political expression. It would therefore be the sheerest confusion to classify the Soviet system as democratic.' Democracy becomes the irreconcilable enemy of the dictatorial system, once the contrast between both is overstressed.

'Democracy,' continues Professor MacIver in his exposition of its ways, 'is founded in the free responsiveness of the state to the community. The community is sanctioned against any attempt of government to overpower it. The primary sanction is the constitutional provision for the free organization of conflicting opinions and doctrines. It is further provided that the prevalence of opinion, as measured by a system of elections, shall determine the choice of government and the general direction of governmental policy. This is democratic liberty to make and unmake government. Whatever other liberties co-exist with these, unless they are the direct corollaries and consequences of these fundamental ones, depend on the disposition of the democracy.' It is easy to understand how these 'particular liberties' assured by democracy are meant to constitute 'the central area' of human freedom. 'If a man,' writes Professor MacIver, 'is not denied the right to communicate his thoughts and give free range to his opinions, if he can associate freely with those who share his values and his aims, if at the same time he is a citizen whose opinion counts or at least is counted, equally with that of everyone else, then his personality is protected against the worst repressions. What he needs beyond is rather more opportunities than more liberties—he needs the equipment, economic and educational, by means of which he can more fully utilize the form of freedom he already possesses. If democratic liberty prevails, then men can worship as they please, can cultivate their own tastes, their own perceptions, their own aspirations. Men have other important needs besides liberty against oppression, but this liberty is primary liberty. *It means in effect the liberty of the whole realm of culture, of all the creative arts and of most of the ways of living.*' (Our italics.) However far Professor MacIver is prepared to go in making concessions towards the collective tendencies of our age, particularly in the sphere of economic planning—his book cannot be regarded as a companion volume to Professor Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*—the realm of culture and 'the ways of living' are on no account to be encroached on or interfered with.

Professor MacIver vindicates the community against the state. His criticism of Hegel's theory of the state is formidable. Hegel, he says, like Rousseau, has confounded society with the state. 'If we do not distinguish society, with its countless uncentralized relationships and activities, from the state, with its specifically co-ordinated activities, we are on the dangerous road to totalitarianism.' Whether Professor MacIver's interpretation of Hegel is correct or not, it is true that since Acton, Maitland and Figgis the case for a pluralist conception of society has hardly been put with more precision and vigour. Yet the communal attitudes and institutions are today in mortal danger. Professor MacIver sees this danger, though he seems a little too optimistic with regard to our chances of meeting or even overcoming it. He indeed recognizes that we are all cogs in a machine that runs

regardless of our emotions and desires. Nor is he unaware of the new dimensions of politics which have tended and are increasingly tending to place the activities of governments beyond the reach of the citizen. 'The political apparatus is so complicated and its functions are so interlocked that the common man cannot check responsibility or gauge the conditions of achievement or even discover the orientation of policy. He is the more at the mercy of his leaders on the one hand and of his officials and experts on the other.'

All this makes it imperative to arrive at a new integration of communal values, for the community is more than the state. Professor MacIver carries the distinction even further: 'The community is not only the living together of the inclusive group, it is also a bracket that contains also the non-centralized and endlessly variant activities of its members. In the community a man finds his larger home, the home of his people. But also in that community he cherishes and works for his faith, whatever causes are dear to him. . . . Man needs both these attachments. The home is the transcendence of the individuals. . . . The cause goes beyond personal relationships, it is the expression of man's relation not only to his folk but to life itself, in a sense of his relation to the universe.' Thus man is attached, or perhaps we should say ought to be attached, to other cultural values than his own social background.

Governments must never become the controllers of these myth-forming powers of man, though this is perhaps the ultimate danger of our time. I am not at all certain whether it will be sufficient to rely on our awareness of this danger in order to overcome it. 'The new recognition of the nature of personality and the modern multiplicity of associations go hand in hand. Together they refute the philosophy that would centralize all human activity within the clasp of the state. Together they provide the facilities the democratic state must employ to remain flexible and dynamic.' It is true that during the last decades social sciences have widened and deepened our knowledge of the human being, but it is doubtful whether this 'new recognition of the nature of personality' has the same myth-creating strength as it had in earlier periods of human civilization. The immense increase in the rationalized structure of all social relationships makes the demarcation of the spheres of the state on the one hand and of the spheres of the community on the other extremely difficult.

Perhaps we are now prepared for a somewhat closer examination of Professor McIver's theory of values. He writes: 'Since human beings are always variant the common is likely to be more securely established if its guardians do not demand the complete conformity that contradicts or suppresses such differences as are not irreconcilable with the basic unity. The recognition of this fact is the major insight of democracy. The basic unity is thus a consensus about values cherished in



common, embodied in accepted usages and relationships, pursued through some inclusive organization. . . . *The values that are pursued in common are realized only in the individuals who compose the whole. They are values only as they are attained, enjoyed, fulfilled in the experience of men, in the quality of their living.* (Our italics.) This definition of values leads Professor MacIver to the problem of the relationship of values to the group and society. 'The group, the nation, looks to the future, but by the future we must mean the continuance or the enhancement of values in being and in prospect for the generations that follow. The collectivity as such never experiences these values. The collectivity is either an abstraction or a mechanism. It is a mechanism if we think of it as the organization through which the members participate in a common life and pursue the values they can realize only in their own lives. *It is an abstraction if we think of it as a value in itself, apart from the persons in whom values are embodied.* (Our italics.) It is an abstraction—a false abstraction—if we venerate it as such, if we attach to it the attributes of honour, and glory and power, if we regard it as existing in its own right above the rights we ascribe to men.'

These sentences are decisive for an understanding of Professor MacIver's philosophy which underlies his book. While it is true that values are embodied in or realized by human beings, the validity of values is not dependent on their realization. The cosmos of human values is always greater than their realization.

Political science must understand not only the values which define the cause of the writer's cultural background. It must embrace all causes. It is in this realm that Professor MacIver appears to fail us.

His attitude towards the Soviet governmental and social system is particularly revealing in this respect. He appears to waver between the recognition of certain historical presuppositions about the Russian Revolution and a deep-seated abhorrence of the 'ways of dictatorship'. Thus he writes: 'Even apart from the aggravation created by the collectivist economy, Russia could not at the time of the Revolution have established a democratic order. At that time this vast country was overwhelmingly peopled by unpolitical peasants, inured to absolute authority, even though they were disaffected by the disasters it had brought upon them. Over such a land only an autocratic government could in the chaos of the war maintain itself. Moreover, the Soviet government was confronted by the whole outside world, of its enemies and of its former allies alike, and had to prepare not only against internal revolt but also against the new war loosed against it by the capitalist states. Later, it became evident that a rearming Germany was looking for conquest towards the east. The threat of war never ceased until at last Russia was engulfed in the Second World War.' Nothing could be fairer than this account of the historical setting in which Soviet Russia was placed from 1917 onwards. Is it

under such circumstances possible or justifiable, quite apart from much older historical traditions and different value-systems about which Professor MacIver has little to say, to expect western conceptions of political power or legal institutions in which many centuries of experience and thought have been firmly integrated? Professor MacIver admits: 'Never has an industrial development been accomplished so rapidly on so grand a scale. The technological lag of Russia behind the major industrial countries was virtually eliminated within a generation. The illiteracy of the Russian peasant was overcome under a system of universal education which, though rigidly doctrinaire, at least provided for backward multitudes the first facilities of knowledge. In these respects the Russian Revolution is a more enduring thing than its system of dictatorship and its Marxist orthodoxy.' It should perhaps be said in passing that Marx was less orthodox than Professor MacIver would make us believe. *Moi, je ne suis pas Marxiste*, Marx said of himself. And it should also be known to Professor MacIver that Marx applied the developmental structures of capitalism only to western Europe, as is evident to the reader of the French edition of *Das Kapital*, which he revised himself, apart from his Hague speech, in which he considerably modified his 'orthodoxy'.

Yet there is no reason to disagree with Professor MacIver's conclusions: 'It is not unreasonable to conjecture that this revolution will go the way of other epoch-making revolutions. . . . Its leaders will pass, new myths will be insurgent, and its first orthodoxy will become obsolete. But the history not only of Russia but of the world will be different because of it. Its inherent mission, not of its founders, will be accomplished.'

J. P. MAYER.

### A DISCIPLE OF COLLINGWOOD

*The Approach to Metaphysics.* By E. W. F. Tomlin. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

As the author states in his preface, the purpose of this book is modest: it is to send the ordinary reader to the study of the actual works of philosophical writers, not to substitute itself for them, or to declare itself their authentic voice. For this reason it is, presumably, and not merely on account of the confidence that enlivens every page, that the book is called *the approach*, and not *an approach*; for not all introductions share this proper modesty. But an approach it is, and as an approach succeeds admirably and deserves to be widely read. It is informed and intelligent, shrewd and often witty, civilized and completely readable. Mr. Tomlin writes with great gusto and vigour, and his own unflagging interest should whet the appetites of the

readers whom he envisages. And in one important particular his book differs splendidly from some other modern introductions to philosophy: there is nothing hole-and-corner about it; instead, his sweep is wide and he opens up a broad range of country.

Being a modern approach, this essay starts quite rightly from a discussion of the problem of perception. This is its first part, and it leads naturally and properly to the next, the nature of metaphysical thought, which in turn takes us to the largest section of the book, the metaphysical background of modern thought, an account of the matter (with many a vivid and accurate insight) from Descartes to Hegel. Mr. Tomlin ends with an incisive sketch of modern positivism and some pithy comments on certain contemporaries. As is to be expected, much of the discussion centres on Locke and Berkeley and Hume and Kant—the pages on the last three are perhaps the most successful of all—but Mr. Tomlin has made his own Whitehead's dictum that the story of modern philosophy is a series of footnotes to Plato, and it is from Plato and Aristotle that he begins. He is well aware of the new world of philosophy that Christianity is responsible for, though Gilson might have deepened his awareness, and he knows that the mediaevals are of great importance. Hegel, too, has his due, and perhaps more than his due; and Mr. Tomlin does well to devote several pages to Auguste Comte. Throughout his essay his chief preoccupation is to show what it is like to think metaphysically, and by showing it to show how and why metaphysics intimately concerns everybody and matters very much indeed. As a consequence of this preoccupation, his book is starred with many a disquisition on the relation of metaphysics to science and, above all, to culture, to civilization and its patterns. It is a refreshing experience to read a man who sees and plainly says how relevant philosophy is to the arts, literary and visual, indeed none excepted; if one has any criticism here, it is that the author might better have developed his theme and illustrated it by coming to more particulars.

Mr. Tomlin, then, is himself deeply and powerfully convinced that metaphysics matters enormously, and his conviction communicates itself through all his manner of writing and even in his sallies. The quality of it recalls the men to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness, Whitehead and Taylor and Collingwood, and especially the latter, and it says much for his book that, even without his acknowledgement, their influence—predominantly Collingwood's—would have been manifest. Collingwood has left his imprint and seal on a most apt disciple, and it is his manner and outlook and temper of mind that inform and inspire *The Approach to Metaphysics*. It is these, too, that in my opinion are responsible for several defects and inadequacies.

Of course, when an introductory book is written by a man of vigorous and decided mind, one will expect to come across a multitude

of matters about which one disagrees, whether they are matters of philosophical analysis or of historical interpretation or of quite general judgement. But it is not to these that I would draw attention. It is rather to the Collingwood manner and temper as exemplified in the method of procedure and the conception of what metaphysics really is.

For Collingwood's work I have much admiration and find it most often of considerable interest, and I hope that it will not be thought that in criticizing it as it shapes the book under review I am merely digressing to retaliate on a man now dead for the perverse and somewhat contemptuous travesty of his colleagues with which he beguiled the public in his popular *Autobiography*, or for the gay half-truths and failures of that work and others. But that book (widely read in its Pelican edition) will be re-echoed in many readers' minds by Mr. Tomlin's own, and since both writers write highly intelligent and wide-ranging books with great confidence and persuasiveness, one does well to scrutinize them with care. The care ought to be all the greater seeing that both are concerned with the modern man's bewilderments and mean to be on the side of all that is noble and of religion.

Collingwood always insisted—how rightly!—on a programme of accurate history in philosophical enquiry, and made merry at the expense of colleagues who read philosophers in independence of their background. In his own practice he traversed many writers and periods; about all of them he had usually some bright idea (the phrase is deliberate) and the idea was sometimes a brilliant illumination and sometimes might be a kite he chose to fly, some hypothesis to try out that had in fact nothing to do with the available evidence and might be foolishly bright. His account of the object of Aristotelian metaphysics is such a kite, and it flutters again in the pages of Mr. Tomlin's book. In the same manner, in this book, are some odd and outlandish observations about objective and subjective in mediaeval philosophy, which are characterized and contrasted as the ordered and the capricious. One may think and think, and no reason comes to mind why this generalization should even begin to be true: think of it in connection with St. Augustine (nowhere mentioned in this sketch, however, in spite of St. Thomas's clear pedigree) and imagination is defied. In itself it is not a major blunder, but any blunder in a matter that controls an important part of the argument suggests that Mr. Tomlin should be read warily and is hardly a sure guide for the uninstructed. It is a pity, too, considering the stress he puts on history, that his pages on Cook Wilson strike me, who was brought up among Cook Wilsonians, as merely silly. It is a much greater pity that his use of the term 'realist' is elastic enough to include not only Cook Wilson (and presumably Joseph) along with Moore (and Russell?), but Greeks and mediaevals and some moderns: a habit that can only confuse the general reader.

Sometimes, too, Mr. Tomlin will tramp around very confidently where angels fear to tread, as in his remarks about the Fourth Gospel and the Logos-doctrine and Philo. But indeed—and here it is a doubt that is being registered and not an appraisal—for all the many and sometimes excellent discussions of religion and of Christianity, now and again I found myself wondering how accurate is Mr. Tomlin's acquaintance with the Christian faith. This doubt arises, for instance, at the end of his pages on Hegel, but elsewhere too. Perhaps it is only that he has not the sure or sensitive grasp of theology that one would wish for in a guide for the perplexed.

The wonderment that recurs most insistently throughout the book, however, is the same as that which besets a reflective reader of Collingwood himself. What is the metaphysics to which Mr. Tomlin is giving us the approach? For both of them metaphysics is the discovery of what in fact are the presuppositions of the sciences, of our outlooks on nature and human nature, and the observing how in fact one set of presuppositions turns into another set. Presuppositions, moreover, are neither true nor false. Metaphysics appears to be descriptive history just as surely as Mill's ethical theory is descriptive psychology. Mr. Tomlin denies that metaphysics is just history; he declares further (p. 209) that some presuppositions are 'valid', and some presumably invalid in some sense or other, and that some are more 'reliable' than others. But the only overt attempt to say what metaphysics is peters out, and we are left to our wonderings. Truth to tell, as far as this book goes, the metaphysics to which it is the approach would surely seem to be pragmatism *pur sang*, respectably and tastefully dressed in the refinements of 'historical thinking' and the saving graces of urbanity and charm. It isn't enough, in a book of this kind; far from it. Worse still, it may be that in the long run a philosophy of this sort may be more subtly and more intimately corrosive than the noisy and brutal analytical techniques of the positivists, whom Mr. Tomlin dislikes so much and whom so rightly he assails. In a book designed for the purpose that its author holds dear, this is surely a most serious and deadly inadequacy. It is an obscurity that ought, in charity, to be firmly dissipated.

One criticizes a book hard because one takes it seriously. It is no humbug or just wanting to be nice, or any weakening of integrity, to repeat what was said earlier. I am sorry that an introductory book so promising and so interestingly written and so stimulating should suffer from what seem to me grave defects, and be not quite the guide for the general reader that the author himself would offer—for the befogged are left becalmed in their fog. But it is full of good things, and one hopes that it will find a multitude of readers who will read it with profit.

VINCENT TURNER, S.J.



## ANGLICANS AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION

*Maurice to Temple.* (Scott Holland Lectures, 1946.) By Maurice B. Reckitt. (Faber. 16s.)

MR. RECKITT in these lectures has admirably traced the history during the last hundred years of the varied initiatives within the Established Church to discover what is Christianity's proper function within the disorder of a separated and secularized society, and how to give practical effect to this aspect of its spiritual mission. Tracing the pioneer work of men like Maurice, Kingsley, Hancock, Headlam, Scott Holland, Gore and many others, as well as the different and often seemingly contrary activities of societies, conferences and movements such as the Christian Socialists, the Guild of St. Mathew, the Christian Social Union, the Church Socialist League, Lux Mundi, the Industrial Christian Fellowship and Malvern, Mr. Reckitt presents a picture of the continuous devotion and zeal of a minority which, though at first very small, proved a continuous witness through good times and bad of Christianity's job—'to be as specific', in Mr. Reckitt's happy phrase, 'about what was happening under their very eyes in the garden of England' as 'about what happened in the garden of Eden.'

The story is inevitably a complex one, and, in its historical and biographical detail, of greater interest to the specialist than to the general reader. But the author has not been content to leave it to names and movements. His own mind is working hard throughout, puzzling over the problem of what are the proper questions and the proper answers with which Christians ought to be concerned when they are dealing with a 'game' about whose 'rules' the Church has never been consulted. As Gore was to complain, in relation to the new social problems created by the industrial and social technique of the last hundred and fifty years, 'there is not amongst us anything that can be called an adequate conception of what Christian morality means.'

This is Mr. Reckitt's main concern, and because of it the non-Anglican reader can greatly profit not only from the valuable analysis of British social history during the last century (how easily one falls into dangerous generalizations about Victorian prosperity, not to mention hypocrisy, when conditions were continually changing!), but from the descriptions of the social worries of the chief characters presented: F. D. Maurice, whose spiritual insight (very highly rated indeed in these pages and equated with Newman's complementary insight) led him to despair of the shallowness and narrowness of the religion of his contemporaries, as well as to see so clearly the spiritual hollowness of the material progress which deceived even the best of

others; Charles Kingsley, who made one enduring contribution (when he realized the working of nature in his own scientific studies), out of so many oddities of taste and outlook;—‘His neurotic aversion for the ascetic element in religion led him to the perpetration of such extraordinary judgements (if that is the word for them) as those contained in a letter to Mill in 1870, in which he says that “Christianity was swamped by hysteria from at least the third to the sixteenth century”, and that “there will never be a good world for women till the last monk . . . is civilized off the earth”.’; Headlam, ‘the born rebel’ who embarked ‘upon an elaborate discussion with a bishop in his palace about the length of a dancer’s skirts and the colour of her tights’; donnish Scott Holland, of whose work it was said that the answer to every new social crisis seemed to be the reading of a new paper; Westcott, who in 1890 (the year before *Rerum Novarum*) went so far as to say: ‘Wage labour, though it appears to be an inevitable step in the evolution of society, is as little fitted to represent finally or adequately the connection of man with man in the production of wealth as in earlier times slavery or serfdom.’

To the Catholic reader this book raises fascinating and important questions on almost every page, and he will be well advised to study it carefully, especially if he thinks he knows all the answers. The individualism of the Anglicans, and their doctrinal and disciplinary insecurity (as we must think it), had at any rate this advantage. They had to make *their own* way in a forest which was as much a virgin forest for us as it was for them. We, on our side, were helped by authority, a clear doctrinal and moral teaching and a closer connection with the social tradition of the Middle Ages, to reach conclusions right in principle; but the Papal lament that the Church had lost the working classes sufficiently indicates that the right answers are not enough. They have to be worked out and applied in experience—experience of the unknown. These Anglicans never ran short of experience, and they learnt a great deal through the simple method of insisting, as Studdert Kennedy put it, that ‘if we cut off that Bread, which is His Body from all connection with our daily bread, and the means whereby we earn it; if we declare that He is present in the Bread of the sanctuary, but absent from the bread of the street—we deny the truth of the Incarnation.’

Nevertheless, the fervour and zeal of this Anglican social pioneering also proved in practice to be far from enough. As Mr. Reckitt admits, the Anglican religious initiative came to accept far too naïvely the socialist solution, worked out outside the Church by the Fabians and the long list of secularist reformers, and, as is so often the case, those who stood for religion were looking to the secularist solution just at the time when fresh secularist ideas were causing the paternalist State socialism to be questioned. It was in the light of the realization

of this false track, and under the influence of men like J. N. Figgis, that Anglican social thinking came finally to strike the line that had in principle been accepted by Catholics much earlier. Thus the discovery of Egerton Swann's three pillars, 'distributed property, the Just Price and a guild organization of industry' was a discovery of the essence of *Rerum Novarum*, and Archbishop Temple, who fell at the beginning for State socialism, once stated to the present writer that he was all for the Pope's 'corporatism' so long as it was called a guild system!

With the contemporary release from subservience to the secularist social ideas, the Anglicans have also become far more conscious of the primacy of the spiritual. 'If the security of the nineteenth century', wrote Temple a few years before his death, 'finally crumbles away in our country, we shall be pressed more and more towards a theology of Redemption. In this we shall be coming closer to the New Testament. We have been learning again how impotent man is to save himself, how deep and pervasive is that corruption which theologians call Original Sin. Man needs above all to be saved from himself. This must be the work of Divine Grace.'

Maurice and many of the others whose work is described in this volume would no doubt have agreed with Temple, but their lack of theological training, coupled with the social excitements of their time (remediable evils standing in the way of unprecedented progress), not to speak of the doctrinal and moral differences within the Established Church, caused theology to recede before the ideal of something dangerously near socializing Christianity. Mr. Reckitt is not directly concerned in this book with the wider and deeper question that any English Christian must ask himself, 'why in fact have the people lost their faith in Anglican Christianity?' It is not a new question, for already in 1851 it was observed in an Official Census of Religious Worship 'how absolutely insignificant a portion of the congregation is composed of artisans'. But the truth remains that, despite the great and steadily spreading efforts to make Anglicanism conscious of the social mission of religion, there has been little or no arresting of the secularist tide.

Though it has to be admitted that the Catholic Church on the Continent has also failed to hold the masses—a loss so widely ascribed to the Catholic neglect in practice of its social mission—it may be fairly said that the over-all record of Catholicism is very much better than that of Protestantism. The immense progress of Anglicanism in a hundred years (Dr. Arnold said that no power on earth could save it) only underlines its failure nevertheless to regain any real hold over the English people. It is the boast, on the other hand, of the Catholic Bishops in England that through their educational efforts in the primary schools (in other words through the measures taken to teach

Christian doctrine and the Catholic way of life) they have not lost their own working class. The same is true of America and Ireland, despite what may be regarded as a degree of social backwardness in these countries. May one not justifiably argue that no endeavours in the social field will compensate for doctrinal and disciplinary weaknesses? And these have beset Anglicanism throughout this period.

On the other hand, our record, and especially on the Continent, is not such as to warrant any complacency, or any sense that an otherwise healthy Christianity can neglect the complex and difficult social issues so graphically described in Mr. Reckitt's lectures. Nor should we fall victims to the idea that, since so many of the social grievances here recounted have now been set right, Christianity's social work has been done for it. Mr. Reckitt conveniently outlines the main social problems of today as the problem of the 'era of atomic energy', 'the spectacular menace of famine', the problem of 'finding a monetary mechanism to distribute whatever it may be that a nation decides to grow or make' and the restoration of 'a sense of normal satisfaction in the processes of men's daily work'. These are real and vital social problems in which the Church has emphatically an important business. Though it is likely to prove as difficult for the Church to find the right questions and answers within these new disorders that lie outside the scope of her own 'rules' as it proved with nineteenth-century industrialism, she could not remain disinterested or in any way accessory to the injustices and sufferings caused without losing further ground.

Anglican experience, as described in this record of a hundred years now over and done with, strongly suggests the need to maintain and teach the primacy of the supernatural in terms that can be fully understood and applied to life as a whole. And this means a fearless and uncompromising readiness to face whatever may be demanded, that not the individual only but society itself be baptized again. This may seem at the moment a distant goal, but, however distant, it and it alone gives the right direction.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE.

### MARXISM AND THE ARTS

*The Artist in Society.* By Gino Severini. Translated by Bernard Wall. (The Changing World Series, No. 1. Harvill Press. 4s.)

It was an excellent idea to garner these sage reflexions on the artist in society from the oblivion of a Roman archive. For this is a subject on which a great deal more constructive thinking is required in our time in view of the bankruptcy of the Marxist solution of the artist and society—a solution on which 'progressive' hopes were long and, as it now appears, abortively fixed. The history of the arts in the

Soviet Union during the last twenty-five years tragically reflects the destructive influence of 'Marxist aesthetics' on the creative arts. Many of the more vital aspects of this subject are often lost sight of when it is treated as if it were from the outside, and not from within by an artist (as in the present instance) intimately associated with these problems. The main focus of Signor Severini's work is the Marxist threat to the free development of the artist and the spurious nature of Marxist aesthetics. As an artist he firmly rejects Marxist claims to control or inspire any of the arts. Indeed he goes much further, and denies the applicability of dialectic methods or of historical materialism to the world of creative art. 'Historical materialism,' he says, 'is a conception of the world which has a certain value on the social plane, but which does not apply to art and which ought to remain in the category of "means", not of "ends"'. In fact, it has not given birth to any kind of genuine art' (p. 3). The mediocrity of Soviet literature and especially of Soviet graphic art since the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 justify this criticism only too well. Under Marxist pressure, it may be added, not only the creative arts but all criticism of them has run amok at the beck and call of the Party hierarchs. Signor Severini will have no truck with the Marxist epithets 'bourgeois art', 'proletarian art'. He hits many propagandist nails on the head when he says: 'These terms really belong to the jargon of political meetings. They are usually unintelligent and out of place in intellectual discussions' (p. 12). 'To subordinate art to politics, to misuse it by turning it into a means for propaganda, is rather like using an aeroplane engine for a wheelbarrow. This is more or less what happened in Russia' (p. 14).

Apart from his analysis of Marxist ideological pressure on the artist and his work, Signor Severini also writes with personal knowledge of the artist's position and difficulties in a city like Paris, where he is cramped by 'the dictatorship of money', and of the nefarious influence exercised by dealers and wealthy patrons of the arts in our more prosperous bourgeois democracies (cf. chapter on 'Art and Money'). It would be unfair to the author and editor of this work to quote it at greater length. Mr. Bernard Wall is to be congratulated on launching his 'Changing World' series of publications with these stimulating essays, originally published in Italy between 1943-1946, and on making them available at a most modest price to English readers in English.

M. C.



## HISTORY OR MYTH?

*The Arrow and the Sword.* An Essay in Detection. By Hugh Ross Williamson. (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)

'OBJECTIVITY', it has been said with some truth, 'is the grave of the true historian', and indeed any study of history which disregards the symbolic and the archetypal, and which considers that the student's aim is achieved with the publication of mere historical facts as such, is an incomplete one. On the other hand, equally unsatisfactory is that tendency which would translate back from symbols into facts and would shape events to fit philosophies. It is true that symbol and tradition are of a higher order and therefore of a truth more immediate than historical record *tout court*, nevertheless on their own level—admittedly a lower one—the facts of history must possess a certain autonomy.

In this present interesting and provocative work Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has, we feel, failed to bear this distinction in mind. The theoretical and speculative part of *The Arrow and the Sword* forms a useful contribution to the understanding of certain aspects of mediaeval history, but the author's reading of actual historical events themselves is open to very serious criticism. 'To state that King William Rufus and St. Thomas Becket were the self-immolated victims of a cult which preserved the rites of a primitive fertility-ritual is to invite derision,' says the author, and indeed Mr. Williamson might well have taken his own warning more seriously. Historically the thesis is so revolutionary that, were it proved, we should be compelled from henceforward to regard all historical writing with almost complete agnosticism. It is clear that very serious and cogent arguments indeed should be adduced before advancing a hypothesis at once so paradoxical and so provocative. No such arguments are, however, produced, and, in their place, we are given merely a series of parallels drawn between the murders of Rufus and Becket and the rites of the fertility-cults—the author appears to forget that parallels are, by definition, destined never to meet. It is true that Mr. Williamson produces 'evidence' for his conclusions by a close examination of every facet of the traditional tales—yet, for example, if William II is given the name of Rufus, is it necessarily relevant that 'the colour of blood is and always has been all over the world pre-eminently the witch colour' (p. 110)? Similar 'parallels' are traced with regard to Becket, yet here also we need no occult explanation to account for the omissions in John of Salisbury's account of St. Thomas's death, if we remember that John had fled from the scene of slaughter and was not a witness of the actual murder. Again, if the earliest illustration of Becket shows the saint wearing the usual large skull-cap of the time, why should we associate this with

'the famous Phrygian Cap of Mithra' (p. 134)? Indeed, after reading the author's interpretation of the deaths of Becket and Rufus, we can only wonder why the death of Henry VI and the smothering of the 'Little Princes in the Tower' were not instanced as most obvious examples of ritual murder.

In short, it seems clear that Mr. Williamson has been led to interpret and to modify historical facts in the light of his theory of the survival of pre-Christian cults existing as an undercurrent, unseen but powerful, below the European civilization of the Middle Ages. These unfounded interpretations are unfortunate, for the author's main thesis—though it seems to us to need much modification—is one well worth consideration and should by no means be dismissed out of hand. It is of course impossible here to enter upon a critical examination of Mr. Williamson's contentions, but we would urge readers not to be put off by the historical extravagances and occasional theological confusions of the author. The significance of the symbolic in the Sacraments is well brought out and is a happy return to the teaching of the Fathers, while perhaps even more noteworthy is the examination of the character of human love, with its definition of the nature of *Eros*; a definition which appears wholly convincing both historically and philosophically, and which makes a very necessary qualification of Fr. D'Arcy's *Mind and Heart of Love*. In conclusion, it is a great misfortune that Mr. Williamson should have allowed work which has much of real value to be obscured by particular historical theses so totally capricious, so manifestly unproven.

DOM AELRED WATKIN.

### THE LION OF JUDAH

*Ethiopia*. By David Mathew. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15s.)

AN early cleriheiw said of Mr. Belloc that 'He seems to think nobody minds His books being all of different kinds' (nor did they); and the squib could be adapted to fit the name of David Mathew. But not less than his versatility is his ability to imprint his personality on his subject, so that in one person's mind his name is as firmly associated with the British Navy as in another's it is associated with the Jacobean age, and so on. It is difficult to forbear from the tag about 'touching' and 'adorning'—with a side glance at the fact that the writer of Goldsmith's epitaph was also the author of the *History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia*, which has its place in the book under review, as an illustration of the change in the European view of Ethiopia after interest in the idea of Prester John had been exhausted. Having been sent to Ethiopia on the Church's business, it may have seemed inevitable to some that Archbishop Mathew would write a book about the country; but even with

the example of his versatility before us it could hardly have been foreseen how well the subject would fit him. There seems little enough in common between the rather *farouche* African kingdom and the other matters and men that Dr. Mathew has studied with such urbanity—unless perhaps the baroque element of the seventeenth century be rather fancifully brought into association with the 'baroque' features of Ethiopian life and history. There are buildings and other monuments of that era in Europe that may well be called 'improbable', and Dr. Mathew often—far too often—uses that word of things in Ethiopia. But one gets the impression that it is by that very quality of urbanity that he has conquered an intractable land and its peculiar history: urbanity of mind, urbanity of literary manner—that and looking at it from the inside. Such recent books as Jones and Monroe's *A History of Abyssinia* and Longrigg's *Short History of Eritrea* are competent, well-informed introductions, not written without sympathy; but they seem cold and distant after reading Dr. Mathew. But then his heart is engaged as well as his understanding: 'Ethiopia leaves an impression on the mind that is quite ineradicable. Those first nights in Addis Ababa, in the house on a cleaned-up lot to the west of Churchill Street, are unforgettable: the thin air at eight thousand feet above sea level, the grunt of the guard beneath the window as he lay sleeping with his rug and gun, the sound of the hyenas and the breath of the soft wind in the eucalyptus trees.'

Mention of the two books above does not mean that *Ethiopia* is of the same sort, a short history, almost a text-book. Its sub-title is 'The Study of a Polity, 1540-1935', and it is precisely with the Ethiopian monarchy that Dr. Mathew is concerned, from the time of Galawdewos and the Portuguese episode, through the Gondar decadence and the rise of Shoa, to the triumph and suicide of Theodore II and the return of Haile Selassie I. It is an arresting theme—a theocratic Christian throne, with half its subjects Jewish, Mohammedan or heathen, cut off from Christendom by Islam, heathendom and the sea, and situated at a spot where British, French and Italian commercial imperialism would all in time become interested in it. It is no wonder that Ethiopian kings imperial, kings provincial and viceroys were apt to be chiefly interested in acquiring weapons of war.

Two elements of the story may be assumed to have a special interest for readers of this review, namely, the Englishmen who cross the scene and the part played by missionaries of the Roman Church. James Bruce of Kinnaird arrived in Ethiopia in 1769 and did not get back to Cairo until 1772; that queer character George Annesley (Lord Valentia) was at Massawa in 1805, and sent Henry Salt on an expedition into the interior; Salt was entrusted with an official mission to Ethiopia four years later, and in 1841 Captain William Cornwallis Harris was dispatched to visit the king of Shoa and earn a knighthood;

then there was Walter Chichele Plowden, who was made British consul in Ethiopia in 1848 and supported the conquering Kassa (Theodore II). Plowden is referred to opprobriously by the anonymous author of the *Life of Bd. Justin de Jacobis (L'Abyssinie et son Apôtre)* published at Paris in 1866, but, as Dr. Mathew remarks, he was, though far better known, a less interesting character than his elder companion, John Bell, another Scot. Bell was 'the heart-friend' of Theodore, but is approved by the biographer of Jacobis since he is alleged to have intended to become a Catholic; if he did, his death in defence of Theodore in 1860 prevented him. Nor must Mr. Coffin, Lord Valentia's servant, or Nathaniel Pearce, the deserting sailor from East Acton who turned Mohammedan and made his living in Ethiopia for years, be overlooked.

Most of these, including Pearce, left written records which have been published, and excellent use Dr. Mathew makes of them. There is not only Bruce's *Travels* in five volumes, but also the *Account* of his life and writings by Alexander Murray, and it is tempting to say that Dr. Mathew is at his best with Bruce and the renegade (*Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce*)—but then there is Lord Valentia. For an account of him as a young man we are referred to Mrs. Sherwood, authoress of *The Fairchild Family*, who was his tutor's daughter. 'Poor Nanny,' his wife said of him, 'he means no harm.' It is a horrid epitaph. But without Poor Nanny a young man would not have been sent into Tigrai because 'His Lordship . . . was of too much importance to have his life risked'; and then we should not have had Salt's narrative of his mission to Waldé Selassie at Antalo at the time when power had passed from the *negus* at Gondar to the viceroy of the Tigrai, nor later his materialization as 'the shadow of European commercial exploitation' falling on Ethiopia.

Dr. Mathew makes frequent reference to suggestions, reminiscences, faint echoes, of Byzantium in Ethiopia; of these the relations between church and state are certainly an example, with the *Negus neghesti*, King of kings, as βασιλεύς, the Metropolitan of Aksum (*abuna*) as Oecumenical Patriarch, and the often decisive influence of the numerous monks, later centred at Dabra Libanos. Then with the coming of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, and their encouragement as allies against the Moslems, came representatives of the Catholic Church to disturb the age-long isolation of the Church of Ethiopia. There ensued over a period of eighty years events in some respects similar to those happening at the same time, but under rather different conditions, with the spread of Portuguese influence on the Malabar coast of India; and similarly, the upshot was disastrous for Catholicism.

These events Dr. Mathew touches with a butterfly lightness; indeed, his use of understatement where the ecclesiastical activities of

the *negus* Susenyos are concerned is such that the reader gets no idea of what really happened. Cardinal Hinsley wrote in this review in October 1935: '... the coercive measures against the schismatics, enforced by Susenyos and more or less countenanced by the Jesuits, even though in accord with Abyssinian mentality and the customs of the age, were inexcusable in the eyes of the Church and before the court of Christian civilization. But indiscreet zeal soon brought its own punishment, and the zealots were the pitiable victims.' The justification for this judgement can be seen clearly in Father Somigli's *Etiopia Francescana nei documenti dei secoli XVII e XVIII*. . . . (Quaracchi, 1928), even when full allowance has been made for the fact that it was the Franciscans who inherited the legacy left by Susenyos and his supporters. A grievous but glorious fruit of these events was the martyrdom of Bd. Agathangelo of Vendôme and Bd. Cassian of Nantes in 1638, of others later, and more remotely of Bd. Gabra Michael in 1855 under Theodore.

There is a point of terminology that Dr. Mathew has not dealt with very happily. It is true that the epithet 'monophysite' does not specify Ethiopian Christianity completely satisfactorily. But 'Coptic', though there are reasons for its use, is apt to be misleading, for the word means 'Egyptian'; while to call it 'Alexandrian' *tout court* is not very kind to St. Athanasius and Clement and all the other orthodox of the Marcan popedom.

As has been intimated already, this book is not a history in the ordinary sense: rather is it a picture, almost a moving-picture. And like so many good pictures, it is 'selective'. To vary the metaphor, some of the bones of the body are missing: the general reader may find himself at a loss because of the things he is not told, or because he is not clear about elementary structure, such as the provinces, peoples and languages of Ethiopia. And certainly in a study of the Solomonic Throne he looks for at least a brief account of the local legend of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, such as Jones and Monroe (op. cit.) give on pages 10-21. But one cannot have everything. Dr. Mathew set out to study a polity, and he has given us a superb picture, full of detail that is often entertaining and always illuminating.

DONALD ATTWATER.

### A NEW LIFE OF HOPKINS.

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*. By Eleanor Ruggles. (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.)

IF Hopkins as a poet suffered rebuffs and disappointments in his lifetime, he has met with rare good fortune posthumously in finding editors who have worked over every scrap he left with insight and scholarship.



Bridges upon his poetry, Mr. Humphry House upon the Journals and Diaries, Professor Abbott upon the Letters—each of these has bestowed a high degree of care and thoughtfulness on what fell to them. Mrs. Ruggles, therefore, in attempting a full scale life of Hopkins, sets herself alongside a select and distinguished company.

It cannot have been altogether easy to decide whether a life was needed; it may be thought that the letters, the journals and diaries, the poems themselves, with their introductions and appendices, provide all that is required until some fresh material comes to light. Mrs. Ruggles, however, gives herself the comparatively modest task of making a connected narrative from what is already available, illuminating it with sidelights from the rich Victorian firmament in which Hopkins' star was set. Hopkins somewhat easily strays in our minds from his true place in time, not only because the recognition of his poetry occurred in our own day, but because most readers of it were at first struck by what seemed a contemporary quality. It was natural, for instance, to Harold Monro when compiling his *Twentieth Century Anthology* in 1929 to include Hopkins, saying in his preface '... it might be argued that the magnificent Gerard Manley Hopkins should have no room. But chronology may now be dropped, he belonging temperamentally and technically to the Twentieth Century, not the Nineteenth.' But chronology cannot be dropped in any full appreciation of art.

It is clear from the letters that Hopkins himself was in fact very much part of his period, in the sense that, where they touched him, the events and personalities of it meant much to him. The work therefore of replacing him in his true setting is of importance. Those for whom the letters do this insufficiently will find this volume of great assistance.

It would have been considerate and wise on the part of Mrs. Ruggles' English publishers to make plain to the English reader, rather than leave him to guess at it from the internal evidence, that this is an American book. Victorian biographies here in this country are nowadays expected to display a nostalgic charm and high degree of literary skill. They achieve sometimes brilliant allusive effects of imaginative reconstruction. This suits our taste now for the vicarious enjoyment of what seem happier days. These distinctive English qualities are missing from this narration that is more earnest and academic in style than that to which we have become accustomed. On the other hand, we gain something perhaps in a new perspective of material usually highly coloured but here presented with a calm and studious disenchantment. At times, however, the standpoint of observation is too remote to be successful. 'The Oxford of Gerard Hopkins,' Mrs. Ruggles writes on p. 28, 'has become a remote unreal region. Jowett and Pusey are tiny figures, ludicrous in their academics, who stride

at a great distance across our vision.' This description will suit no one who has the least acquaintance with the sixties. However remote, Jowett and Pusey are neither ludicrous nor tiny. But such jarring notes are rare, and on the whole Mrs. Ruggles makes a satisfying job of the Victorian background.

What is a more serious drawback, affecting American as well as English readers, is a certain antagonism to Catholicism. The writing is not actively partisan, but yet it is not neutral. In describing the force of the Oxford Movement that drew men on towards Catholicism, the author observes (p. 41), 'There are certain fortunate intellects that can stop short [i.e. short of conversion to Rome], and Pusey's was one of them. Newman's was not, nor was Gerard Hopkins'. Any non-Catholic is, of course, entitled to this view; but offered as an unqualified judgement it is one that is unfavourable to a profound understanding of Hopkins' personality. It restricts the interpretation of him to the limits in which, for instance, Bridges was confined. Elsewhere Mrs. Ruggles writes (p. 75), '... Newman's [conscience] stopped just on the hither side of the line that divides the hypersensitive from the psychopathic, that of Hopkins went beyond.'

Hopkins does not appear to strike the present generation of readers as psychopathic. If there are puzzling elements in his character, this word by itself does nothing to illuminate them. Mrs. Ruggles' outlook, we are forced to conclude, is too far removed from his own to yield more than superficial observation of Hopkins' life as a religious. 'He examines his conscience,' she writes on p. 82, 'checking the record of each day's shortcomings against that of the day before with the tongue-protruding anxiety of a merchant laying up for himself riches upon earth.' The students of Hopkins in this country, even from the standpoint of professional skill, have got further into their subject than this. And here it is not so much an antagonism to Catholicism that inhibits the author, but an insensitivity to what is involved in any profoundly religious condition of mind. The externals of a religious discipline indeed make a most unpleasant narrowing effect unless there is at least a clue given to the interior life which it promotes. However accurately, for instance, the Spiritual Exercises are described, unless the reader to some extent is made aware of the values that apply in the supernatural order, the impression is misleading and such phrases as 'corpse-like obedience' (p. 93) are repulsive in their effect.

If we take the view that is implied by Mrs. Ruggles' comments—that the conversion was unfortunate and that Hopkins' conscience was 'psychopathic'—where are we with, for instance, Patmore's well-known estimate: 'Gerard Hopkins was the only orthodox, and as far as I could see, saintly man in whom religion had absolutely no narrowing effect upon his general opinions and sympathies. A Catholic of the most scrupulous strictness, he could nevertheless see the Holy Spirit

in all goodness, truth and beauty; and there was something in all his words and manners which were at once a rebuke and an attraction to all who could only aspire to be like him.' Mercy on us, Patmore was no psychopathic!

Poetry is best understood first from the standpoint of the poet writing it. A poet will be more or less exacting in this regard according to the strangeness and complexity of his own outlook compared with that of the reader. But the effort must be made. Critical positions can be explored and established only after this imaginative transposition by the critic has been effected. No amount of book-learning will compensate for this necessary exercise of the mind. We cannot proceed by scholarship alone towards knowing how a poet stood in relation to his own poetic experience. And we should expect to be helped towards this by any satisfying biography of Hopkins. Mrs. Ruggles without doubt brings accuracy and learning to her narrative. She describes the relevant aspects of the vast Victorian panorama adequately for her purpose. But she misses what Hopkins calls the 'inscape' of her subject. And though it might be claimed that hers is no more than a simple narration of the external facts, none the less we should feel that the essential, more interior, qualities of the man are firmly grasped and understood. And we cannot be sure of this at all points. On one most vital point indeed—what touches his religious life—we believe her to be badly out.

But Hopkins and his poetry make a very difficult target for anyone; '... here the faithful waver, the faithless stumble and miss', one might exclaim, applying words that Hopkins himself uses in a very different connexion. As a sighting shot Mrs. Ruggles' book may be commended.

HARMAN GRISEWOOD.

### HEROINE OR SAINT?

*Catherine—Saint of Siena.* By Michael de la Bedoyere. (Hollis & Carter. 12s. 6d.)

ST. CATHERINE, in the liturgical life of the great order to which she belongs, has a place shared with St. Dominic alone. If it be allowed to speak of some saints as 'greater' than others, here is one of the greatest saints of all. And in none of the saints of her own order was the basic ideal of the order's life more strikingly manifested—contemplation of Truth itself overflowing in a charitable activity for others; and, first of all, *contemplata aliis tradere*. Here, in the truest and strictest and most primitive sense of the word, is a great mystic; a great apostle also, and a great figure in the public life of her time: a stormy and critical time

indeed, the bitter chronic warfare of the six or eight states of central and northern Italy at the close of the fourteenth century, the chronic *malaise* of the Papal State whence the ruler had been absent now nearly seventy years. St. Catherine has been one of those saints whom, inevitably, even the textbooks have had to mention.

This new, popular life of St. Catherine is the work of one of the best known, and most influential, figures in modern Catholic journalism. In the pursuit of his aims, Mr. de la Bedoyere has been heedless of popularity with the influential, and careless whether the great smiled on him or frowned. He has been, and he remains, one of the most dynamic personalities in the Catholic life of this country. What of his *Catherine*?

The literature is abundant about her career, and about her writings—for hundreds of her letters have survived, and her treatises on man's life with God, his Maker. Inevitably there has been a world of controversy about the saint. It has even been suggested that St. Catherine was never so important in the eyes of her own time (and in fact) as later ages have romantically proclaimed; and that later ages have been led to their mistaken judgement by taking for an authentic contemporary portrait what is, in fact, a piece of propaganda for the Roman line of popes against their Avignon rivals, produced during the famous Schism that began in the last months of the saint's life. For this thesis (and a faithful critique of it) we must refer the reader to Monsieur Fawtier's two volumes and to Monsieur Jordan's review of them in the *Analecta Bollandiana*. It is Fawtier, apparently, who is referred to in the blurb's recommendation of this new life as 'the first written in English on the basis of important critical French researches into the sources of Catherine's life.' But, it seems to me, Mr. de la Bedoyere hardly ever refers to Fawtier except to differ from him, and he certainly does not accept his main hypotheses.

Mr. de la Bedoyere's interest in the saint as the subject of a book he wanted to write is, he tells us, recent; and it must, we think, be a matter of regret that he had not more time for his task. He does not, for example, give evidence anywhere that he is sufficiently at home with the events amid which the saint moved. Nor is he master enough of his special subject to use the instruments of criticism without damage to himself. This saint is one around whom, according to her contemporary biographers, the marvellous flowered as in a fairy tale; given that it is the author's explicit aim, in part, to produce a life 'credible to the modern reader' (p. 5), what is he to do about all this? and on what principle to reject, or accept, the variety of evidence from these primitive sources? For to Fawtier's main thesis (propaganda for Urban VI and his line) he is, he tells us, in fundamental opposition. One of the first of these biographers is Bl. Raymund of Capua, who was, for a time, the saint's confessor, and about him Mr. de la Bedoyere writes,

very truly, that he is 'hardly . . . the sort of witness one can dismiss as a gossip'; then he adds, 'but we must be prepared for possible omissions and possible embellishments which he might consider to redound to God's glory' (p. 18). And he gives not a word to justify this qualification which, if warranted, would of course be ruinous to Raymund's whole value as a witness. No less naïve, and, it seems to us, disquieting in its naivety, is the way in which the author can quote Bl. Raymund to the effect that the saint had a special liking for Barduccio, and then immediately discount this on the strength of his own impressions: 'She may have come to do so,' he writes (p. 69), 'but it is not the impression one derives, as Barduccio does not come to life as Neri and Stefano do.' As a *critique des sources* this is too lighthearted altogether, and it must lessen one's confidence in the biographer.

More important, of course, than what any saint did is what the saint was. And here, it seems to us, Mr. de la Bedoyere has not sufficiently thought out all that is implied in the truth that sanctity is a marvel of grace, a supernatural thing, and that the saint is not a human being to whose natural the supernatural is added, but one whose natural is wholly penetrated by, suffused in, elevated and brought to perfection by, the supernatural. His failure to do this is related to the failure already noticed to evaluate the stories of the marvellous and 'place' them in the life. And because of this second and more fundamental failure, Mr. de la Bedoyere, it seems to us, if he has not himself really failed to understand the saint, has so presented her that a reader who first met her in his book would not come to any real knowledge of her at all.

These preliminary questions about points of view, conceptions of the subject, and method of treatment are all important. And here we propose to quote what really reads like nonsense, partly to assure the reader that he need not put the book down at page three in despair that he will find in it no more than a happy man's romantic fancies: Mr. de la Bedoyere, luckily for his book, forgets his principle as soon as he has announced it. For he tells us that what moved him to write the book was the coincidence of a striking resemblance between the features of St. Catherine as they are represented in a bust which he possesses and those of a lady bearing the same name, his wife in fact. Nothing could be happier, nothing more charming. But what could sound more ominous than what follows: 'Physical characteristics are an index to character, so I feel that I have been given an initial clue, at any rate, to the type of person whose character I want to understand and convey'?

It is not reassuring to read, alongside this, the biographer's praise of such a kindred methodology as the following: 'I never collect authorities or investigate conditions', so Mr. Shaw is quoted (p. 6), 'I just decide what has happened and why it happened from my flair for



human nature . . . ' We are cautioned that 'this is a prescription for a genius' and, even so, exaggerated; and then Mr. de la Bedoyere proceeds: 'Shaw in his *Saint Joan* has proved how well his method works even in the case of the life of a saint. His portrait of Joan is, in my view, very wrong-headed about essential points of Joan's religion and philosophy, yet nearer to the truth of the vital Joan than any other. After all, if you can make a historical character live again, even though with serious distortions, you have done infinitely more than any scholar who catalogues the facts about the dead and gone.'

This is a disturbing introduction to a new presentation of St. Catherine of Siena. It is our main objection to Mr. de la Bedoyere's book that in it St. Catherine is distorted fundamentally, and that the author has 'de-supernaturalised' her life, writing of her as though the all-dominating matter of divine grace had no existence at all. That, even so, he does not bring her to life is, *pace* the author, a minor point which we will no more than mention, while we proceed to support from the book the major criticism. But first, let it be noted, we are only criticizing the author's methodology. The elementary truths which, to explain our objections, we are about to recall, he knows at least as well as this writer, and accepts them as fully. But he has chosen, unfortunately, to write according to a convention where they have no place.

'Saint', i.e. the word as used by Catholics of those whom the Church has canonized, is a technical term with a definite meaning and a restricted application. What makes the saint, his sanctity, is a something which shows itself in the saint's unbroken union, through active faith and hope and charity, with God, and in the exercise towards men of all the other virtues in a heroic degree. Sanctity is not a thing naturally acquired, but an unmerited grace—a grace of unusual magnitude. The saint, nevertheless, is not a grace-driven automaton. The saint's individual personality survives whole and entire, his own intelligence and its free judgement, his own will—all these are indeed heightened, in themselves and in their action, by the great graces lavished on the saint; it is by operations that are his own that the saint comes to God. But the saint is one with whom it is grace that is all the time the main consideration, the main influence, the main directive and persuader—one in whom, increasingly, the whole activity of the personality has but God and His plans in view; and whose activity is increasingly influenced by the direct action of God through what are technically called the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. Saints are a class apart—and they cannot ever be understood unless this is first recognized, and unless what makes them a class apart is firmly and clearly grasped. Whoever undertakes the life of a saint is pledged to describe a saint—there cannot be any truthful distinction between the natural man and his sanctity, for the saint's sanctity is not a vesture, or an adornment or a quality super-added; it is *aliquid in anima positum*,

something *in* his soul and its faculties, an accident indeed, but one which physically transforms them. The whole affair is, in origin and essence, supernatural—man, at his best, does but co-operate; and that co-operation is brought about by an actual grace. In all which are many mysteries. One of the simplest tests—in the sense that, if this is lacking there is no sanctity—is the presence of brotherly love in the highest degree; another such test is the *utter* dependence on God, and its accompanying lack of self-interest and self-will.

Now Mr. de la Bedoyere's St. Catherine is a contradiction in terms. Her sanctity is described (p. 35) as 'fanatical and highly emotional'. He speaks of her 'training herself for sanctity'; and he can say 'had she never felt called to attempt more than her own sanctification . . .' (p. 81). 'Extreme asceticism', it seems to be suggested, is the base of it (p. 241), and 'her whole inner life was devoted to killing in herself what she knew would not or should not fit' her 'plan of integration' (p. 243). She is 'sufficiently sanguine and self confident to try to move the Church and Christendom' (p. 59); and 'highly interesting as she is in herself (!) might well have failed to survive for posterity were it not for the fact that she chose to make Christendom itself the stage upon which her gifts were to be exercised' (p. 82). It is in keeping with this curious oblivion of what we all know to be among the invariable characteristics of sanctity that we hear '. . . she was acutely conscious, as most geniuses are, of her own indispensability if success were to be achieved' (p. 133), and, with a word for 'the grandiose plan she had in mind' (p. 131), an acknowledgment is made of 'the extraordinary success of sheer feminine persistence and cocksureness' (p. 149). The saint's 'constant ecstatic prayer' is a matter of her own preference, (p. 35), and it is 'through second sight' that she gains the knowledge with which she puts her learned critics to rout (p. 47). 'Her orthodoxy was instinctive. Her theology and philosophy were amazingly accurate for an uneducated and untrained woman' (p. 238)—it would be simpler for those who believe in such things to say that the saint had infused knowledge.

The climax in this attempt to make a heroine out of a saint is the passage on p. 135 where the great mission to persuade the pope to return from Avignon to Rome is described as 'hardly more difficult (in the condition of her time) than might face, let us say, a young woman pacifist novelist of France determined in 1939 to go to Berlin to negotiate idealist terms of peace between France and Germany with credentials from M. Daladier.' It is with no surprise that we read the author's comment: '. . . it can be argued that her success [at Avignon] turned her head as a politician, though not as a saint' (p. 236).

We have said nothing of the author's use of his own imagination to fill gaps, support interpretations, and generally enliven the story. He discards as something that 'need not be taken literally' (p. 190)

the contemporary story of the *Dialogue* as dictated in ecstasy by the saint, and offers this to us, 'But I for one can see her on her knees leaning over a table, pen in hand, her hands and mouth covered with ink, and applying herself to her schoolgirl task with all the delight and concentration of the beginning of the learning of any art' (p. 164).

'There is no supernatural way of washing a floor,' it has been excellently said—and there is no way of describing the supernatural as though it were the natural: which is why, as we hold, Mr. de la Bedoyere has failed.

One last word: if St. Catherine's mind about her mission, and about the meaning of the Christian life, is to be found anywhere, it is to be found in the *Dialogue*. To this wonderful book, a book to be read on one's knees, three pages are given; but they do not contain even the beginnings of a hint of what the book is about. The saint 'had blossomed into a professional writer' (p. 188), says the author; and here is all that we are told about her work: 'The book, which is rather prolix, repetitive and disordered, and in my view much less striking as a whole than the more spontaneous letters, is about the same length as a long novel' (p. 191).

PHILIP HUGHES.

#### HAGIOGRAPHY AS FICTION

*Isle of Glory*. By Jane Oliver. (Collins. 9s. 6d.)

THE isle of glory is Iona. In this historical novel the author presents the story of Saint Columba as that story grew in size and colour in times later than the life of him by Adamnan. The hero is the saint of the fiery temper who defies the judgement of the High King at Tara, persists in defiance until he is the cause of a fight in which 3,000 are slain, goes into banishment at the bidding of his soul's director, and compensates for the 3,000 by converting the race of the Picts.

The writer—on her own testimony delivered in a preface—has striven to make her story the 'robuster truth', as against the 'hagiographical whitewashings' which obscure; and, indeed, so much at least the novel-reader will expect to find. But giving bright concreteness to vague ages is something that can hardly be done short of magic, and the matter-of-fact novel form is never well fitted for the task where poetry barely succeeds—to

Shake up the dust of thanes like thunder  
To smoke and choke the sun.

For Columba's story as it is previously lodged in the mind is a story for heroic literature, and the background against which he lived is not easily discernible in the way that suits the everyday requirements of

the modern novel. Jane Oliver has worked with something less than magic. At once held by history but not sufficiently supported by it, she makes her Columcille the personification of that fiery impulsiveness attributed to him; but beyond that does not give him enough in the way of human interest to fit him for the long part of appearing on practically every page of her novel. Changing the strong man to occasional moods of tenderness and bouts of rafter-shaking laughter is too simplified and mechanical a formula for conviction. The play of mind of Jane Oliver's Columba does not lead to fascination; it merely runs very steadily along the more obvious lines of spiritual speculation, and once the saint is guilty of a piece of ingenuousness from which his author ought to have saved him. 'Humility, my son,' says his confessor, 'is the essential virtue that you lack.' To which Columba replies: 'I-I-I did not think myself proud. Surely the rule of Clonard does not leave a man much chance of arrogance.'

For more ease in her task of covering the few and bare bones of history the novelist adds some purely fictitious characters, of whom she conscientiously informs the reader in her preface, and whom she keeps in proper subordination in the story. These do not always serve her well in procuring an air of probability. Maeve, sister of the saint's mother, does not get fitted into the story; her wickedness is pointless and rather of the wrong century (ours). Neither does the introduction of a professional strong man—Tumlin—make it easier for the reader to imagine himself back in the sixth century. An age that has seen pugilism put on such a business basis and pugilists so finely graded as ours does not find the all-time, all-over champion the easiest key to a hidden Ireland.

Not the least of Miss Oliver's tasks can have been the adjusting of the multitudinous miracles of the seventh-century Adamnan life to the plan of her realistic novel. She makes one bold bid for that adjustment by making Columba himself resist the efforts of those about him to see him involved in miraculous circumstance when actually he was not. On the other hand, where she incorporates miraculous happenings from Adamnan it is sometimes with a curious loss in the telling. Thus the fulfilment of the prophecy of the inkhorn awkwardly spilt does not improve with the addition of realistic circumstance. And notably the incident of the white post-horse that wept upon the bosom of Columba, soon to die, does not. In Adamnan the narrative affects us as if we did not read it but saw it in a painting. In the novel the happening has neither the impressiveness of a painting nor of actuality. It falls between these two—it is as if the horse in the painting suddenly swished his tail.

The use of realistic devices in order to promote in the reader a sense of complete familiarity with an age and civilization which is really 'beyond him' has its particular perils. Credit is due to Miss

Oliver for the way in which she describes Columcille's coming into the presence of King Brude of the northern Picts. But the same arts fail where he comes for judgement in the dispute concerning the copy of the scriptures before the High King at Tara. Were the story told in the idiom of heroic literature this might well have been one of its big moments; but to the modern mind, addressed in its own idiom, the judgement—"to every cow its calf and to every book its copy"—is no great saying and no climax. The author, faced with the difficulty, wisely decides to play it down to a trifle, but is then hoist with her own petard, for the king must yawn over it and be presented as a bored magistrate waiting for the luncheon interval.

There is the old insoluble of supplying appropriate dialogue for a realistic novel on a theme from ancient history. Success in this can never be better than a negative one—the avoidance of what jars. Miss Oliver's novel does not avoid it. The note of the dialogue is at times thoroughly disenchanting. I have in mind things like: "I believe I should do better in a secular capacity," drawled a student from Connachta; "The life of a historian makes a considerable appeal to me"; or 'Apparently it is a superb rendering of the Latin'; or that academic formula before which everything fades into the light of common day, and which here so completely demolishes the ancient school of Finian, 'You have satisfied the examiners at Moville.'

Miss Oliver's descriptive power is apparent, but she over-uses it until the asset becomes a liability. There is much too much inorganic material allowed in.

Columba in Iona is better than Columba in Ireland, but more than half the book is done before he comes there. Comparatively unimportant scenes are often managed with best effect. Thus there is high praise due for a scene between the saint and the monastery cook, Lugaid, with old age for a theme. To body forth the school at Moville could have been no easy undertaking, but we might have expected more success than is achieved in the presentation of monastic life in Iona. The religion of the saint and the monastery could have stood more robust description; for the key to the monastic life is far from lost. The reader may here get the impression that the Iona monks had no alternative within the liturgy but the singing of psalms; and on page 241 they go to the refectory in the morning after a 'service' which oddly does not seem to have included the mass. It is at the writer's discretion whether she will have her Columba go straight to the refectory when he comes in off the sea one morning about the hour of Prime. He has had a rough time there, apparently. Still, we always feel about that hardy race of Irish saints—amongst whom Columcille was not the least hardy—that they would, to a man, have gone to the church first and celebrated mass. Obvious opportunities for local colour seem to have been entirely missed. In her preface the author writes:



'The historical novel is the mongrel of the arts. The novelist may follow his fancy, the historian's business is with facts. But the historical novelist is suspect on both counts.' Miss Oliver has not much to fear, I think, from the historian—if the historian is prepared to admit the historical novel at all. From the reader whose interest in novels is greater than his interest in history she is in danger of a harder judgement.

NEIL KEVIN.

## GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN REVIEWS

THE title only expresses the predominant interest of these pages. At least two books have to be considered, because they are occupied with the same problems as recent issues of periodicals from Germany and Austria; and in a survey of articles in German from mainly Catholic sources, the Swiss monthly, *Schweizer Rundschau*, ought not to be overlooked.

If only there were a hope that Europe might be restored to reason many of the articles on Swiss democracy in the *Rundschau* would be of the greatest immediate importance. As it is, they have an academic appearance: the number devoted to the struggle of a hundred years ago, the *Sonderbundskrieg*, is intended to demonstrate the value of the constitution which emerged from it and under which the Swiss enjoy today an ordered freedom that could be an example to the world and especially to their immediate neighbours; but example counts for little in a settlement which—if obtained at all—is obtained by pressure and compromise. One turns with a little more hope to comments on the German problem by those who are particularly qualified from their geographical position and frequent contacts to enlighten us on this point. And there are always excellent articles on more general cultural subjects.

In the German and Austrian reviews such articles also appear still with a frequency that is perhaps inevitable in view of the political uncertainty of the times. On the contemporary situation Franz Josef Schöningh writes finely in the October *Hochland*, calling for a discernment of spirits and urging us to get behind appearances to the reality of Christendom: *Don Giovanni*, for instance, is in the Christian tradition; *Parsifal* is not. We are in a pagan world, but the tradition is not utterly broken: the shadow of the Cross falls in silence across the West, it is for us to make it speak. Aloys Wenzl, Professor of Philosophy at Munich, asks in *Wort und Wahrheit* (October), 'Has the human mind reached the end of its possibilities?' Those who are now in the sixties have experienced two world-wars, two revolutions, two catastrophes and—which is more important—the constant renewal of the struggle between opposite interpretations of history, which

may be roughly summed up as optimism and pessimism. There is ample room for pessimism today: it is characteristic for the present age that we do really seem to have reached the limits of progress; on the one hand, there is scarcely a material need which we do not know how to satisfy and, on the other, the danger of the total annihilation of man was never more apparent. There is obviously a crisis of responsibility; the solution depends more on an attitude than an action, and unfortunately attitudes are seldom the expression of reason. Nevertheless Wenzl thinks that the sense of responsibility may return, that men will come to realize that technics must be subordinated to the will of God and that cultural progress will become possible by being directed towards Him. The same 'border-situation' of man is examined in relation to existentialist philosophy by Carl J. Keller-Senn in the September *Schweizer Rundschau*: Grace has the last word; but to the Christian who knows his own ultimate loneliness before God existentialism appears at once as the inevitable halt at the limits of human reason and as a continued struggle and longing for the unknown factor of grace, which alone can give meaning to existence.

With the hunger for reality there goes also a hunger for the word which can combine the sense of nature and of grace, revealing the grandeur and simplicity of the divine scheme. That hunger, thinks Friedhelm Kemp (*Hochland*, August) is more likely to be satisfied by Konrad Weiss († 1940) than by any other of the more recent German poets. Going back to the earlier years of this century, he considers that Georg Trakl and Rainer Maria Rilke will alone be considered as poets of the first rank among those who wrote from 1900-1925; the early and the best poetry of Hofmannsthal and the whole work of Stefan George he ascribes to the late nineteenth century—poetry of the highest distinction, but definitely belonging to the symbolist movement. We know these poets, of course, but examples of contemporary work are not yet to hand in sufficient numbers to enable the foreigner to form even a preliminary judgement. For that reason it is good to see that Blackwell's have resumed publication of *German Life and Letters*,<sup>1</sup> in the October issue of which the sonnets of Albrecht Haushofer, written in the Moabit prison, appear together with translations by Ernst Feise: if they are—as Kemp thinks—inferior to many other war-poems, their quality is still in line with the best tradition of the German lyric and it is largely maintained in the English versions.

Important as are the poets, perhaps even decisive influences in the long run, it is not unnatural to look for more tangible signs of the emergence of a new Germany. One of the most encouraging of these is the outlook of German youth. *Die Furche* on 2 August published a

vigorous refutation by Hans Molls of some remarks of Ernst Wiechert, to the effect that there was nothing but spiritual anarchy in Germany and that German youth was wholly in the hands of mystagogues, astrologers and prophets. Molls calls attention to the hundreds of thousands of young German Catholics—admittedly a relatively small, but still significant group—who come together in the great cities, publicly proclaim their faith, pray for the love and pardon of God for the German people, solemnly accept the obligation of the Cross, and proceed to express their faith in deeds—from their hunger and suffering contriving to help those who are even poorer than themselves. The organ of Austrian youth, *Die Wende*, of 1 August gives prominence to the appeal of German Catholic youth to the world: admitting the guilt of the nation, they ask if it is just that this unparalleled misery should be endured by those who are at any rate the least guilty; they promise that they will never accept another regime based on fraud and force, and ask for help in building up a peaceful Germany; without a just peace it will be impossible to prevent despair and chaos in the country—‘and that cannot be to the good of Europe and the world.’

A posthumous article by Paul Simon in the October *Hochland* makes a similar appeal, not unjustly pointing out, ‘National Socialism was nothing else but state-omnipotence and idolatry of power. But is not the state to the fore everywhere in Western Europe today? Has it not been penetrating ever since the Renaissance into every sphere vacated by religion?’ Apposite also is his reminder that all the party programmes of pre-Nazi times had enough in common to command the assent of any upright person, almost without reserve: what each of the parties sought was, in fact, exclusive power in the state. One of them obtained power and brought Germany to a worse state of ruin than we have even yet realized: ‘National Socialist power politics have made a *tabula rasa* of the German Reich . . . all that remains of the German polity is German space and the German man,’ writes Karl J. Naef in a review in the *Schweizer Rundschau*. And Theodor Hornbostel in the November *Oesterreichische Monatshefte* adds that the degree of the physical and spiritual exhaustion of the German people has been greatly underestimated by the victors.

The Austrians are of course concerned to maintain their distinction from the Germans; but, as some of the above-mentioned articles indicate, their interest in the German problem and their sympathy for German sufferers have something of the character of a family responsibility. Nevertheless they have their own mode of life, the relationship is distant—if less remote than that of other peoples—and the process of regaining independence must be different: in Germany it is sufficient to prove that one is not a National Socialist, in Austria there must also be a positive acknowledgement of allegiance to the reality

of a thousand-year-old tradition (*Oesterreichische Monatshefte*, August). In this connexion *Die Furche* of 4 October welcomes an article in the *Frankfurter Hefte* clearly acknowledging the differences between the Austrian and the German way of life. This apparently simple admission was not only impossible after 1933; even before that contacts between the two peoples had been hampered by considerable uncertainty about the very existence of an Austrian nation, as well as the economic possibilities of a separate Austrian state. But it must be remembered that the confusion was not entirely on the German side. Perhaps it was necessary for them to endure the ruthlessness of Hitler's 'reunion' in order finally to realize that 'both parties are too old for one another, too strongly individual to think of marriage; friendship alone is possible.'

That it is possible for Austria to exist in single blessedness is eagerly maintained in numerous contributions to these reviews. It is confirmed by K. W. Rothschild in a succinct and informative survey of *Austria's Economic Development Between The Two Wars*.<sup>1</sup> Admittedly Austria is not self-sufficient, but even within her present frontiers she is so abundantly supplied with natural resources that she could hold her own in world trade, and obtain easily from abroad the commodities in which she is deficient. Food-production is insufficient for her needs and cannot greatly be increased, she also lacks the coal which would be so valuable for her industry; but she has her forests—sadly neglected in this period of paper shortage—she has iron ore (40 per cent iron content in Styria), vastly more than her peace-time requirements of oil from Zistersdorf, an almost unlimited supply of water-power. The position of her industries—as the Russians constantly remind us—is complicated by the large amount of German capital invested in them long before the Nazis came to power; but at least they are on Austrian soil and could be used for the economic welfare of the Austrian people. But even if political conditions were greatly to improve, it is unlikely that Vienna would ever again be restored to its former prestige as a centre of international finance; trade with the Balkans and Eastern Europe generally may revive and much of it may pass through Austria, but the methods of financing it will be more suited to this age of governmental controls and barter.

On the political conditions of Austria between the wars, Schuschnigg's *Austrian Requiem*<sup>2</sup> is a document of the highest importance. That much the publishers admit, but with a singular lack of taste go on to express their disagreement with the writer's viewpoint. It is extraordinarily difficult to understand the determined effort in this country to belittle this statesman and his ideals. It is true that he cannot rank as one of the world's greatest political leaders, that his outlook on Austria was not shared by many equally devoted

<sup>1</sup> Muller: 10s. 6d.

<sup>2</sup> Gollancz: 7s. 6d.

to their country, that he made serious mistakes. On the other hand, he succeeded for four years in maintaining Austria's independence against weapons of terror and guile and the constant threat of that military power which only yielded to the full force of all the empires of the world. Those who say that he should have looked to the Anglo-Saxon powers instead of to Italy need only read his chapter on interviews in London to see how little could be promised in 1935; in this he shows an understanding of the power of public opinion in this country and the hesitations in foreign policy which result from it that is quite unusual in a foreign observer. He had to fight a lonely battle, and he saw it through to the bitter end. Instead of the comparative comfort of a London exile from which he might have exhorted his suffering compatriots, he accepted the silence and the torment of the concentration camp. The complete absence of bitterness in his outlook after all this is surely the best testimony we can have of the real stature of the man.

EDWARD QUINN.

## CORRESPONDENCE

[*The Editor invites correspondence on matters discussed in THE DUBLIN REVIEW.*]

MR. ALICK DRU writes:

IN the Spring number of the DUBLIN<sup>1</sup> Father Copleston gave an account of existentialism in its religious aspect, or rather he began to give an account which promised and tantalized not a little. It is with the aim of persuading him to follow up his hints that the following notes are written.

If existentialism were merely a fashion, it might be of no great moment to consider its bearing on religion. But although fashionable, it is anything but new; its fashionableness is mainly superficial. Kierkegaard supplied it with a name, and gave it an impetus: he restated a number of old themes with a wealth of imagination, set some new problems, and never imagined that he 'had anything new to bring'. He considered his work as a whole to be an attempt to restore tradition, a Christian tradition which he believed had been faintly foreseen, and as it were heralded, by Socrates. Kierkegaard did not, of course, suppose that he had rediscovered and set forth the whole Christian tradition, and he knew well enough that this was 'too much for any man'. Yet he did speak of his work in the most exalted terms, and in so far as he succeeded in rediscovering tradition, he could honestly say it was without the help of others. He did not hesitate to attribute this work to Providence.

<sup>1</sup> THE DUBLIN REVIEW, No. 440, p. 50.



And here it may be useful to recapitulate Father Copleston's conclusions, for they are set forth with admirable clarity, and clear the ground for a discussion which I hope may be provoked.

First of all, the existentialist analysis of man as a self-transcending being is far more adequate in the writings of Kierkegaard and Gabriel Marcel (and in a much less degree in those of Jaspers) than in those of Heidegger and Sartre. Sartre, for example, neglects the appeal to the Transcendent and the implications of God's presence, of which Marcel treats, and this is partly due to the fact that he is, or appears to be, hypnotized by those activities (such as lust, sadism, masochism and so on) which involve the degradation of man, the turning of the person into an object. Secondly, the completer and more adequate analysis of the human reality opens the way to belief and religion by revealing man to himself and showing him the implications of his spiritual activities and is thus in a sense a witness to God. Thirdly, existential analysis does not and cannot (by itself) give a rational justification for belief and religion, but needs to be supplemented by the intellectual approach of natural theology. The existentialists employ the phenomenological method, their analysis is one of description, and though analytic description may reveal in man the appeal to the transcendent (Marcel's *invocation*), it cannot reveal the Transcendent itself, since God is invisible, does not present Himself for description. Kierkegaard does not appeal to mysticism, while Marcel is no ontologist: it follows that in so far as they adhere to the phenomenological method, they have inevitably to make a leap if they wish to assert the positive existence of God. They must either do this or they must introduce philosophical arguments (and indeed some of the observations of Marcel could perfectly well, it seems to me, be made the basis for such arguments). This is by no means to say that their writings are to be rejected, for they help to make clear to man what he is, but they cannot, in the opinion of the present writer, be taken as a substitute for the traditional method of the natural theologian. It is not a case of *either/or*, but rather of *both*.

It is really Father Copleston's last sentence which raises our hopes and prompts some doubts. For his article has outlined clearly enough the *either/or*: either a rational justification of faith in the tradition of the natural theologian, or . . . well, the 'or' is not so explicit, but at least it is not a philosophical argument, not a rational justification. And then comes the last word: *both*; that is to say we can use not only good 'rational' gold coinage, but some paper money as well, which if not entirely valueless has at the most an artificial value, created by the fashion of the moment, and which might possibly hoodwink some people into the truth.

This is, of course, an unfair interpretation, but it is not at all certain that a less scrupulously fair exposition of the existentialist case might

not make use of it. The exaggeration will perhaps help to bring out the difficulty which the article does not answer; the difficulty which possibly existentialism, in so far as it is Christian, tries to answer. Is it in fact true to say that the work of Kierkegaard and of M. Marcel is not a rational justification, a philosophical argument? Is it simply and solely an analysis?

A preliminary doubt or two about the adequacy of the question, as it is put, may help to indicate more clearly the question to which Father Copleston's article leads up, without, as it seems, answering.

On a point of emphasis, one might, I think, question the comparison which is drawn between Kierkegaard and M. Marcel on the one hand, and Heidegger and Sartre on the other. From Father Copleston's point of view, and in this he is no doubt right, Kierkegaard and M. Marcel are simply *more adequate* than Sartre and Heidegger. Their analysis is more adequate, 'completer': 'by revealing man to himself and showing him the implications of his spiritual activities and is thus *in a sense a witness to God*' (my italics). But then, retreating from the question, Father Copleston goes on (see above) to treat all existentialism, both Christian and Atheist, as an analysis. In what sense is an analysis a 'witness to God'? And as long as he treats Kierkegaard and M. Marcel as 'an analysis' we remain within the *either/or*; either natural theology or analysis. Whereas when he writes that in a sense it is a witness to God, that is surely the *both*, which needs to be explored.

Next, there is the important statement that 'Kierkegaard does not appeal to mysticism, while M. Marcel is no ontologist'. If Kierkegaard had appealed to mysticism, instead of insisting (to the confusion of his readers) that 'for me everything is dialectical', Father Copleston's *either/or* would appear to hold good.

I am not clear (and this is not a roundabout way of saying that Father Copleston is not quite clear) what is meant by saying that M. Marcel is no ontologist. Von Hügel once described Kierkegaard as being 'as massively ontological as any of the ancients'. The similarity between Kierkegaard and M. Marcel, to which Father Copleston draws attention, suggests that the author of *Positions et Approches du Mystère ontologique* might welcome a qualification.

\* \* \*

Kierkegaard's work, it is often said, is wholly concerned with faith, with the *act* of faith, and it would certainly be easy enough to present his analysis as a rejection of any and every rational justification. Father Copleston has nowhere made use of Kierkegaard's gross exaggerations in order to strengthen his case. But he has, I think, followed a reading of Kierkegaard which gives little or no place or weight to the ethical point of view or the ethical argument which is Kierkegaard's. This omission appears to me to conceal some rather

essential arguments, just as it conceals the fact that paradoxically enough Kierkegaard came in the end to a position which, if one takes his last pamphlets too literally, is hardly distinguishable from rationalism.

This may at first sight seem too paradoxical. Yet a careful reading—perhaps a re-reading—of the *Concluding Postscript* might show the consistency of Kierkegaard's position, or again illuminate the fact that consistency is his hobby-horse. The word 'consistency' (and one might add *fidélité*, in order to carry Péguy and M. Marcel along in the argument) may direct the argument towards the point where Father Copleston's 'both' takes on flesh and blood. For consistency is, as it were, the point at which reason and existence join hands (in the ethical), and in the work of Kierkegaard, as in that of M. Marcel, the saint and martyr (and the hero, to recall Péguy again) are alone fully consistent, consistent in reality.

Rightly or wrongly, both Kierkegaard and Marcel adopt the same method in attempting to analyse and justify their faith. Both writers, using different expressions (and quite independently), speak of a primary and secondary reflexion; though the work of M. Marcel is more clear and more precise, I think, at this point. To a superficial reflexion, as Kierkegaard more polemically says, faith is the absurd, but he held that a mature reflexion, a deeper reflexion, rebuilt the broken bridge.<sup>1</sup> The problem of the *Concluding Postscript* is really the interaction of a primary and a secondary reflexion. Perhaps it may be noted, in this connexion, that *Philosophical Fragments* presents the arguments of primary reflexion at their sharpest. The Postscript to this work (roughly five times its length) is really an attempt to restore dialectically the breach created by the first short volume.

If we are not to fall back into the *either/or* (either rational justification or irrationalism), and unless Father Copleston's *both* is simply another way of saying that we can accept the 'either' and the 'or', perhaps the work of Kierkegaard and Marcel, their essays, their Journals, their attempts, are worthy material for the theologian.

FR. F. C. COPLESTON, S.J., writes:

It is a compliment to me that Mr. Dru wishes to persuade or stir me up to develop my views on existentialism; but at the moment I have not the time to do this. However, I am glad of the opportunity afforded me of clarifying briefly the position I adopted in my article on *Existentialism and Religion*.

First of all, I do not suggest that the use of descriptive analysis or of the phenomenological method is irrational. Let me take an example.

<sup>1</sup> For the present purpose, which is to touch on the problem itself, it is permissible, I think, to overlook the contradictions which undoubtedly existed in Kierkegaard's mind on the subject. Like Father Copleston he tended towards *either/or* (as he was nicknamed) rather than towards *both*.

If one analyses or describes with full objectivity a spiritual (not in the religious sense) operation of man such as love or fidelity, together with its implications, it may well be possible to discern an appeal or an implied appeal to the Transcendent, to God. Such an analysis helps to reveal to man what he is, a being which is open to the Transcendent, a being which cannot be fully described in categories taken from 'this-worldly' life. In this sense analysis is a witness to God, a pointer to God, and such an analysis is in no way irrational.

On the other hand, I am extremely doubtful if such an analysis constitutes a proof of the existence of God. Unless God's existence is logically proved, might it not be that man and human life are 'absurd', and that the appeal to the Transcendent which is inseparable from man's higher activities is part of that absurdity? We need, then, the traditional Scholastic approach to the problem of God's existence. Many people, however, whether logically or illogically, will not consider the traditional proofs seriously, because they feel that God, as therein depicted, is an outmoded hypothesis to explain the physical universe, and because they do not see that the problem of God is, for us, inseparable from the problem of man. Here the philosophy of Gabriel Marcel can be of real value, since it can show that the problem of man contains or involves the problem of God, and that the problem of God is much more than the problem of a physical hypothesis. Accordingly, I suggested in my article that we need *both*, both the traditional Scholastic approach (which is 'impersonal') and the personal or existential analysis. The latter becomes irrational only when it endeavours to supplant the former, when it endeavours to dispense with all logical proof of the fact that man's profoundest aspirations and hopes are not vain and absurd. I do not now believe that Marcel's philosophy is irrational in this sense, because I do not believe that Marcel wishes to eliminate Scholasticism. Rather does he wish to supply what the Scholastic method does not, and cannot, give.

When I remarked in my article that Kierkegaard does not appeal to mysticism and that Marcel is no ontologist, what I meant was this: Kierkegaard rejected natural theology, the traditional proofs of God's existence (at least he rejected the employment of them, if not their logical validity), partly because these proofs appeared to him to treat God (the Subject or personal Absolute) as an 'object', and thus to degrade Him. Now, if he had appealed to mysticism, to direct experience of God, as a proof of God's existence, he would have offered an alternative proof (whether valid or not) to the cosmological proofs; but he did not do so. Therefore, when he demanded faith in God, the 'hidden God', he demanded faith in a Being the existence of which had not been demonstrated. Therefore, faith would be a leap into the dark, and it would thus be 'irrational'. As for Marcel, when I said that he was no 'ontologist', I did not mean that he paid no attention to

ontology (on the contrary, the mystery of being is a prominent theme in his writings); I was using the word 'ontologist' in the sense in which 'ontologism' has been condemned by the Church, the doctrine of an immediate and universal intuition of God as being, the doctrine that in the apprehension of being in general one immediately apprehends God. This doctrine favours pantheism, whereas for Marcel God is the Transcendent. Now, if Marcel taught ontologism in this sense (which he does not), he would need no further proof of God's existence, since God would be immediately apprehended in every apprehension of being. But since he does not teach 'ontologism', he needs a proof of God's existence, since God is the 'hidden God'. The analysis of man which he institutes does not, however, to my way of thinking, constitute a proof of God's existence. Therefore, if Marcel meant to reject the traditional natural theology altogether, he would, in my opinion, be in the same boat as Kierkegaard. But, as already mentioned, I do not now believe that Marcel means to reject the traditional approach, since he is not concerned with rejecting, but with pointing out the truth as he sees it. What he does is to show that the problem of God's existence is not like a mathematical problem, which can be considered impersonally; but that it involves the questioner himself in a manner that no mathematical problem involves the questioner. On this point Marcel is quite correct, and he points out and illustrates a truth which is passed over by most Scholastic metaphysicians. I agree, then, that Professor de Ruggiero's criticism of Marcel is unfair: it is certainly inadequate.

Finally, I have no wish to dispute the value of much of what Kierkegaard says: he brings out aspects of man's relationship to God which Scholastic metaphysics necessarily overlook. God is not simply first unmoved Mover; He is (to employ the fashionable language) the infinite Subject, the Other; but what I maintained in my article, and what I still maintain, is that Kierkegaard's treatment of man's relationship to God does not prove God's existence, that a proof is needed, and that, therefore, logical proofs cannot be dispensed with. For this reason I said that we needed *both*. I was not calling for a synthesis of the rational and the irrational, but for a synthesis of the valuable elements in Scholastic metaphysics and in theistic existentialism. To reject the valuable elements in the theistic existentialism of Kierkegaard and Marcel because their treatment of the problem of God needs to be supplemented would be as absurd as to reject Scholastic natural theology because it does not develop themes to which Kierkegaard and Marcel have drawn attention, and which the Scholastic method is scarcely fitted to deal with. In other words, when I rejected the *either/or* attitude, I was not using this phrase in the sense in which Kierkegaard used it, nor was I accepting the Hegelian 'mediation'; I admire Hegel in several respects, but I am not an Hegelian.



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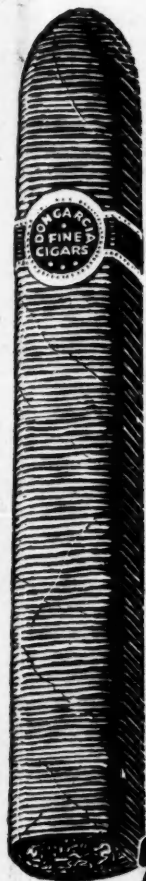
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A fault with the Christian press as a whole is that it errs on the side of insularity, and insularity breathes an air that kills over any paper which attempts to be something more than a parish magazine. At the outset, therefore, it should be added that when it is said this quarterly aims at interpreting the Christian Order in the light of current affairs, philosophy, literature and the arts, the word Christian is used advisedly; by it is meant nothing parochial. For instance it is only against Christianity that all thought from Croce to Aquinas and Dewey to Boethius has genuine relevance. Indeed it would be true to say that *Candide* could not have come from any other but a Christian culture. So it is from 1941 the contents of this review, which include creative work, have been chosen with the object of showing how the Christian ethic has evolved largely out of the legacies of earlier civilizations; of Greece, Rome and Israel. And, if it is argued that European culture in so far as it is Christian has failed, it is in the knowledge of its heritage and of what it might become if it was once more generally accepted, that one can have some measure of how great its triumph could be.

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